

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

APRIL 1989

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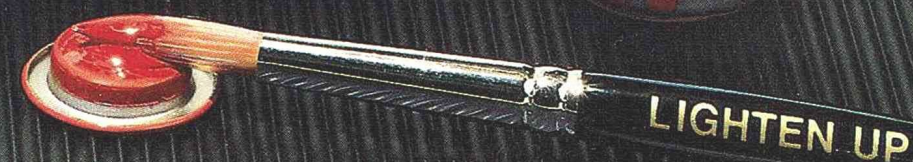
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Australian
PENTHOUSE

Black Label Edition
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 10 No 4/April 1989



Pet Of The Year



Fetish



Crocodile Man

REGULARS

Table with 3 columns: CONTENTS, By Nick Brokensha, and PAGE. Rows include COVER, HOUSECALL, FEEDBACK, and FORUM.

SINS

Table with 3 columns: Avarice, Lust, Sloth, Gluttony, Sloth, Finance by David Quicksilver, Sex by Graem Sims, Travel by Glenn A. Baker, Food & Liquor by Elisabeth King, Travel by Donald Robertson.

FEATURES

Table with 3 columns: THE WAR ON SEX, WALLY LEWIS INTERVIEW, THE GRUDGE GRAND PRIX, MARILYN MONROE SPEAKS, CROCODILE MAN, INSIDE, FETISH, PET OF THE YEAR PRIZES, WILD IN THE STREET, THE EDGE, Paul R. Wilson, Greg Hunter, Ernie Van Veen, Humor by Colin Bowles, David Ireland with Greg Hunter, Pictorial essay by George Pavlu, Fiction by Julia Osborne, 103, 114, 135.

PICTORIALS

Table with 3 columns: COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN/KELLY, 1989 PET OF THE YEAR, BREATHING FIRE/SOLANGE, THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR, NIGHT OF NIGHTS/GINGER, Stephen Hicks, Nick Brokensha, Donald Milne, Suze Randall, Bob Guccione, 40, 63, 88, 108, 128.

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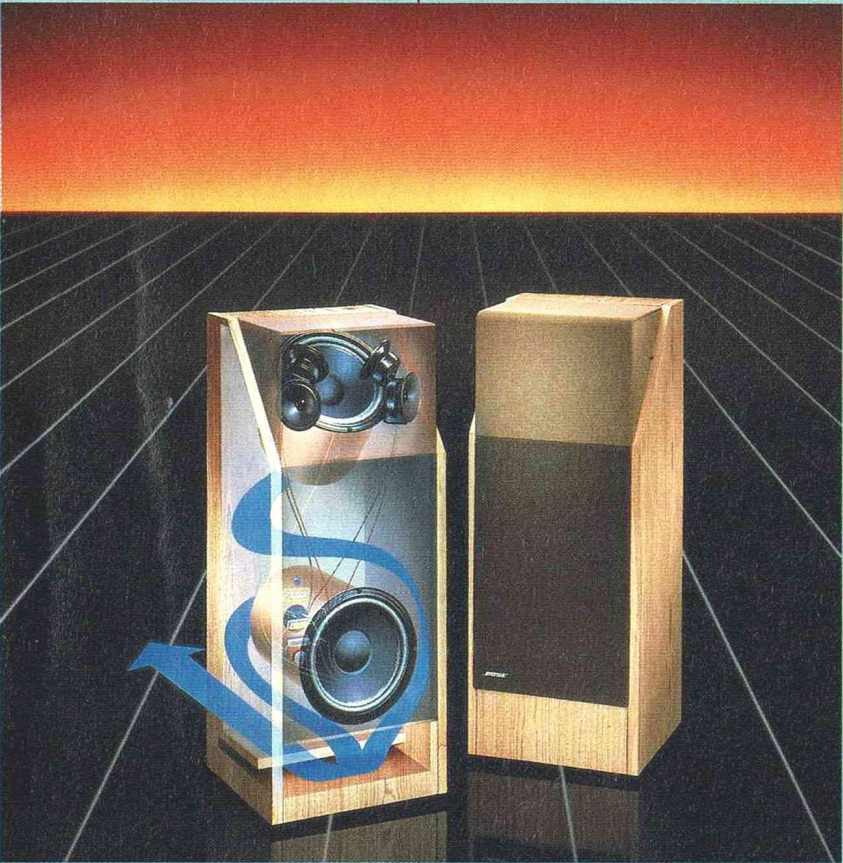
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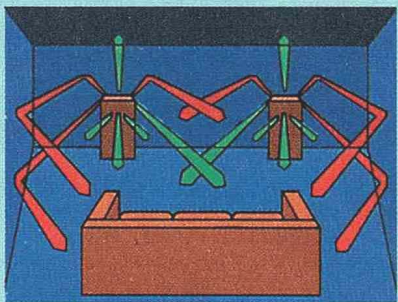
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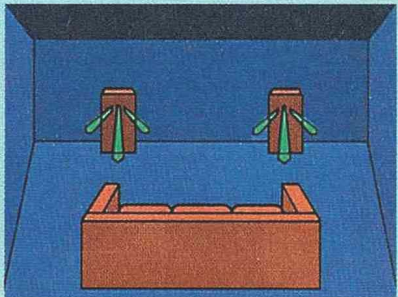
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APRIL



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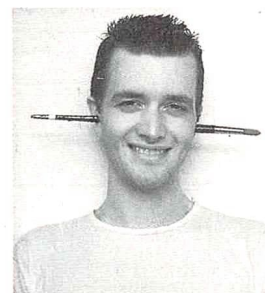
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PET OF THE YEAR

When the sinewy blonde Terri Bowie appeared as our December '88 centrefold, magazines disappeared from the newsstands like hot cakes. We called Terri "The Titillator", and we weren't wide of the mark. For a fresh appraisal of the 1989 *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year turn to the centre pages. Terri's \$70,000 haul in prizes, shown on page 103, makes her the richest glamor prize winner in Australia.

THE WAR ON SEX

It's the thin edge of the wedge. The right of adult Australians to view non-violent erotica, now being seriously challenged by the reactionary Right, will be only the first of our hard-won freedoms to come under threat if the conservatives gain ascendancy. Noted criminologist Paul R. Wilson examines the facts on pornography to build a strong case against the wowers in our midst. Frants Kantor contributed the illustration on page 34.

WALLY LEWIS INTERVIEW

Since 1983 "King Wally" has been widely regarded as the best Rugby League player in the world. And yet the Australian captain has been subjected to a campaign of personal abuse unprecedented in the history of the game. Lewis gets his own back in a hard-hitting and sometimes emotional interview with *Penthouse* Senior Editor Greg Hunter. Turn to page 50.

THE GRUDGE GRAND PRIX

The fastest, most prestigious class of motorcycling in the world finally comes to Australian soil on April 9 when Victoria's Phillip Island will host a round of the World

500cc Championships. Ernie Van Veen previews the form and explains why this event is a grudge match of classic proportions. The photos were supplied by Australian Motor Cycle News. Turn to page 56.

MONROE SPEAKS

Through the medium of Desiree Potts of South Fremantle, Colin Bowles has given *Penthouse* the ultimate scoop — an interview with the late great Marilyn Monroe! What really happened on the fateful evening of August 5, 1962? What does Marilyn think of promiscuity, subway gratings, feminism, Jack Kennedy, Ronald Reagan, Madonna...? Find out on page 60. The illustration was contributed by Jon Berkeley.

CROCODILE MAN

David Ireland, a Sydney diving instructor, has achieved the ultimate in marine photographic bravado: he has become the first man ever to produce underwater film of the giant saltwater crocodile. When Ireland's film *Crocodile Man* is released in July, it should make him famous worldwide. The man told an incredible story of drama, hardship and triumph to Senior Editor Greg Hunter. It starts on page 78.

WILD IN THE STREET

The new Jaguar XJS convertible is a classic mix of brashness and tradition: walnut and leather sitting comfortably with a design that screams: "Look at me!" Motoring Editor Peter McKay took a long, hard look at the \$148,000 cat, and liked what he saw. The photos were shot by Tony Lyon. Turn to page 114. 

For around the price of one snob machine you could buy all four of these!



Of course we aren't suggesting you should buy all four; but then again why not? Lada Cabrio is the ultimate fun machine, stylish, sun loving, with the get up and go to take you just about anywhere with its constant 4 wheel drive that proved itself by winning class in the Wynns last year. It's priced around one third of the cost of a you know what. Of course, Cabrio is so popular that you might have to wait a while for one.

If your fancy is for rugged individualism without the frills of the city slickers, there's the Lada Niva Constant 4x4. Dare we say that this one came in first, second and third in class in the big one the year before.

They're never going to believe you when you say that the Lada Samara shows its Porsche influence but it's true. Here is one hell of a small car that is pure motoring value. If you want the stylish extras there's the Peter Brock version we call the Samara Deluxe at a little bit more.

We repeat. You could buy the lot for the price of one of those, two for the price of some of them, or one and a trip overseas. The choice is yours. See your Lada Dealer and discover just how much value there's still to be found in cars.



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Counting the days

I have been subscribing to *Penthouse* for more than six years and my present subscription is paid to September 1990. However, in all the time I have been a *Penthouse* reader I can only remember a calendar being produced once — about four years ago.

I am intrigued to know whether a regular calendar production has ever been considered, and if so, if we are ever likely to see one available in the future.

I consider *Penthouse* productions (especially the photography) to be of the highest standard and if a calendar was available I am sure the same would apply. I would be interested in your reply as I am sure I am not the only reader interested in a *Penthouse* calendar. It would be nice if we didn't have to settle for second or third best each year. — *I. Wilson, Budgewoi, NSW*



Serena Starr... cosmic

Australian *Penthouse* gives a free calendar to readers every six months. The next one will appear in the July issue. — Ed

Storm in a B-cup

I was amused to note that your edition that included a pull-out calendar showing a topless *Penthouse* Pet (Jan '89) lobbed on the stands at around the same time that Justice Marcus Einfeld ruled that display of such posters in the workplace constituted sexual harassment. So here I am saddled with a knockout poster and no place to put it for fear of prosecution. What's this country coming to?

If you plan to publish any more such alluring posters might I suggest that you also supply your buyers with an optional cut-out paper brassiere to be kept handy and slapped over the offending mammarys when wowsers are around. Well, it's an idea. — *K. Sorensen, Mosman, NSW*

Brickbats and bouquets

Bouquets to your motoring editor Peter McKay for the Golden Gear Knobs awards in your January edition. Brickbats to whoever labelled The Disaster Survival Test in the same issue as humor. The "humor" label was the funniest thing about it. Special commendation to your inclusion of the six-month calendar. — *Name and address withheld*

Golden Gear Knobs

Congratulations to Peter McKay for showing neither fear nor favor in his interesting and very amusing Golden Gear Knobs motoring awards (January). McKay's consistently informative and wryly humored motoring stories in your magazine make him, in my opinion, the best motoring specialist writer in this country. — *J. Robinson, Canberra, ACT*

Beguiled

Your January Pet Of The Month, the aptly named Serena, was nothing if not cosmic. To tell the truth, when I first opened up the mag I didn't find her as appealing as some of your previous Pets Of The Month but for some reason something about her bewitched me. I kept going back to check out what it was about her that got to me — the honey skin? The body tone? The blonde hair? All of those, yeah, but what really got to me was the fuck-you haughtiness of the woman. That arrogant, challenging expression. That's my kind of gal. And the moral of this letter is that first impressions are not always the right ones.

What you find at first unappealing may be, in a couple days, bewildful! PS—Do I get a free magazine for writing letters like this? — *M. Arkwright, Thornleigh, NSW*

Unfortunately not, my friend, but best of luck to you and your family. — Ed

Fiction fan

I've just put down your January issue and have taken up my pen to congratulate you on its bright and varied content. Of greatest interest to me was your fiction inclusion Bondi Blues by John Baxter. It was an evocative and strangely poetic piece of writing that cast a spell over me. As an aspiring writer myself, I have to commend your policy of featuring good contemporary Australian short stories within your popular format, thus bringing high-calibre fiction to thousands of Australians who might not read it elsewhere. To employ that well-worn line among *Penthouse* Feedback correspondents — keep up the good work. — *A. McPherson, Horsham, Vic*

Censorship #4

I find censorship repugnant, and so it was most disappointing to read in your December issue that a Forum letter had been edited to conform to *Penthouse* standards. Surely such a measure is unnecessary since you clearly state "Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially." I believe the majority of *Penthouse* subscribers don't give a shit whether the author had engaged in a little bisexual male activity in what was largely a heterosexual encounter anyway. Your justification of censorship on the grounds of maintaining the magazine's image rings a bit hollow when one recalls an article by C.J. Mackay in the October '87 edition of *Australian Penthouse*. In this little gem, entitled Men Are A Worry, we were treated to lurid tales of what certain groups of men did to their anuses and, on occasion (gasp), their mates! Yuk!

In summary, please credit the average *Penthouse* reader with sufficient intelligence and tolerance to deal with practices not falling into the current rigid set of criteria set by the editors on Forum letter content. — *P. Thompson, Canberra, ACT*

Censorship #5

Interesting to read the censorship debate in the Feedback pages of December *Penthouse*. Call me homophobic, call me whatever you like, but the last thing I want to read as I indulge in the odd Forum erotic story is the exploits of some namby-pamby faggot. — *T. Anderson, Gunnedah, NSW*

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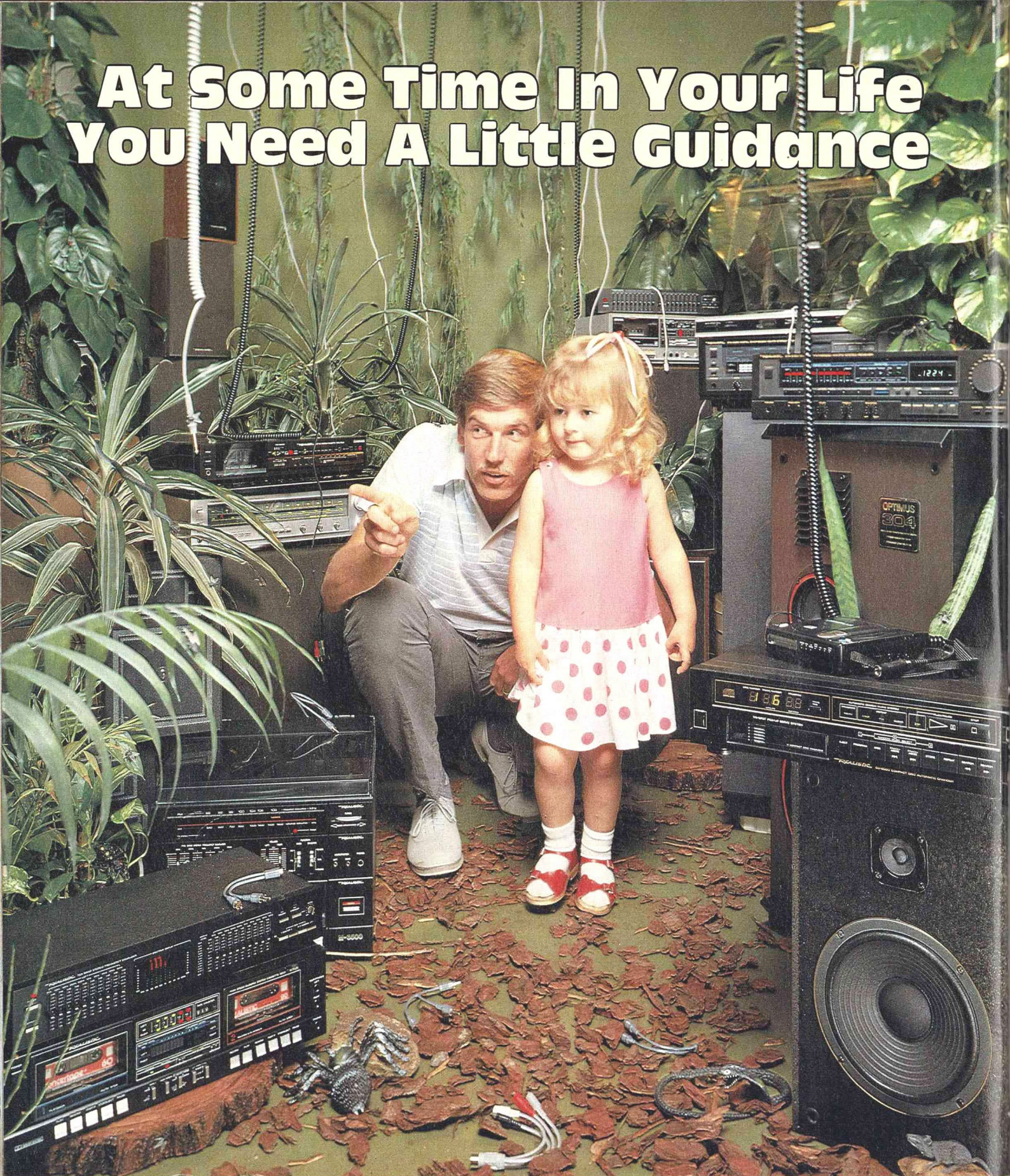
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Rearguard action

I was staying at a friend's flat while he was overseas. He had arranged for a friend of his to contact me so I would meet some new people. It turned out to be quite exciting, strange and profitable.

Karen invited herself around to the flat for a chat. She was attractive enough, a bit older than me, and she dressed in a most conservative manner. We talked until late in the night before she went home. Later that week she invited me around for dinner and again we talked until late in the night.

The following night I rang her and invited her to dinner at the flat. I am an excellent Thai cook so I spent the day preparing the food. After dinner we made inroads into the wine and chat continued.

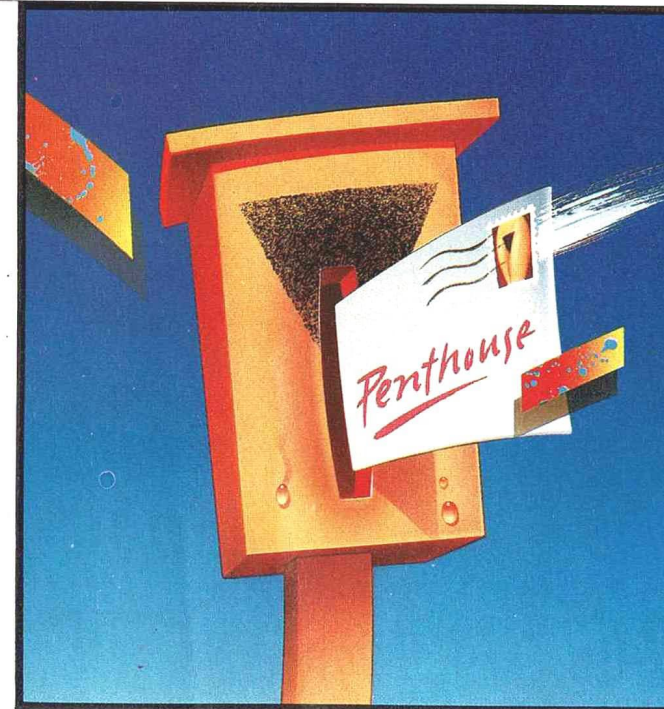
Karen asked me about my travels and whether I had had many Thai girls on my visit there. I let her know I had enjoyed my share. She then asked me if I would like to make love to her so she could prove Australian girls were just as good. I ignored her offer for a while and we continued to talk. I excused myself and went to the toilet. When I came back Karen had taken off her skirt and pants and was busily rubbing her pussy.

"I like to get myself ready," was Karen's comment. "I live alone and I enjoy playing with myself!" It was too much for me. My dick rose to its full nine inches in the confines of my jeans and I reached down and released it to her sight.

"It's nice," she said. "I'm nearly ready. Quick, get your jeans off and make love to me." I did as I was told and sunk my nine inches into her and pumped away. Not having a woman for some time, it only took a few strokes before I exploded inside her. A few more thrusts and I went soft and Karen came with a loud cry.

I lay on top of her for a while and we started to talk. Our friend was due back from his holiday the next day and she asked me to move in with her.

This was the start of a strange relationship. Karen showed no sexual curiosity. She refused all approaches for oral sex, giving or receiving, and was not willing to try any position other than the missionary



was even better.

Given the position we were in it was hard for me to reach her clitoris, so I concentrated on caressing her back, moving my way down to her buttocks. As my fingers reached down between her buttocks Karen opened her legs wide and said, "Please work on my arsehole, then stick your cock up it."

I could not believe it. I got out of my clothes and went and got a jar of Vaseline from the bathroom. Karen was still lying on the floor, only now I had better access to her pussy. I stroked it until her juices were flowing and gently worked the juices up to her arsehole. I smeared some Vaseline on my cock and slowly pushed first one, then two fingers into her arsehole. Karen pushed her buttocks back to get maximum pen-

etration from my fingers.

I slowly withdrew them, and stretched her buttocks as wide as I could. She replaced my hands with hers and I guided the tip of my cock towards her pink, puckered hole. She pushed back until I was about three inches inside her. I pulled back a couple of inches and slowly thrust forward. I finally got about six inches in without much pain and we developed a good rhythm. I had hold of her hips and Karen was rubbing her clitoris furiously. "I am coming now, please come in my arse," she said. A couple of thrusts later I did just that.

We now enjoy anal sex a couple of times a month and I can nearly get my full nine inches inside of Karen. She still has not enjoyed oral sex with me and still prefers to get herself ready for our regular sex, but I would not trade her for anyone. — *Name and address withheld*

Wild weekend

I recently had the wildest weekend away that I have to tell you about. Whilst on a business trip to Sydney I became friendly with one of the air hostesses. It started by accident when she dropped an empty beer can in my lap. I had been relaxing with my eyes closed listening to Cold Chisel on the headset when I jumped as the can landed on the end of my dick. I was ready to shout at the clumsy sod who

one. She thinks porno movies are disgusting and barely tolerates a *Penthouse* in the house. I bought her a vibrator but she only would use it to stimulate her extremely large nipples on her small breasts.

We made love only in bed and then normally only in the mornings, often after she had refused my advances the previous night. I would frequently wake up in the morning to find Karen had taken off her nightie and was playing with her pussy to make herself ready for me.

Several times I was tempted to find another girl. In fact I did spend a night with a former flame to reassure myself that my oral skills had not diminished.

However, this tale is about Karen and how I came to change my views on her. One night we were laying on the floor watching a rock video. She had her head on my lap and I started to caress the back of her neck. Karen started to moan, "Oh, Warren, that feels so good."

This was the first time she had shown any preference for foreplay on my part. Quickly I had her blouse unbuttoned and her bra off, massaging her sensitive nipples. She was moaning louder and louder as she raised her hips to let me help her off with her shorts and pants. She was lying on her stomach with her head on my lap and I was hopeful that the nearness of my erection would encourage her to get out my cock and suck it. What happened

FORUM

did it until I looked up to be met by a pair of beautiful brown eyes and pouting red lips. I was in a trance as she picked up the can and offered her apology, smiled and walked away. My breath raced as my cock stiffened at the sight of her pretty arse gliding down the aisle. I couldn't get the vision of her out of my mind as I closed my eyes and let the strumming guitars continue to echo through my ears.

I awoke about an hour later; the cabin was dim as we raced over the Nullarbor. I felt thirsty and looked around for a hostess. I saw her sitting at the rear talking with another equally attractive hostess. I rang the bell and watched her walk towards me. I asked for another Scotch. When she returned I asked her name. She said Amanda and apologised again for the mishap earlier. I kept up the conversation and found out she was from Perth as well. She knelt down in the aisle and we exchanged stories for another half an hour, most of which I spent trying to look down her parted blouse. She then surprised me when she said, "Do you like my tits." I nearly choked on my scotch and coke. She told me her friend Cathy had noticed the bulge in my pants when she had picked up the can earlier. I became embarrassed and tried to mumble an apology for taking the liberty of staring at her tits. She

placed her hand on my thigh and said, "Don't be silly, I find you attractive too." Her hand moved to my cock. She grinned when she felt my six inches stiffen in her hand.

She said, "If I wasn't on duty I'd suck this right now. Would you like that?" Still shocked by her frankness I just nodded yes. I asked her if she would like to come to my hotel when we landed. She agreed and left.

I said goodbye as I disembarked in Sydney and she gave me a wicked smile. I caught a taxi to the hotel, checked in and raced to my room. I couldn't wait for Amanda so I jacked off in the shower with the image of her burning in my mind. I laid down on the bed and dozed off. I was awoken by the phone. It was the front desk. They told me a young woman was asking after me and could they send her up to my room. "Yes," I replied as I realised where I was.

What seemed like forever passed before the knock on the door came. I opened it to be met by that smiling face again. Amanda brushed past me and rubbed my crotch. She sat on the bed, looked at me and summoned me to her. I stopped in front of her. She reached out and undid my pants. She slid her red lips over the tip of my cock. I sighed. She cupped my balls and slid down to the base. She sucked, tongued, bit and worked me until I was ready to come.

I stopped her and said, "I want to lick your cunt." She grinned wickedly.

"No. I want you to come on my tits first." She undressed, as did I. She looked so beautiful as she lay back.

Her pussy glistened in the lamplight. I straddled her chest as she gave me head again. I pulled out and slid between her tits. She squeezed them so I gave her a tit fuck. I came across her throat. She rubbed it across her tits and smiled.

I went down on the most delicious snatch I've tasted. It was sweet and wet. I flicked her clit and she jumped. I continued until she came grinding and bucking against my face.

She stroked my cock to erection and then said, "Fuck me please."

I slid it into her hot hole and slowly worked it in and out. Several minutes later she moaned to me to, "Do it doggy style." She rolled over and I slid deep in behind her. It felt great. I sped up. Her cunt muscles were incredible; she was milking me.

She reached under and stroked my balls. Her arse looked so perfect before me. The white tan mark from her bikini led to her perfect asshole. I wet my index finger and slid it in. She moaned, "Yes, yes more." I added another finger and plunged them in and out. I was ready to come, so I told her.

"No," she said. "Fuck my arse please." Being partial to a nice tight asshole I obliged her. I gently eased it in past the tight ring. She groaned as I slowly pumped her. I came with an earthshattering climax, which led Amanda to hers.

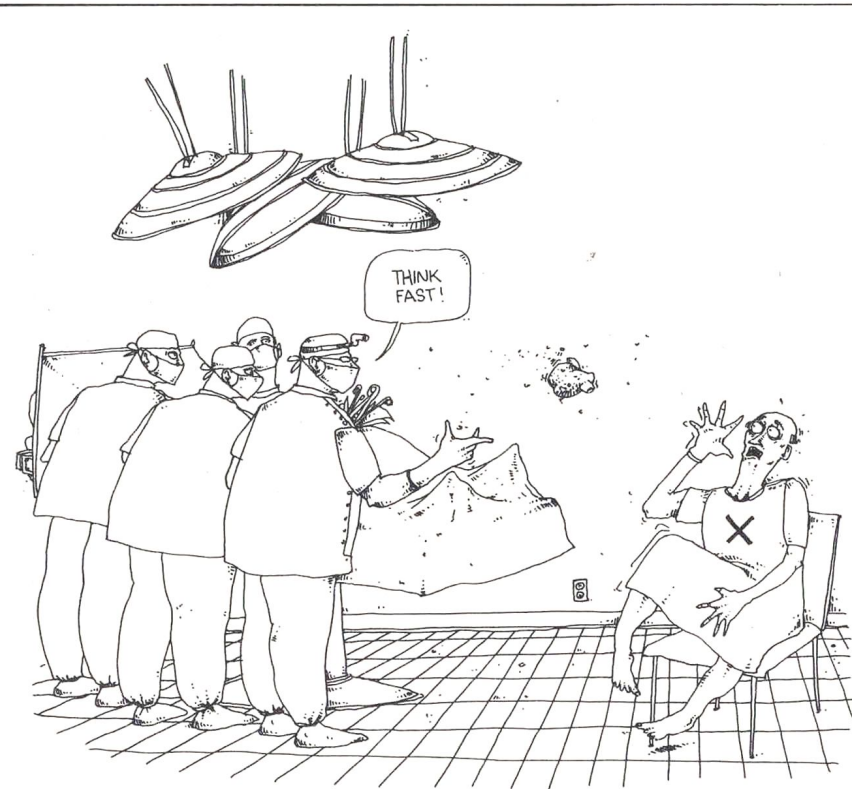
We slumped to the bed. I rolled off her and we fell asleep in each other's arms. She had to fly out in the morning so we parted with a quickie in the shower and exchanged home phone numbers. I can't wait to hear from her. — Name and address withheld

Biology lesson

At 27, I'd just returned from four years overseas. The culture shock of returning home goes without saying. Four years among Oriental people and the lifestyle made the city pace hard to take. I decided to return to school to finish my education, thinking it the perfect way for me to reintegrate myself into Australian life.

I had prepared myself for the daily grind of classes, but what I wasn't ready for was the quantity of beautiful young women. Everywhere I looked there was a gorgeous girl in a tight mini or painted-on jeans, walking or chatting with friends. Their lustrous white teeth shining over fresh-glossed lips brought tuggings in my shorts.

I became friends with one lady named Dottie. She was about five foot seven, with wavy brown hair, green eyes, and straight white teeth surrounded by luscious pouty lips. She was visually stunning and I commented that she could easily be a model.



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FORUM

We had maths together and would often meet in the library afterward to do homework.

One evening in the library, we were talking of the upcoming semester and the biology class she was taking. Remembering the subject, I said with a smile, "I always liked the part about reproduction." She looked up from her book, meeting my eyes and smiling in return. "Me, too," she replied. "The permutations are endless."

Emboldened by the gleam in her eye, I said, "I'll show you mine if you show me yours." Dottie grinned and turned to walk behind the stacks. After only two or three steps she stopped and, looking over her shoulder, said, "Are you coming?"

"Not yet," I replied, and rose to follow her.

She led me past the back of the stacks to one of the study rooms. I entered after her and she closed the door. Turning to me, she said, "Show me." Meeting her bold look, I put my hands on my hips and replied, "If you want to see, take it out."

Dottie moved toward me, her gaze locked on the bulge in my Levi's. She stopped in front of me and looked deep into my eyes. I reached out, placed my hands on her shoulders, and coaxed her down. Wetting her lips with that marvelous tongue, she went to her knees and reached for my fly.

I don't wear underwear and when she popped the buttons on my jeans, my quickly swelling member swung free before her face. Grasping it with her hands, she moaned, "It's beautiful. I want to kiss it." I just watched her lean forward to plant those pouty lips on the head of my cock.

I could feel the hot moistness of her breath as she surrounded the head with her lips. She began sliding her lips up and down the length of my meat, and her tongue — oh, that glorious tongue — stroked the underside of my shaft. Pleasure tingled through my body and all I could do was moan, "Oh, that feels good."

Her lips glistened and sharp hollows formed in her cheeks as she sucked my saliva-coated shaft. Dottie's left hand circled the base while she tickled my balls with the nails of her right. I felt my scrotum tighten against my body. Feeling the onset of orgasm, I managed to grunt, "I'm coming." She put her hands on my arse and sucked harder, driving her lips to the base. With my cock throbbing in the depths of her throat, I pumped load after load of hot jism into her.

When the blast subsided, she pulled away. My cock came from her lips with a plop, and she stood, glazy eyed, before me. Grasping her hand, I swung her around. Sitting her on the table, I knelt in front of her. I reached under her skirt, hooking my finger in the band of her panties. She raised her arse off the table,

allowing me to pull the silky things over her shapely arse and legs. Her luscious aroma reached my nose and I felt my cock twitch and begin to rise. Placing my hands on her knees, I spread her thighs apart, giving me access to her steaming wetness. My tongue snaked out and licked up the glistening lips to her clit. I felt her stiffen with that first contact and I slid my tongue in, pulling her arse closer and burying my face in her pussy.

Juices flowed from her hole on to my chin as my tongue slid into her. Lashing back and forth, Dottie moaned, "Oh, that's it. Suck me. Oh please, lick my clit." Always one to oblige a lady, I moved back up to her love bud and swirled my tongue in quick circles around it.

That did the trick. Her fingers tightened in my hair and her thighs went rigid around my ears. Bucking uncontrollably, Dottie cried out in pleasure, "Oh yes, yes, yesss!" More sweet-tasting juice than I've ever seen poured from her, flowing down my chin and neck to soak my shirt.

When she relaxed, I stood up, pulled her off the table, turned her around, and, positioning my stiff prick at the gates of heaven, pushed into her from behind. Feeling her pussy muscles adjust around me, I grasped her hips, drew back to the tip, and plunged into her again.

Grinding her arse against me, she cried, "Yeah, that's it! Fuck me with that huge prick." I plunged and withdrew and plunged again and again into her tight moistness. Reaching around to finger her clit, I brought her to the edge. As her cunt contracted in pleasure I pumped my joy stick into her gripping pussy. Load after load of come emptied into her, oozing out around my shaft and dripping to the floor.

As our bodies loosened their love grip, the overhead light flashed, warning of the library's closing. Dottie and I began getting dressed in silence. When she moved toward the door, I grabbed her hand. As she turned to look at me, I took her face in my hands. Looking deep into her eyes, I leaned forward and kissed her passionately. Breaking the kiss with great reluctance, but still cradling her face, I smiled and said, "Thanks for the biology lesson."

"Anytime," she smiled in return, and we departed. — *Name and address withheld*

Join the clubbies

One morning last summer, Todd and I decided we'd go to the beach. The weather forecast predicted a perfect day for it: clear, warm, and sunny. The beach, however, was about 40km from our place, and as we drove closer, a storm began to roll in. By the time we actually got there, the day was very dark and foggy.

Since my mate and I drove so far to get there, we decided to stick it out and make the best of it. We set up our towels near the flags. With literally no-one on the beach — except for the life-savers (six guys and four girls) — Todd and I decided

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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

FORUM

to have some beer and play our tunes as loud as we wanted. We also noticed that the clubbies were on the same wavelength, because they were cavorting around a huge canvas-covered lifeboat.

Todd and I soon noticed that their fooling around became more purposeful. It was obvious they had sex on their minds, and after watching several of them disappear under the canvas, our curiosity — not to mention some other things — was aroused. Soon they were all inside the boat.

Todd turned to me and said "You know, Bruce, I think we should investigate!" So each of us grabbed a brewski from our well-stocked esky of laced lemonade and beer and headed toward the lifeboat. When we got close, we realised that they were doing more than just goofing around — it was the wildest fuck'n'suck scene you could imagine.

One of the clubbies surfaced from some serious muff-diving and, seeing us with beer in hand, said, "Hey, have you guys got any more of those?" We nodded yes. "Great!" he replied. "So grab a few extra and join us!" All the girls squealed with delight.

It's hard to race with a stiff cock, but Todd and I made the round-trip to our esky in a time that would have made any Olympic runner proud!

We tossed a few beers into the sweaty, contorting, lusting mass of fine young flesh and, stripping off our shorts, jumped into the boat. We were welcomed with open lips and legs. Soon Todd's hard nine inches was plunging in and out of one wet, quivering cunt after another. My own eight-inch love lizard quickly sought the eager lips and throat of the most beautiful girl in the boat.

After spilling what seemed like gallons of jizz, I lunched on some of the best blonde hair pie I've ever eaten, and my trusty one-eyed serpent again rose to the occasion! It was probably 100 degrees in that boat, but nobody cared as 12 naked bodies writhed in slippery and orgasmic ecstasy. As I was gazing out at this fuck feast, one of the girls pushed me on to my back and mounted me! This rodeo beach queen rode me like the stud horse that I am, until my balls ached. I looked over to see my mate Todd getting yet another blowjob from one of the delicious tanned beauties.

Just as the fuckathon was reaching a climactic point, the weather started to clear. It was still early, so there were other beachgoers soon within sight. The clubbies had to return to their duties, and Todd and I decided to rest our weary bones (or should I say, boners) in the hot sun. — *Name and address withheld*

Continued on page 122

Sins

AVARICE

THE HERD MENTALITY

Is Australia's property boom over?

I'm beginning to understand lemmings. The herd mentality is strong.

I have a friend to whom I occasionally give the odd bit of financial advice. Not enough, unfortunately, to have stopped him doing a million bucks on the stock market in 1987, but just enough, I hope, to stop him doing another mill on the property market.

For, having been burned with shares, he wants out and into good old bricks and mortar. Property, in the first 12 months after the October 1987 Crash, appreciated incredibly. For instance, the

average price of a home in Sydney zoomed from \$93,000 in August 1987 to \$156,000 in August 1988, according to NSW Real Estate Institute figures. Melbourne and Brisbane also experienced big jumps, as did Perth, where for many years prices had been about a third of those in Sydney.

My friend has seen this property boom, as he has seen others in the past, and knows that such trends cannot last; indeed, it must be (this was written about Christmas last year) nearing the top. He knows this. And he knows what happens when the property market tops out.

Prices don't retreat, they say. They just stop growing, they say. Bullshit, I say.

In the very early Eighties Sydney had a property boom which saw, among other things,

Paddington terraces going for as much as \$160,000 or \$180,000. In 1982 and 1983 it was possible to buy those exact same properties for \$120,000 or \$140,000 from vendors desperate to get out from under two massive mortgages.

My friend knows this. He was a buyer at that time and was able to take advantage of some very good prices. He also knows he had to wait a long time — four years at the least — before he could unload those properties at a price that covered costs, forgetting anything about profit.

He is adept at reading the signs and had read: \$400,000 for an ordinary cottage in an ordinary suburb — that's a market that's toping out.

Sure, that house will be selling for twice that in the future. Maybe even the next day or next month. But, much more likely, it won't sell for anything like that for another five or six years. And my friend can't afford to wait that long; he has plane tickets to buy,

girls to entertain, friends who need to borrow a lazy 50 thou to keep out of trouble.

And yet, and yet... what's he doing? Driving round the town on Saturday morning looking at houses for sale.

From the point of view of a friend that is bad; but, for the social observer, it is good. Here, in this one man, is a key to help explain the excesses that occur at the boom end of the business cycle.

Clearly, there is no frenzy — yet. My friend is calmly looking at property. He is neither foaming at the mouth nor trampling over old ladies at auctions — yet. And, with good counselling, some Valium and a bit of meditation or Tai Chi, he won't be.

But the early signs of the mania are there: a manifestation of a desire to contradict one's logic. And why? Because, it appears, he is unable to resist the pressures around him to go against his own reasoning, to go against the advice of his financial counsellor, to go against the warnings of leading financial analysts; and instead he is following the urgings of less than disinterested advisers and joining the throng of the eternal victims, the masses, and going house hunting at just the time not to go house hunting.

Man is a funny beast. Look at the peak hour syndrome. Each morning and evening the roads are clogged and the buses and trains packed. But there are still people who voluntarily travel in those peak hours. It must be part of societal instinct: people get comfort from crowds. People flock to full restaurants and bypass empty ones. People drive many miles to be crushed at Bondi when they could drive the same distance to a less crowded beach. And in boom times everybody bids against everybody else to put the price of the boom commodity into the stratosphere.

I can see the cycle building in my friend. Yes, it would be nice to own a house and yes, property is a good investment. So far so good. Now, we throw in a few



Illustration by John Mitchell

other people with the same idea, plus the funds to back that idea, and we have a rising market. A few smart people — and a lot of lucky ones — get in early. Some will turn the properties over after a few months for good profits. Word of this gets about and other people decide they might do the same thing. Other people enter the market at this stage because they feel they had better get in today rather than pay tomorrow's prices.

So the market continues to grow as more buyers enter it. Add to the previous reasons the marked decline in interest rates in 1987, making home-buying a little more affordable, and also the growth in jobs, and you have the real fuel for a strong market.

It is the point at which a strong market turns into a boom market (with consequent high risk) that I am seeing problems for my friend. He is not thinking of buying a house because he needs a place to hang his hat; he is thinking of buying to partake of the mighty profits others have made. But even he knows his chances of making a big profit quickly are less than his chances of making a modest profit slowly. He is simply being a lemming, caught up in this vast tide of humanity, all of whom, for different reasons, feel they must buy a house; and buy it today cheaper than they will buy it tomorrow.

Not everyone is in that tide. For instance, a market needs two sides to make a deal. There are the vendors. Sometimes they are one and the same — the vendor is also a buyer. They are one of the causes of the eventual collapse. Another cause is the speculator who stays too long, and another is the owner-occupier who had a bit of the speculator in the purchase and was overcommitted, perhaps on a second mortgage and often, perhaps, because they are simply caught up in the frenzy and in out of their depth.

Oh yes, I'll throw in the Government, which, because they are slow moving, usually weigh in too late and badly. In the property cycle, for example, they will finally get their act together and

bring on to the market new land and new accommodation at about the same time the boom is ending, thus exacerbating the oversupply at the root of the collapse.

You can see the signs already. Government inquiries into the lack of available property. Interest rates rising as buyers bid them up and government tries to cool things off by letting them go up. Every second dinner party guest bragging of the killing they've made in real estate (as if they had anything to do with it).

The warning signs are there too. Clearances at auction drop to half that put up for sale. Properties are taking longer to sell; the agents' windows are getting cluttered. You can't get a builder for love or money — they're too busy building new stock to take advantage of the boom.

Then one day, a sale falls through. The bidder decides he doesn't want to pay that much but the buyer won't come down, thinking someone else will and besides, they need the money to cover their next purchase, all teed up ready to go. But someone else doesn't come along and so two sales fall through. But the vendor to the vendor was also going to buy a new house so it's three sales that fall through.

Somewhere else a buyer gets a letter from his mortgagee asking for more money than he can afford and he walks out. And a speculator, mortgaged to the eyebrows, must sell today or he's in the red — so he'll take whatever price he can get.

Suddenly the tide has turned. Instead of talk about how prices are rising people talk of how they saw a house advertised for \$200,000 one week and \$160,000 the next.

So now the lemmings all say, "Wait, don't buy today, it'll be cheaper tomorrow."

So it goes on. And my friend? If he has a house, he'll have trouble resisting the general urge to sell today lest he get even less tomorrow. And if he hasn't a house, then he's lucky. Because that's the time he ought to start looking to buy one. — David Quicksilver

LUST

A WOMAN'S TOUCH

Enter the new wave of feminist video erotica

Even if they're not quite the style of videos you can take home to mother, you can at least take them home to your girl — even if she is a sister doing it for herself.

The videos in question are those released on the new Femme label — the brainchild of Candida Royale, ex-porn actress turned writer, director and producer. It's touted as a new genre, a breath of fresh air in the tired spheres of video smut. Porn with a woman's touch.

It wasn't hard to be different. As the moralists have targeted video erotica and sought to eliminate it, the estimated quarter million Australians who regularly

available erotic video material — so too is any semblance of taste, with only the odd exceptions.

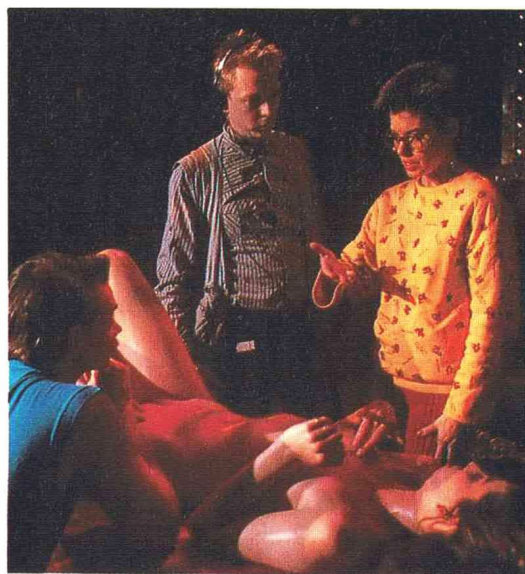
Enter Femme — or so goes the sales spiel.

"There were three main reasons why I wanted to do this," explained Candida from her New York headquarters. "The first was political. With pornography the subject of so much debate, I wanted to show that there could be a dignified, progressive form that wasn't degrading to women. The male domination of the entire industry I could see was killing it. That kind of thing was old news.

"Then there was obviously the business reasons. Here was a market unaddressed. The research we have here in the States tells us that more than half the business of video erotica is directly with women — they make the choices. I had certain experiences behind me and an artistic training which I felt equipped me to launch something like this.

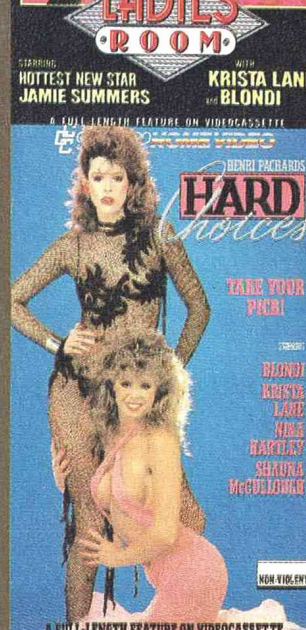
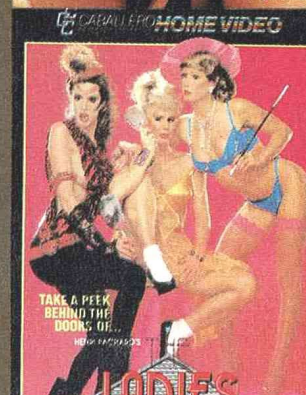
"The third reason was personal, having been brought up with the notion that women should refrain from any type of

Candida Royale (right) directing on the set — dignifying the multi-million dollar world of video smut through her Femme label.



view the stuff have quietly wished that someone would instigate a Senate Inquiry into its appalling quality. Not only is reality suspended in the vast majority of the

sexual exploration. As a child growing up I've had to deal with all the guilt of a Catholic upbringing and double-standards in the workforce."



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So just what is the Femme formula? For a start, Candida rejects the notion that there *is* one. "There are no formulas for female pornography, because it's so new. It's about total exploration. Women are finally realising their right to explore sexually. I wanted to do it in an artistic and commercial sphere." But to answer for her, it's fair to say there is some sensitivity. The sex scenes do not necessarily evolve out of male lust, but rather out of women's arousal. There is *kissing*. There is a lot of expensive lingerie. There are vague attempts at storylines. Candida claims to have employed real life lovers to star — and to really do it. The men are not seemingly obsessed with the practice of coitus interruptus, as if the only way a viewer will be able to tell when a particular scene is finished is by the token quart of spunk sprayed over all and sundry. The action does not take place between characters who are strangers; they actually know each other —

even *like* each other. Likewise, the action does not take on the proportions of some kind of sexual decathlon; ye olde missionary position makes something of a comeback. There is *lots* of cunnilingus. There is even *after-play*.

There *is* still the same old bump and grind disco accompaniment; there is still wooden acting (until they start getting down); there is still the same shoestring, daytime soap feel about the production. We're hardly talking *Quo Vadis* production values — budgets range between \$US50,000 and \$70,000 — yet enough *is* different to make it enticing rather than affronting.

Two versions are cut, even in the States: X and R ratings. What we will initially be seeing here will be the softer version, available nationally. That means no genital detail — no dicks. "I resent the fact that penises aren't allowed," said Candida. "I treat them in my work as a normal part of the body. I think a shot of a penis can

be lovely — but even in the harder versions there is no particular focus on genitalia; it's treated no differently to any other part of the body."

It says something about Royale's style that a softer version is even possible without everything being over in five minutes...

Femme has received much critical acclaim from the US media and adult film fans for its first four features: *Femme*, *Urban Heat*, *Christine's Secret* and *Three Daughters*. Also watch

out for the arrival on our shores of the Star Director Series, which Candida says was a case of her giving such porn superstars as Gloria Leonard, Veronica Hart, Annie Sprinkle and Veronica Vera "an opportunity to express their personal views and fantasies about sex, love and men." Some of the scenes in the three so far produced — *Rights Of Passion*, *Sensual Escape* and *Taste Of Ambrosia* — also claim a particular innovation through their efforts to eroticise safe sex. — *Graem Sims*

SLOTH

NOWHERE BUT TURKEY

This East meets West nation is inexpensive, hospitable and enthralling

It was the sea bass that did me in. It was floating in paprika sauce and I was floating in the extravagant hospitality of a people to whom tourism is yet to become a burden.

I'd taken a Sunday morning ferry up the Bosphorus from Istanbul to its final stop, the township of Sariyer. There, from the cosy corner window table of a stupendously well-stocked seafood restaurant, I watched Soviet cruise liners gliding into the mouth of the Black Sea, returning to Odessa from warmer Mediterranean waters.

I made short work of the bass and its attendant Turkish side dishes, only slightly mindful of the feast awaiting me upon my return to the ancient city of Constantinople. That night, four hungry antipodean wayfarers sat down, in a leading Turkish restaurant, to a vast kebab-based

meal which, with liquid accompaniment, set us back a total of 25 Australian dollars. As I begged the bass to move aside and rummaged for the bi-carb, I made a mental note to enquire about permanent residency status.

More tourists visited Turkey than Singapore last year, and with good reason. Like the Greece of ten years ago, it is inexpensive, hospitable and enthralling. For history hounds, insatiable indulgers and audacious adventurers, this East-meets-West nation of over 52 million is a rich, textured and wonderfully abundant repository of some of the world's greatest treasures. Not even a Club Med bimbo could be unmoved by the physical evidence of almost 10,000 years of continuous settlement and 2500 years of rising and falling empires.

The emblems and images tumble atop each other. Minarets and mosques, sultans and sandals, carpets and coffee, belly dancers and bazaars, leather and lamps. Here, in what the locals like to believe is Continental Europe but is really the Middle East, one can taste a little of *A Thousand And One Arabian Nights*, murder and mayhem on the Orient Express, and daring jewel raids on Topkapi Palace. Indeed, Turkey can stir the most jaded senses.

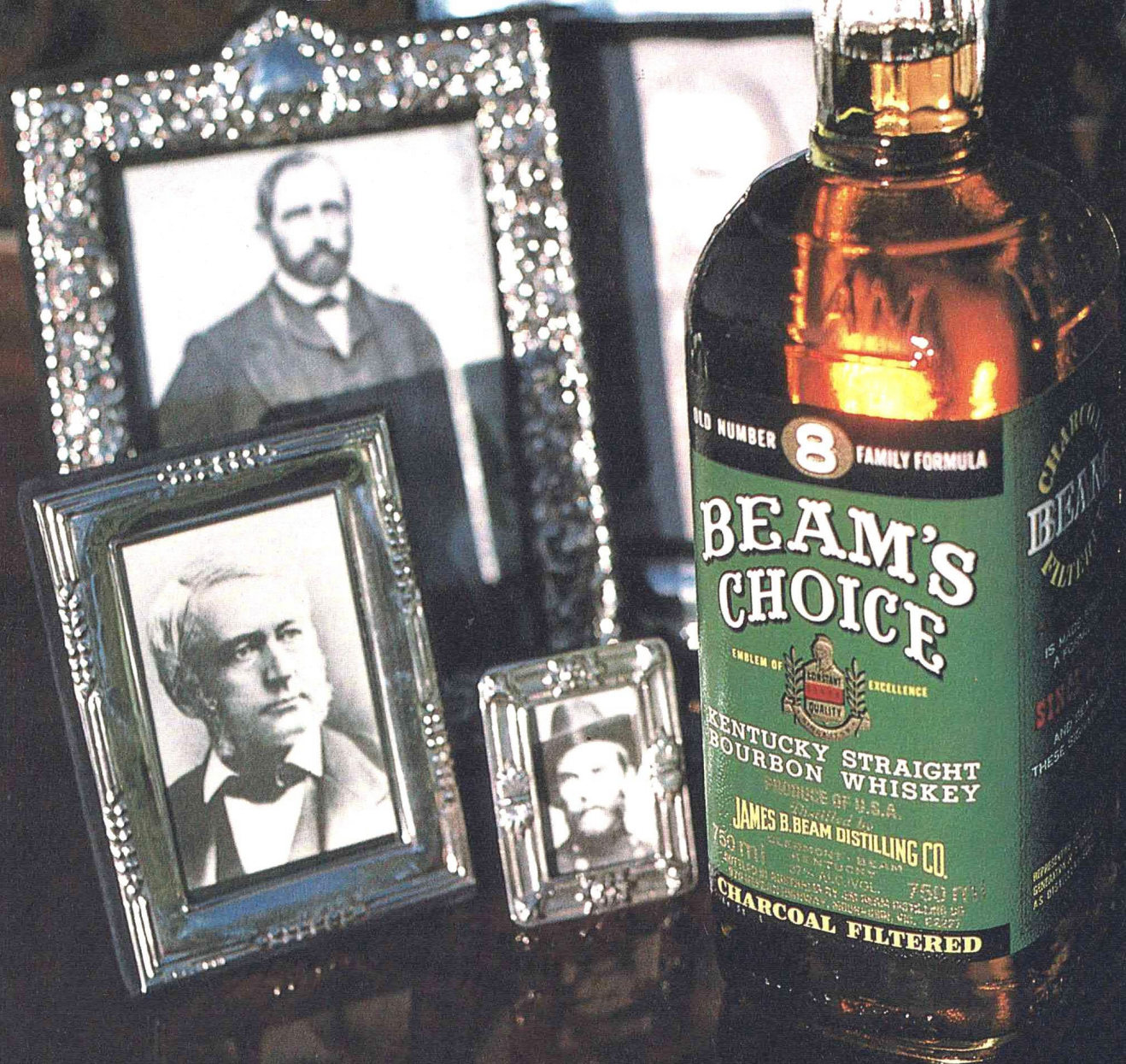
Although the country demands a full month, at the very least, an Istanbul stopover on the way to



Candida Royale:
"Adult films have traditionally catered to the male viewer. Now that women are finally taking a peak, it's time to give them something to look at."

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One of the 2500 shops in Istanbul's Grand Bazaar. For history, indulgence and adventure, Turkey is a treasure trove.



or from London or Europe is an eminently wise compromise. Singapore Airlines can drop you off at the city by the Golden Horn en route to Copenhagen or coming home from Manchester. If you can manage to land a room at the magnificent Istanbul Ramada, ten minutes from the Grand Bazaar and its 2500 shops, or at the Istanbul Sheraton in the more relaxed Taxim Park area, you too can be besotted by and irretrievably converted to Turkish charms and culture.

Straddling both Europe and Asia, Istanbul surges with six million residents — the most anarchistic drivers on the face of the Earth — and more imposing edifices than any other two cities put together. Even the Basilica Cistern, an underground water reservoir which serviced the sieged citizens of Emperor Justinian some 1500 years ago, boasts 336 giant Corinthian marble columns and a couple of colossal Medusa heads. Above ground, where the Roman, Byzantine and Ottoman empire builders actually wanted their monuments to be seen and admired, the architectural splendor seems endless.

You can walk from the Blue Mosque, down to Hagia Sophia Church (one of the eight wonders of the world) and on to Topkapi Palace in a single day. Sitting proudly on the tip of the Istanbul peninsula where the Bosphorus, Sea of Marmara and Golden Horn meet, Topkapi is the largest and oldest palace in the world. Once the domain of Sultans and their harems, viziers and potentates, it is now a 700,000 square metre museum documenting the reign of the Ottoman Empire (second only to the Roman Empire for power, influence and territory).

If you can find time to leave Istanbul, the forays will be more than worthwhile. Turkish Airlines provide an extensive, relatively cheap internal network using Airbuses and modern Boeings. The Aegean coastal city of Izmir — believed to be the birthplace of the Greek poet Homer — is a Silk Road staging point for visits to the ancient city of Ephesus, where the Apostle Paul wrote the epistles which survive as Ephesians in the Bible.

With over 8000 kilometres of coastline (the Mediterranean, Aegean, Black and Bosphorus seas), Turkey is a heavyweight

contender in the summer holiday stakes and caters to sun lovers with hundreds of intimate coastal resort towns. The ones on the Black Sea coast are a little less visually attractive but far more

engaging in terms of ancient ambience, old monasteries and a diverse array of humanity. For Turkey is a rich blend of peoples, from the swarthy Mediterranean stock of the west, to the Caspian Armenians of the east, to the Iranian-extracted Kurds of the south-east. They virtually all speak Turkish but the ethnic differences are quite immense. It seems only through good fortune that they all consume vast amounts of spicy, delectable doner kebab, cut from flaming spits inside almost every restaurant and small cafe in the nation.

While the tourist trail seems directed primarily toward Istanbul, the Cappadocia region of Central Anatolia (four hours drive from the capital, Ankara) has its share of double-parked coaches. With a breathtaking landscape — one beyond the imagination of even a Disney or Spielberg — this pock-marked land of fairy chimneys, snow white gorges, underground cities and rock-hewn grotto churches is easily the equal of Egypt's pyramids. Somehow, one could not imagine it existing anywhere but Turkey. — Glenn A. Baker

GLUTTONY

TEAING UP

Secrets of the perfect brew

Tea is the world's most popular prepared drink — only water is drunk in greater quantities. The Western craze started with Anna, Duchess of Bedford, an 18th Century English trendsetter who couldn't get by on the usual two mammoth meals a day and instituted tea and cakes at five to help her survive until dinner. Had the Duke's wife been more concerned with her girth, afternoon tea might never have become a British and hence an Australian passion. Australia closely followed the

mother country's example until the Seventies, when coffee finally overtook a good cuppa as the number one national choice.

No matter what fancy name a tea goes under, all varieties come from one plant, an evergreen shrub of the camellia family, which grows best in tropical and sub-tropical climates. Though the plant prefers warm, wet days, it will grow almost anywhere; and tea grown at higher, cooler altitudes, much like high grown coffees, is often considered the finest by tea connoisseurs.

Despite the many varieties and blends, there are really only three kinds of tea — black, oolong and green. It is the processing that determines their differences. Processing is either a three or four-step operation. First, wither-

ing removes as much moisture as possible from the leaves. Then rolling breaks up the cell structure of the dried leaves and releases their natural juices and fragrances. Third, fermentation (actually a misleading technical term for oxidation) exposes the leaves to air; the oxygen they absorb changes the color of the leaves from green to copper or black. Finally, they are dried or fired, which stops the oxidation process and dries the leaves evenly.

Black tea, which accounts for almost 97 percent of the tea drunk in the Western world, is subjected to all four processing steps. Darjeeling, Keemun and Ceylon are black teas. A well-brewed black tea will have a rich, strong flavor and mellow aroma.

Oolong teas are lightly withered and rolled and only partially fermented before being dried; the leaves are half copper, half black. Not as strong as black tea, oolong is rich and fruity tasting.

Green teas are not fermented. The leaves are steamed or heated rather than withered, then rolled and dried. The leaves remain green because they do not oxidize. A green tea is light and clear with a delicate, very flavorful taste.

Black tea is graded by the size of the leaf and divided into classes that are not indicative of flavor or quality. Orange pekoe, which many people mistakenly believe to be a variety of tea, is made up of long, thin black leaves, and pekoe souchong, the largest, rounded leaves. The whole leaves need a longer brewing time, while the broken leaves (about 80 percent of the crop) make a stronger, darker pot of tea in less time. The broken grades are usually considered the choice teas. Green teas are graded according to the style of drying as well as the size of the leaves.

Though processing produces only three types of finished tea, there are in fact dozens of varieties, usually named for the area in which they are grown, and some 3000 different blends. Keemun, one of the finest black teas China produces, is complex



and subtle, just as good wine is, with a powerful aroma and rich taste. Just the tea for an early morning bracer. From China's Fukien province there's Lapsang Souchong, smoky and exotic. Dragon Well, the rarest of China's green teas and one of the

legendary teas of the world, is exquisitely sweet and delicate.

Distinguished Indian teas include Darjeeling, grown at the foothills of the Himalayas, and sturdy Assam, a powerful, black tea that makes a brisk, pungent pot. If you can drink just one

oolong, be sure it's Formosa Oolong, picked only once a year in Taiwan. Another rare gem of a tea is Ceylon, blended from the best estates in high growing areas.

Of all the tea varieties, English Breakfast, traditionally a China Keemun, is surely one of the most popular. It got its name from the English habit of adding milk to tea, which brings out its distinctive aroma. Earl Grey, a blend of Indian and Ceylon teas flavored with oil of bergamot, is another popular tea and particularly soothing at bedtime. Legend has it that the recipe for this blend was given to Earl Grey, a British ambassador, by a Chinese mandarin.

One pound of tea makes around 200 cups and most tinned teas last about a year, so when you've decided on one variety worthy of investigation, don't buy more than you need. Fine Keemun and Darjeeling have the best track records for staying fresh, while green teas lose quality very quickly.

Though all the curious tea brewing paraphernalia available could intimidate the novice, making the perfect cup of superior tea isn't difficult. All you need is a good teapot and fresh water. Use a clean porcelain or earthenware pot (never metal) that has been warmed by filling with hot water for a few minutes. Put one teaspoon of tea per average cup into it and bring the freshly drawn water to a rolling boil. Pour it over the leaves immediately, let it steep for five minutes only and serve. Only the truly manic go the lengths of using only distilled or spring water.

Tea bags, the invention of tea merchants who filled silk bags with portions of tea as tasters' samples, are more expensive than loose teas and rarely contain the finest blends. But let's face it, they are more convenient, and avoid the worst sight known to hungover man — a sinkful of old, used tea leaves.

And so to the milk and lemon question. Green teas are always drunk as is — unadulterated. Fragrant teas like lemon scented should be taken with lemon. Milk

Illustration by Skye Rogers



GSX-R1100

The motorcycle for every desire you ever had.

And then some.

It may be comforting to know that the bigger engine in the all new GSX-R1100 makes even more power and torque than ever before. As a matter of fact, power is up to 138 PS and torque is up by a whopping 10%.

It has four valves per cylinder, a Twin Swirl Combustion Chamber, Suzuki's Advanced Cooling System, new bigger bore slingshot carburetors, an hydraulic clutch, computerised ignition and a stainless steel exhaust system.

You will also discover that the new GSX-R1100 has a more compact, stronger frame made from aluminium alloy, new cartridge type 43mm forks that are fully adjustable and Full-Floater rear suspension.

But what's more important is what you can do with it all.

In this case, with the GSX-R1100, you can enjoy your favourite stretch of road with the confidence only a Suzuki GSX-R can give.

On the other hand, you really don't have to prove anything with a GSX-R1100, even though you could if you wanted to. Walk softly and carry a big stick, someone once said.

He must have had Suzuki's new GSX-R1100 in mind, the ultimate sports performance motorcycle ever built.



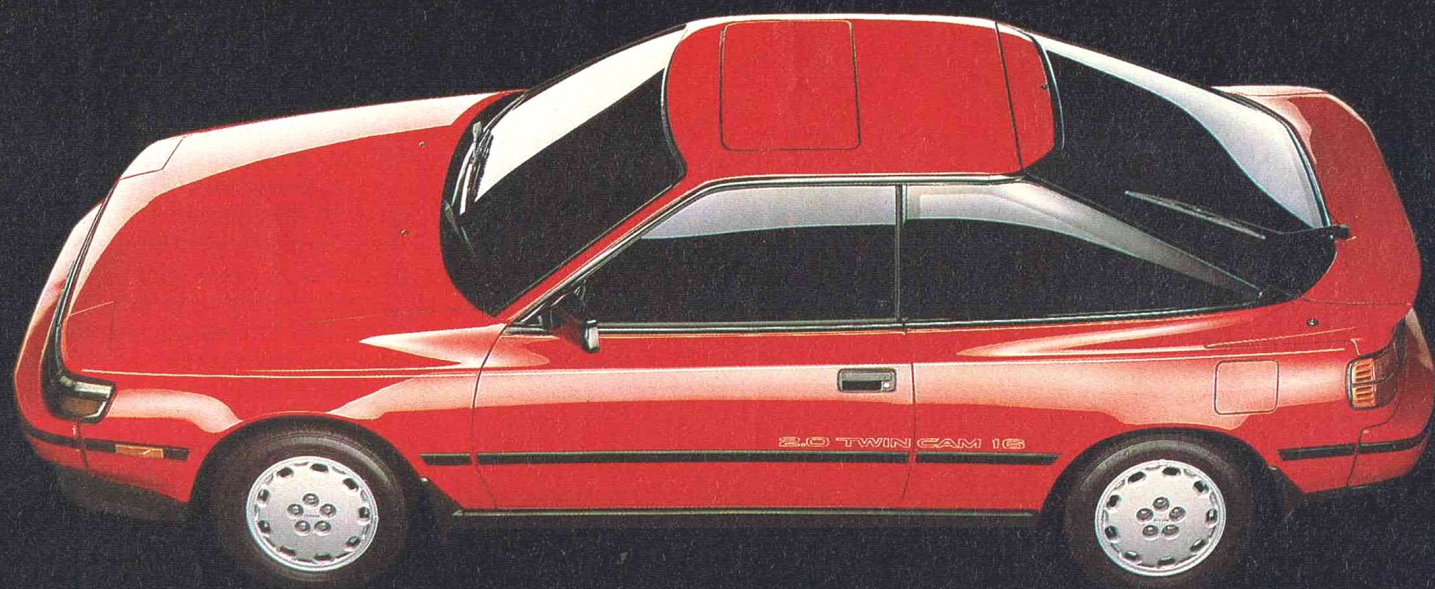
GSX-R750

SUZUKI

Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "Ride It Right" Campaign.



O H W H A T A F E E L I N G !



O H W H A T A F E E L I N G !

TWO LITRES OF DYNAMITE

Toyota Celica is perhaps the best definition of stylish performance on the road today.

The style was created by Celica's designers when they successfully refined the lines into flowing aerodynamic smoothness.

The performance is delivered by a two-litre deep breathing Twin Cam multivalve engine.

An engine that in its rally guise has notched up numerous impressive wins on the international circuit, which includes the grueling Cyprus Rally.

In order to ensure useable power across the performance band, Celica has two additional integrated systems: computer controlled electronic fuel injection and a variable induction system which helps produce better engine flexibility and low end torque.

You will feel the performance characteristics change as the tachometer sweeps past 3500 rpm and the Celica moves from cruising coupe into high performance machine.

Under any road conditions you will find the handling is precise and stable.

Celica's fully independent suspension combines MacPherson struts up front with dual link struts at the rear for optimum road grip at all times.

Inside the Celica you will experience the meticulous integration of convenience and comfort.

The driver's seat is body contoured. Fingertip controls adjust for side and spinal support.

So when Celica takes on those sporty twists and turns, your body doesn't.

The three spoke steering wheel telescopes and the tilt mechanism has a setting memory which automatically returns the wheel to the driver's preferred position.

When it comes to a stylish performance, the Celica gets it all together. Experience it.

Borrow the keys of our Toyota Celica and take a test drive.



Toyota Celica in action - Rally Australia 1988.

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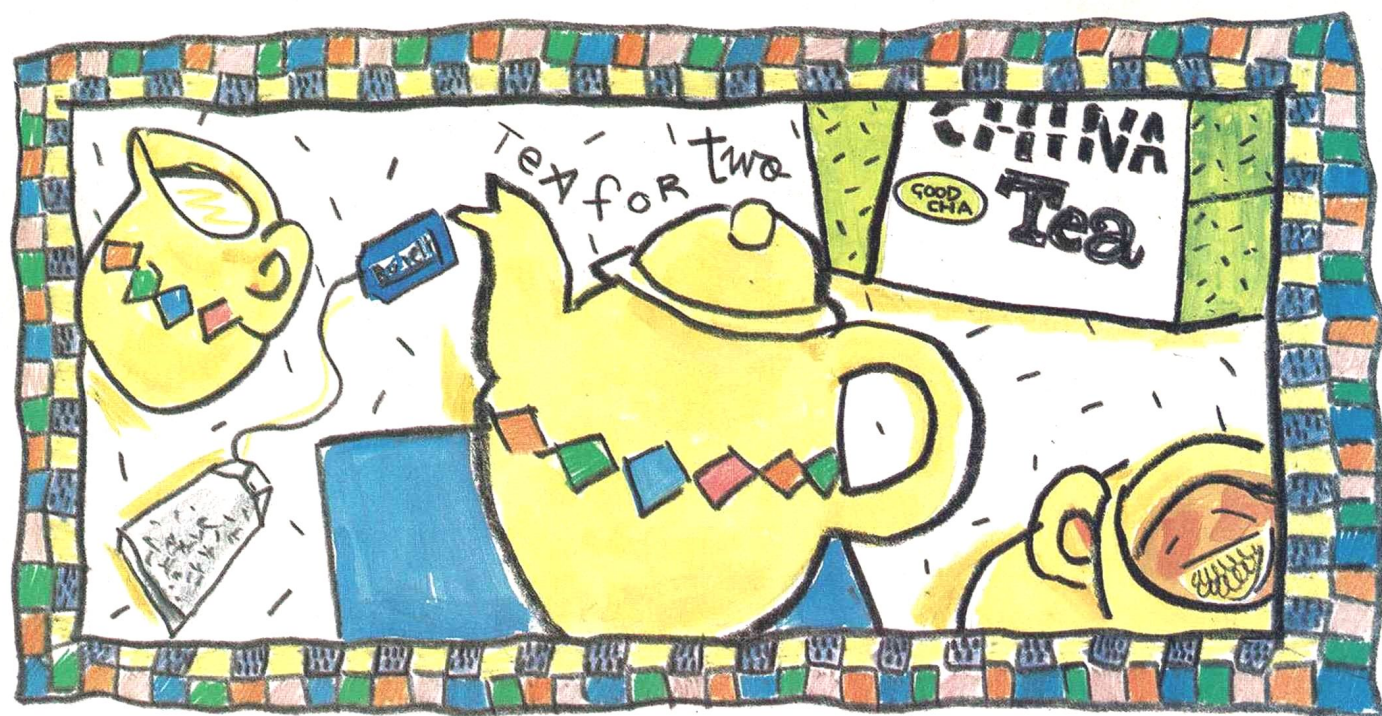


Illustration by Skye Rogers

goes in the stronger, blacker teas.

My favorite tea? The iced tea they sell in the Far East and sun tea. Sun tea, a product of time and solar energy, isn't for those dying for a quick cup. The exercise is easier in Queensland and the Northern Territory: all you

need is a litre of cold water, ten tea bags and a sunny day. After six hours or so, your tea will be brewed perfectly and ready to pour over ice for a thirst-quenching revival. What you do while you're waiting is entirely up to your imagination. — Elisabeth King

SLOTH

WHISKY ROAD

The origins of whisky are shrouded in Scotland's Celtic past

The Scots cannot claim to have discovered the chemical process of distillation, but many would agree that they have perfected it. Whisky, from the Scots Gaelic "uisge beatha" — literally "the water of life" — has accumulated a mystique over the centuries that sets it apart from all other liquors.

The secrets of the distillation

process were most probably brought to Scotland by the Christian missionaries of the Sixth and Seventh Centuries AD. Brandy is certainly known to have been around in the 14th Century, but the first recording of spirit distilled from malt (ie malted barley) occurs in 1494.

The drink proliferated in Scotland after the defeat of the clans at Culloden in 1745 and the Highland clearances which followed. With most of the able-bodied men off fighting Britain's European and colonial wars the only way the crofting families could afford to pay the rents was from the proceeds of the illicit distillation of whisky.

The British government's clumsy and high-handed attempts to tax this fiery river proved fruitless until 1823 when,

after representations by the Duke of Gordon, an Act of Parliament was finally passed which set the tax and duty at a realistic rate. The amount of legal spirit annually produced rose from some nine million litres to 27 million litres two years after the Act was passed.

The boom years for whisky were the 1880s and 1890s. The vineyards in France were devastated by the insect *Phylloxera Vastatrix* and as a result brandy was virtually unobtainable. The upper classes in England switched to whisky... The popularity of whisky has continued to grow into the 20th Century.

These days there are two main classes of Scotch whisky — blended and single malt. Blended whisky is a combination of malt whiskies and spirit made from maize or corn or other grains. Up to 45 different malt whiskies can be part of a blend. Single malt whisky is made from barley alone and is regarded as the pinnacle of the distillers' art.

Malt whisky is made from three ingredients: malted barley, yeast and water. The chemical process of distillation is a fairly simple one, familiar to most high school chemistry students. What then is the secret of this golden drink, fabled and praised in song and verse? And what gives rise to the

unique character of each brand of malt whisky?

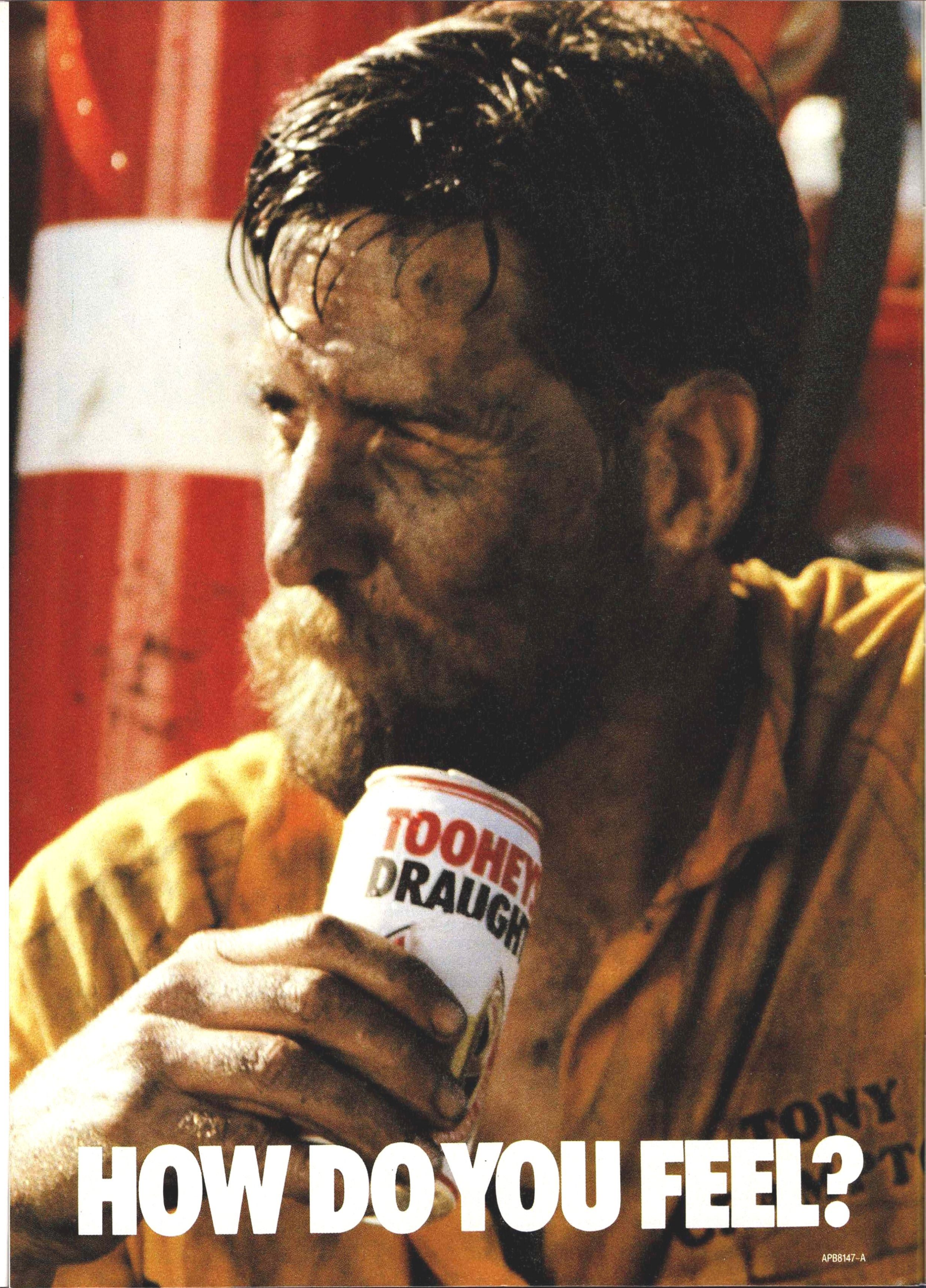
To unravel these mysteries, there is now a Malt Whisky Trail in the Speyside area of north-east Scotland. Speyside is the prime area of Highland malt whisky production with over 50 distilleries in a small area between Nairn and Banff on the coast and the Grampian Mountains to the south.

Speyside is about four hours drive north from Edinburgh. The River Spey, fed by the copious rain and melting snow of the Grampian Mountains, thunders its way through the glen. This abundance of water makes the area perfect for whisky making. Each distillery has its own exclusive water source, often a spring.

The first distillery on the trail is Glenfarclas, founded in 1836. In 1865 it was acquired by the Grant family of Glenlivet who own it to this day.

The whisky-making process is the same throughout, so the enjoyment of the tours comes down to the history of the distillery and the character of the guide.

The Spey is one of the best salmon fishing rivers in Scotland, although success is not always guaranteed, according to Glenfarclas's kilted guide, Andrew. "Some of the whisky inevitably seeps back into the Spey," he confided. "The locals



HOW DO YOU FEEL?

Sins

think this is why the fishing is often lean. The fish are seeing two pieces of bait and making a grab for the wrong one!"

Taking things clockwise, the next distillery is Tamdhu, set in a forest close by the Spey. Tamdhu is one of the few distilleries which still malts its own barley.

From Tamdhu, the trail winds down to join the Spey again at Craigellachie. From there it's a few miles to the town of Rothes and the Glen Grant distillery. The fine warehouses with their blanket of black lichen are the feature of this establishment. The lichen feeds on the two percent of the spirit which evaporates every year during the whisky's maturing process. This two percent is known as "the angel's dram."

Next on the trail is Strathisla, which claims to be the oldest operating distillery in the Highlands. Founded in 1786, it is reminiscent of an old farmstead. Glen Grant, Strathisla and The Glenlivet are all now owned by Seagrams of Canada.

The Glenfiddich distillery, perhaps the best-known name in Highland malt whisky, is situated just outside the small town of Dufftown and adjacent to the 13th Century Balvenie Castle. There is in fact a Glen Fiddich (it means "valley of the deer") and a River Fiffich flowing nearby. Glenfiddich bills itself as the home of traditional whisky, and much of what goes on there is unchanged since William Grant founded the place in 1887. The water used to make Glenfiddich comes from a spring, called the Robbie Dubh ("Black Robert"), in the nearby Conval hills.

A short drive through Glen Rinnes and some spectacular purple heather-covered moorland brings you to Tamnavulin, one of the newest distilleries in the Highlands. The water source is near the head of the River Livet and the guide claims with some pride that Tamnavulin has the first use of the river's water.

At Tamnavulin, as at all the other distilleries, the spirit passes through the padlocked spirit safe. The Government's exciseman has the key and can arrive at any time to test the contents. At this

point the liquid is 70 percent alcohol by volume and is known as PBS (pure British spirit). It is then diluted with water to 63 percent alcohol and put into large oak barrels. Once these barrels were all old Spanish sherry casks; during maturation the spirit would absorb some of the sweetness and color of the sherry from the

cask for eight years, Glenfarclas and Tamnavulin for ten and The Glenlivet, the final stop on the trail, for 12 years. At the end of the maturing period all the whisky from all the casks is combined before bottling to ensure uniformity of color and taste — the "marrying" step. The whisky, by now down to under 60 percent al-

cohol, is diluted to 43 percent for export to Australia, Canada and West Germany while the UK and Sweden have it even weaker, at 40 percent.

The Glenlivet was the first distillery to take out a licence after the infamous Customs and Excise Act of 1823, but they do admit to making whisky and smuggling it all over Scotland for 77 years beforehand. The plant itself, set amid rolling fields, makes a picturesque sight as you come along the road from the village of Tomnavulin. The water for The Glenlivet comes from Josie's Well at a rate of 227,000 litres a



Illustration by Paul Newman

oak. These days, due to the increasing cost of the sherry casks, a mix of sherry and American bourbon casks is used. The bourbon casks are cheaper and more plentiful. The Scots firms buy them in the States, break them down into lengths and re-assemble them for their own use in Scotland.

It takes at least three years in the barrel before PBS can legally be called whisky. Between three and five years some of the malt whisky is sold to blenders. Single malt whisky matures for much longer. Of the whisky trail distilleries, Glenfiddich lies in the

people running the entire operations of a distillery. It is certainly a strong revenue earner for the British Government, with 17 pounds out of 20 going to the excise man.

My next Whisky Trail tour will take place in my loungeroom. As I was driving solo around the whisky trail, I declined the kind offers of a dram at the conclusion of each tour and picked up miniatures instead. One night soon I'll invite a couple of friends over and we'll sample each in turn. It'll certainly save a few lads the air fare. *Sainte mhath! — Donald Robertson* ☺

day, although the identity of Josie is lost in the mists of time. Five million litres of The Glenlivet are produced each year; at the moment there are 13.5 million litres of The Glenlivet slowly maturing in warehouses on the site.

Whisky-making these days is a highly mechanised and efficient industry, with often only six



"Let's take the course to Bermuda"

"What a Sterling idea."

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS *

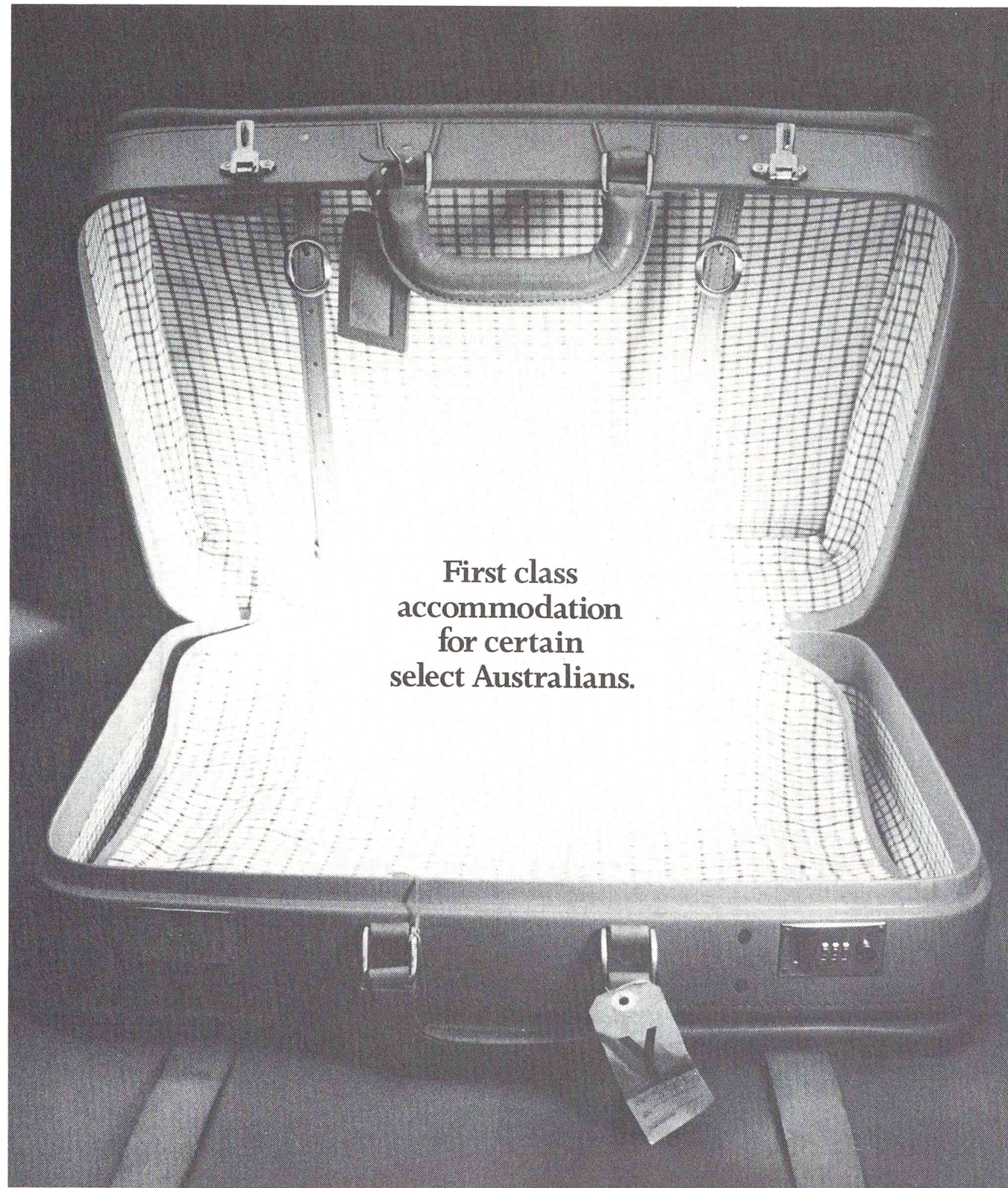
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select Australians.

When you travel overseas, a suitcase is the sensible way to carry your clothes.

Unfortunately, for a lot of native Australian animals, this is their mode of transportation.

They are being taken out of the country illegally to be sold for profit.

They are drugged and bound and kept in the dark without ventilation.

Nine out of ten will die. Some suffocate, others bleed to death or

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Taking native animals out of Australia is not just wrong, it's cruel.

Help stop this deadly practice. Send your donation today.



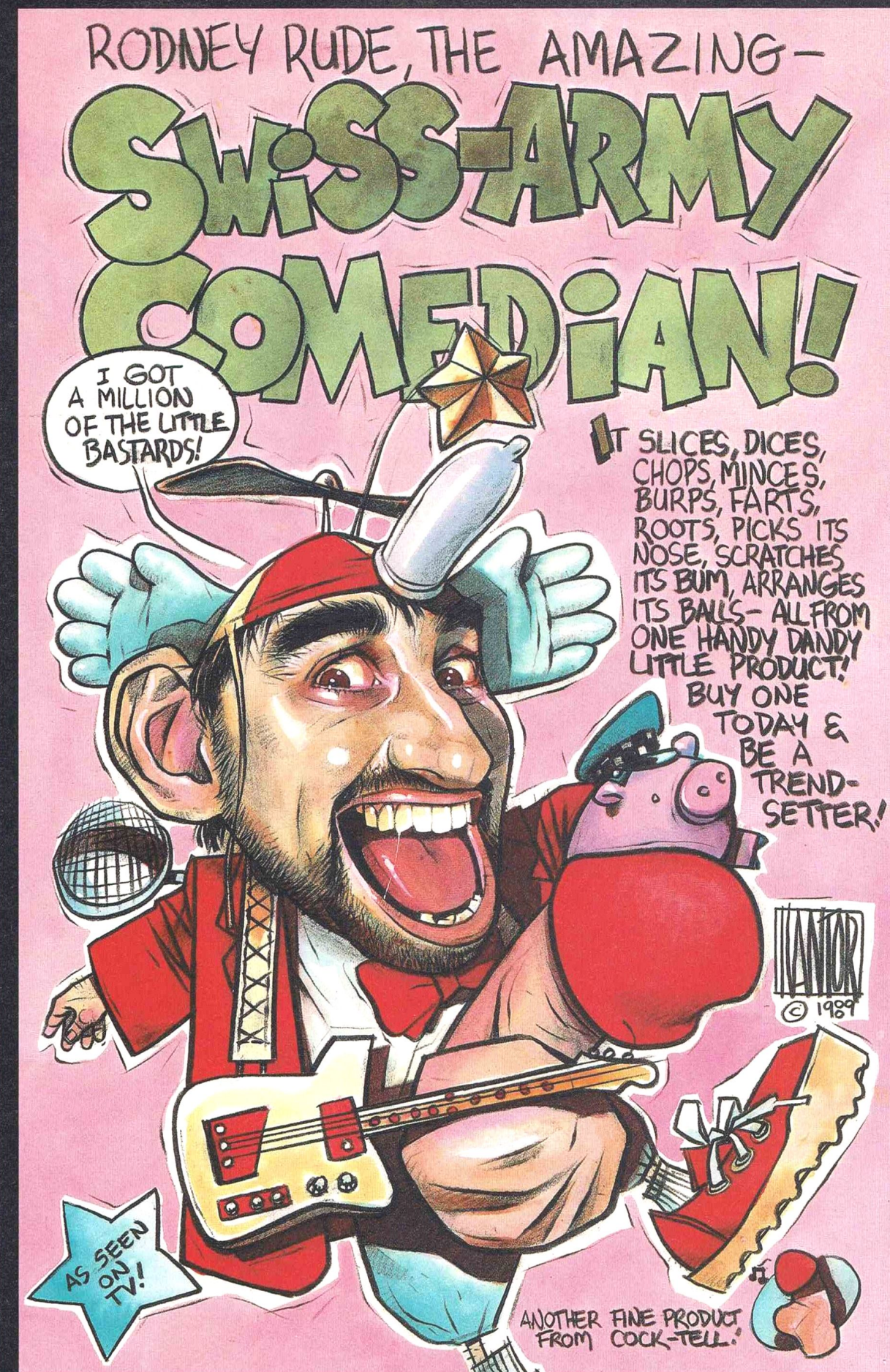
I would like to donate \$_____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia by ☐ cheque ☐ Bankcard ☐ Mastercard, ☐ Visa Card. Card No. _____

Expiry date: _____ Name _____ Address _____ Postcode _____

Signature _____ Donations over \$2 are tax deductible. Post To: World Wildlife Fund Australia, G.P.O. Box 528 Sydney NSW 2001.

Your stamp will help Australia's wildlife. ☐ Please send me information on membership of WWFA.

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KANTOR'S GALLERY

BY PAUL R. WILSON

Will you be a victim?

Recent niggling assaults on your freedom of sexual expression will escalate into pitched battle during this year's federal election. The strategy of Australia's conservative forces has been to draw a bead on the right of adults to watch non-violent erotic video material in the privacy of their own home. And as in all wars, unctuous PR machines are resorting to the propaganda of disinformation and deception to validate a cynical, politically-motivated platform. In this story, writer and criminologist Paul R. Wilson presents a powerful case for the preservation of hard-won sexual freedoms.

I first became aware of the fact that there was a war against sex when I began living in Queensland in the early Seventies. The troopers leading the fight for the moral majority in this war were members of the Queensland Literature Board of Review. Those who fought against the "forces of decency", as the moral majority called themselves, were the writers and readers of good literature.

In their 1971-72 annual report the Queensland Literature Board of Review stated what they were fighting for. "The object of censorship," they wrote, "is not to protect the individual from moral corruption or attempt to make people virtuous by legislation. It is to protect and defend the very fabric of society's existence."

The "fabric of society's existence" was defended year after year by the Literature Board and by its allies, the Queensland Film Board of Review and the courts. *Australian Penthouse's* first issue was banned but the publishers came to a mutually satisfactory agreement and the ban was lifted.

Not so lucky were the film *Pretty Baby*, *The Little Red School Book* and the journal of the Marijuana Party, *Australasian Weed*. Though Premier Bjelke-Petersen launched an attack in 1978 against cartoonist Larry Pickering's calendar of well-known politicians, some of whom had their private parts covered by fig leaves, the Literature Board, in a rare display of courage, passed the calendar.

But legal censorship creates voluntary censorship. In the Seventies a number of theatrical producers declined to come to

THE WAR ON SEX

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR



THE WAR ON SEX

Queensland because they feared that their productions would be raided by police and found obscene by the courts.

In August, 1982 a Canadian feminist anti-pornography film, *Not A Love Story*, was due to be released in Queensland. But the distributors, aware that only a few years before the internationally acclaimed *Pretty Baby*, starring Brooke Shields, was banned by the Film Board, checked informally with Queensland's Chief Censor.

The advice received was that the film would most probably be banned on the grounds that the film's anti-pornographic message was not as strong as the pornography!

It is precisely the view that pornography is "strong", adversely affecting both behavior of individuals and communities, that has led to a return of the Pubic Wars. For in the late Eighties, those who wish to tighten the noose of censorship around what we read or see often use the same arguments that Queensland censors used in the early Seventies.

Nowhere is this made more clear than by the report of the all-party Senate Select Committee established in 1985 to consider video material. After an interminably lengthy period, the Committee finally released its report in May 1988.

The terms of reference of the Committee required it to examine various matters relating to violent, pornographic or otherwise obscene material. As the Chairman of the Committee, Dr Dick Klugman, pointed out, these terms of reference were loaded and condemnatory to begin with.

"There appears to be," Dr Klugman wrote in his final report, "an assumption that explicit depictions of sexual activity are, by definition, pornographic. That assumption is not appropriate since the meaning of the word pornographic is clearly subjective."

Despite the obvious truth of this observation an acrimonious debate occurred within the Senate Committee on what exactly constituted pornography. Predictably, there was no consensus as to its meaning. Indeed, with considerable candor, the Klugman report admitted that the term "pornography" was seen by many as "subjective" and that "it is not possible for us to propose a definition of pornography which would receive general acceptance." This did not, however, stop many members of the Committee urging prohibitions and controls over something on which there was no agreement and no suitable definition.

Those who favored controls over sexually explicit but non-violent video material — covered by the X rating of the Commonwealth censor — took heart from countless submissions from "concerned citizens", feminists and "family groups" who believed that such material degraded

females and destroyed the family. Much of this concern was given "scientific" credence by American research purporting to link rising rape rates and violent crime with widespread pornography sales.

Particular comfort was taken by those members of the Senate Committee who wished to ban X-rated videos from the results of the 1986 American Meese Commission. Indeed, this Commission has served as vital ammunition for all those who wage a war on sex. Its report therefore deserves some discussion.

The Meese Commission found that there was no causal relationship between non-violent/non-degrading materials and rape/sexual violence. But despite the liberalism of this finding the Meese Commission argued that some forms of pornography — especially violent and degrading pornography — caused sexual violence.

The report led to a wave of censorship,

Do we ban
brassiere advertisements
and art exhibitions because
a censor judges the
content to be sexually
arousing?

both voluntary and legislated, by businesses and governments throughout the United States. It also led to a widespread and damning critique in scientific journals of the shortcomings and errors of the Meese Commission.

Two women who were on the Commission, Ellen Levine (editor of *US Woman's Day*) and Dr Judith Becker (director of the Sexual Behavior Clinic at the New York State Psychiatric Institute), issued a dissenting report damning the Meese report. They said, "No self-respecting investigator would accept the conclusions based on such a study." An entire issue of the American Bar Foundation journal blasted the biases and sloppy methods of the Commission. This view was echoed by one of America's leading experimental social psychologists, Professor Edward Donnerstein, who, though frequently cited by the Commission, called its conclusions "bizarre."

And bizarre they were. At public forums held by the Commission, the confessions of pornography "victims" were trumpeted to the world. Indeed, many of the stories told by these victims were sad and pa-

thetic tales of exploitation and abuse. But without the slightest piece of solid evidence, each of these people dragged the bogeyman of pornography into their memoirs.

Typical of this evidence was the case of "Bonnie", 31, who was sexually and physically abused by her first husband. "Pornography," she said, "both hard-core adult and child pornography, appears to have played a significant role in the prolonged period of sexual abuse and resulting family trauma." However, as critics of this (and other) personal accounts have pointed out, "Bonnie" failed to mention the real cause of her problems — her ability to choose disturbed and violent men as husbands.

Members of the Meese Commission took every opportunity to make pornography the cause of the witnesses' problems. After a father gave evidence to the Commission of fondling his daughter's friends, a committee member asked, "Was pornography the spark that lit the fuse?"

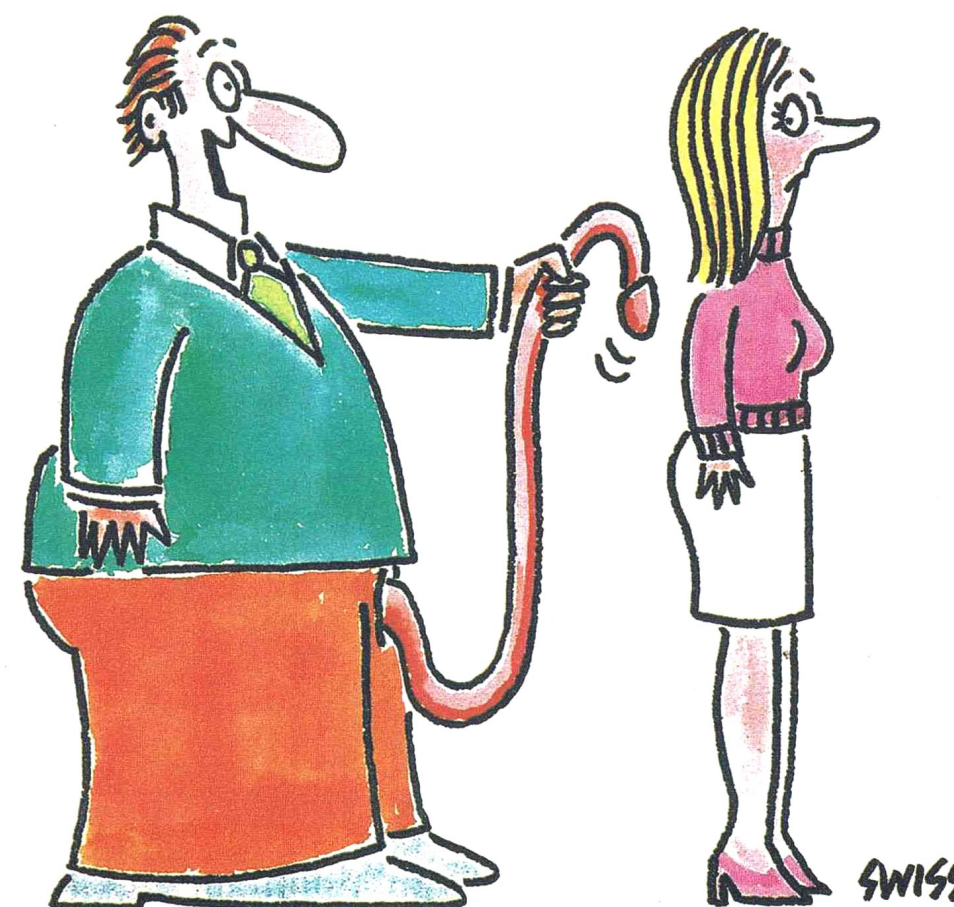
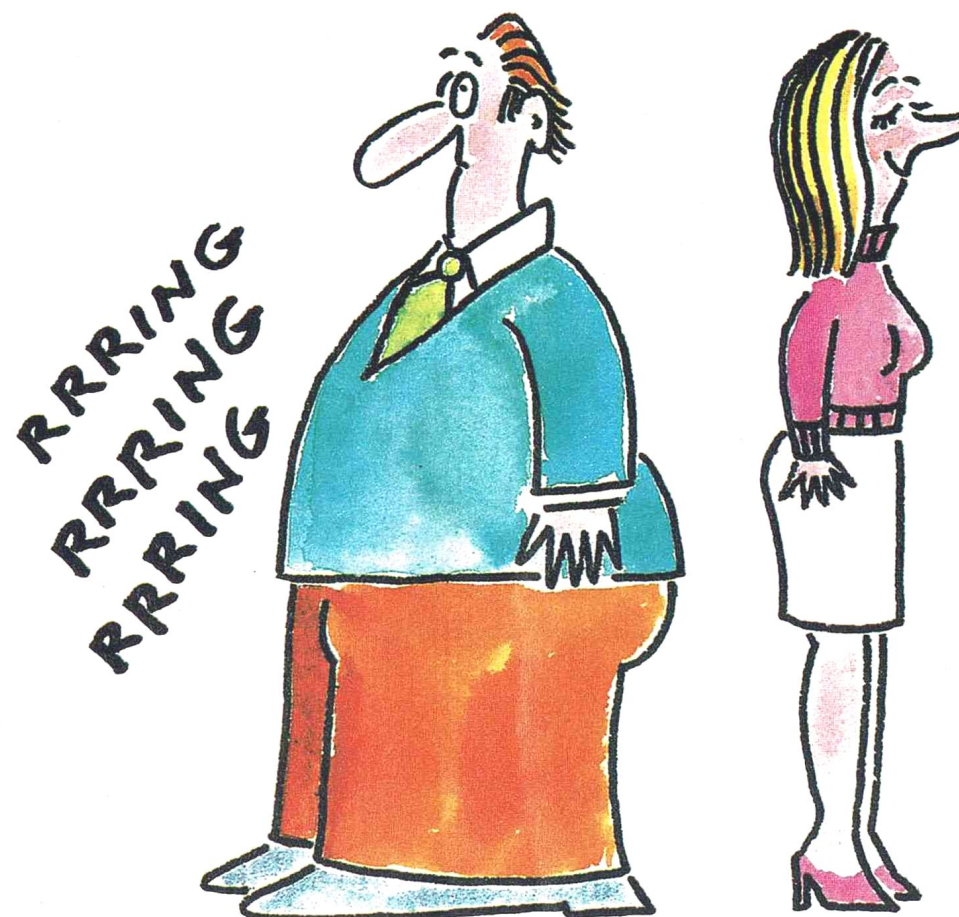
Dissenting members Becker and Levine were highly critical of the selective process the public hearings of the Meese Commission used to slam sexual material. They pointed out that it was extremely difficult even to find people willing to speak out about their intimate negative experience with such material. However, it was even harder to find citizens willing to comment favorably in public about the use of sexual media. "Since such material is selling to millions of apparently satisfied customers," they noted, "it seems obvious that the [Meese Commission] data is not well balanced."

As with the Klugman Committee, the United States inquiry had enormous problems defining just what they were studying. Chairman Henry Hudson was happy to sail through three public hearings without a definition of pornography.

Journalists covering the Commission wanted to know if Hudson was interested in snuff movies, pregnant-lesbian photos or simply smiling naked girls in sun and health magazines. Responding to this pressure, the Commission deliberated for hours and adopted a hurried working definition: "A representation is pornographic if it is designed to be sexually arousing and portrays children, pain, humiliation, sexual abuse, conduct or organs as a dominant theme."

Who judges a "dominant theme" of a film or photograph or, for that matter, a piece of art? Do we ban brassiere advertisements, exhibitions in art galleries and works of Shakespeare because a censor judges the content to be sexually arousing and/or a dominant theme?

There were other semantic problems which arose with the Meese and Klugman inquiries typical of the difficulties encountered — but rarely acknowledged — by those who wage war on sex. What behavior, for example, is pornography



"It's for you..."

THE WAR ON SEX

meant to affect?

There can be no objection to the examination of a possible link between sexually explicit material and forced sexual acts, such as rape for example. But is it reasonable to attempt to link the viewing of sexually explicit material with pre-marital sex or masturbation or homosexuality?

In a trenchant attack on some of their fellow Meese Commissioners who considered these practices "anti-social behavior", Becker and Levine note that there is absolutely no justification for their inclusion. "These practices," Becker and Levine comment, "are not the province of government to regulate." Similarly, the Klugman Committee attempted to relate sexually explicit material with a vague and value-laden "anti-family" attitude.

Even if we confine the alleged effects of sexually explicit material to forced sexual acts, there are severe difficulties in drawing definite conclusions. To begin with, much of the experimental research in this area reviewed by both the Meese and Klugman panels has relied almost entirely on male college student volunteers rather than on "average" adults.

Although research results are far from conclusive even with male college students, the preponderance of existing findings indicates that non-violent sexually explicit material does not have a negative effect on adults. In those studies where a relationship is found, student subjects are often provoked prior to exposure to an erotic stimulus. The assumption here is that an already angry person is made more aggressive by exposure to sexually explicit material. But there is no evidence in any of these studies that viewers of erotica tend to be angrier, more easily provoked individuals.

Much has been made in the Klugman, Meese and other committees' reports of the work of Dr John Court, an Adelaide psychologist. Dr Court has suggested that the evidence in "real life", as distinct from experimental situations, leads to the conclusion that pornography causes rape.

Dr Court attempted to prove that "highly significant" increases in rape occurred in both Britain and in Denmark when pornography became more available, or, in the case of the latter country, legal.

The British Committee on Obscenity and Film Censorship slammed Dr Court's finding. The British Committee concluded that they "unhesitatingly reject the suggestion that the available information for England and Wales lends any support at all to the argument that pornography acts as a stimulus to the commission of sexual violence."

In reviewing the evidence Court presented alleging an increase in rape in Denmark as a result of liberalising por-

nography, the British Committee, together with numerous other scholars, have damned Court's evidence.

"We are satisfied," the British Committee states, "that Dr Court's publications about pornography are more successful in exposing condemnation of pornography than they are in giving the study of its effect a sound scientific basis. We discount his evidence, and, to the extent that they rely on his work, the evidence of those who quote him."

In fact, the "real life" evidence does tend to show the opposite of what Court asserts. Dr Berl Kutchinsky's original 1973 study of pornography in Denmark has, over the years, stood the critical examination of researchers very well. In a recent review of all the evidence on pornography and aggression published by Professor Steven Job in the prestigious American Journal *Criminal Justice Abstracts*, Job endorses Kutchinsky's original research.

Pornography,
it strongly appears,
was acting as a
substitute or catharsis
for sex
offenders

What the Danish Professor found was that the great decrease in sex crimes between 1959 and 1970 in Denmark could be related to the relaxation of legal standards and increased availability of pornography.

Fourteen years after his original research, Professor Kutchinsky has provided further evidence for his conclusion after analysing the results of the legalisation of pornography in West Germany in 1973. He has found that between that year and 1980 the total number of sex crimes known to the police in the Federal Republic decreased by 11 percent. This decrease occurred even though, during the same period, the total number of all crimes increased by a massive 50 percent.

As with his Danish research, Kutchinsky found the greatest decrease in sex crimes occurred in offences against children. While, overall, sex crimes against minors — defined as those under 14 years of age — decreased by 10 percent, there was a huge decrease of 60 percent for victims under six years of age. Pornography, it strongly appears, was acting as a substitute or catharsis for sex offenders and it was children who were the real benefi-

aries of this substitution.

But the warriors against sex still remain unconvinced by these studies. The tired old argument continues to be trotted out asserting that cities which have a high readership of "sex" magazines (ie *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *Gallery* etc) have high rape rates. Sadly for the wowers though, this argument has also been put to rest.

In a just-released study US Professors Scott and Schwalm analysed the relationship between both readership levels of so-called "sex" magazines and the number and use of X-rated cinemas in particular North American cities, and the rape rate. Their result: there is no relationship at all between either readership levels or X-rated cinema patronage and sexual assault levels. What they found instead was that rape rates related to the general level of violence operating in a particular community. In short, those communities that had a lot of violent crime, regardless of how much pornography was circulating around, also had high rape rates.

There is a lesson in this research for Australia. Queensland, for example, where the war on sex has been waged relentlessly and ruthlessly, has always had a far higher rate of rape than the ACT. Yet, according to those who campaign against X-rated videos, should not our decadent capital — the home of the X-rated video industry — have sexual assault rates higher than those in Queensland?

This example points to one tragic result that occurs as a result of the return of the Pubic Wars. For an obsession with the pornographic "causes" of sexual assault invariably ignores more important reasons why rape rates soar. As feminist writer Marcia Pally pointed out in *Penthouse* (February 1988), the Meese Commissioners, by "burying their noses in porn's belly, missed the real reasons behind misogyny and rape."

These real reasons, Pally correctly asserts, include economic discrimination against women and a vast system of sexism perpetrated in the home, in schools and in certain sections of the media.

Ultimately, though, many of those who wish to restrict sexual oppression are not in the least concerned with issues such as sexism, civil liberties or even social justice. According to black American critic of the Meese report Professor Robert Staples, of the University of California, the reason why pornography is not a burning issue in the black community is that "the morals of Ronald Reagan, Ed Meese and Jerry Falwell are not the morals of the kinds of people with whom blacks desire to be associated."

Professor Staples argues that many of those political and religious leaders who beat the anti-pornography drum were the same leaders who supported racial segregation and social injustice. Staples' plea is for the anti-pornographers to cease inter-

fering with other people's private lives and to express their morality by providing jobs for the unemployed, shelter for the homeless and food for the hungry.

It is this utter disinterest in real forms of human exploitation that may be the undoing of the anti-sex warriors. Even some of the most avid feminists, who find such explicit sex revolting and degrading, are increasingly concerned about the consequences of joining the reactionary forces in the Pubic Wars.

Betty Friedan, considered by many to be the powerhouse behind contemporary feminism, has argued that the Far Right and some of the established churches wish to undermine the basic constitutional protections of freedom of speech in the United States.

In a message that is equally relevant to Australia as it is to the United States, Friedan has implored her American feminist sisters not to join those right-wing forces "who are using pornography to undermine civil liberties" — especially the right to dissent, "without which we would never have had, for instance, the women's movement." Ms Friedan suggests that those who wish to ban sexually explicit material prefer to highlight this issue instead of moving on the basic priorities like economic empowerment and democratic freedoms.

Democratic freedoms, including the right to express one's views on a wide range of issues, are at risk in the current Australian campaign to censor sex. If, for example, X-rated videos are ultimately banned, we should not expect the war on sex to stop there.

I doubt whether those who object to the viewing of explicit, consenting sex between adults as shown on videotape will confine their campaign to the electronic media alone. Will there be campaigns against *Penthouse* and similar magazines? Can we expect sex aids, erotic lingerie and even condoms to be the subject of sustained attacks by the moral crusaders?

It would, of course, surprise no-one to know that edible underwear, penis rings and blow-up dolls already are cited by some of the zealots of the anti-sex army. But what about particular paintings, theatrical shows or sculptures? Are these also likely to be subjects for the censorship lobby?

There can be no doubt that art, as it has been in the past, will be targeted in the future. Just a few months ago Catherine Phillips, a Victorian artist, was fined \$400 for including "an obscene expression" in her sculpture displayed in a Mildura exhibition. Police filed charges against the sculptor after receiving complaints from a number of people. Ms Phillips was convicted despite evidence from two art authorities regarding the artistic merit of the sculpture and the words accompanying it.

Censorship and the fear of prosecution, of course, have never prevented artists painting or writing explicitly sexual themes. And consumers who wish to see such material — whether it be considered high art or low culture — will always seek to possess it. In Queensland, where sexual censorship reigns supreme, the market for X-rated videos and publications with sexual themes is greater than anywhere else in the country.

Ban something and you instantly create a black market. The ultimate irony that the warriors against sex will have to face is that every victory they achieve will create an even bigger black market for sexual commodities than existed before. Even the Klugman Committee acknowledged that the banning of X-rated videos will lead inevitably to an underground industry in pornographic tapes.

Such a market will not discriminate, as the legal market currently does, between child pornography and "deviant" sexual activity (bestiality and explicit sexual violence) and consenting adult sex. If the conservative forces are able to convince federal authorities to ban X-rated material, we can expect to see many more "deviant" videotapes, exploiting both children and animals, circulating in the underground market.

Despite Caucus' refusal to ban X-rated material, the warriors against sex are undeterred. Senator Shirley Walters recently

introduced a Private Member's Bill to prohibit the importation and distribution of pornographic video material. Justice Einfeld has ruled that displaying nudity in the workplace and relating sexual jokes is now an offence. In Western Australia, it is already a crime even to possess X-rated videos.

The conservative forces in the Pubic Wars do not learn from the lessons of history. In the Sixties and Seventies Queensland politicians, police and public servants attempted to make the Sunshine State morally pure. Some of the strongest advocates of repressive censorship policies in that state have now been exposed through the Fitzgerald Inquiry as hypocrites and criminals of the most serious kind.

Acrimonious and divided commissions of inquiry — such as the Klugman Committee — and politically biased American commissions are not the stuff on which Australians should base their public policy. If the X-rated videos are eventually banned and the Pubic Wars escalate to other areas, Australians will have lost some of their most basic freedoms.

In the place of these basic freedoms we will see repressive censorship, the growth of organised crime centred around a thriving black market in pornography, and the triumph of a crude fundamentalist campaign over rational debate. This must not be allowed to happen. O—



"Look, I promise it won't change the way I feel . . ."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

comin' round the mountain

"What I really love about life is relying on myself," says 24-year-old Kelly Howell. "Don't get me wrong — men play a big part, especially the old tall, dark and handsome types," she says.







**"This may sound
crazy, but I don't
believe you can fall in
love with someone
you don't have great
sex with."**





"My ideal lover is wild, passionate, adventurous and, above all, totally uninhibited," confesses Kelly. "That's the way making love should be."

"My wildest sexual fantasy is to make love on the peak of a mountain surrounded by total wilderness — waterfall and all — with a Tarzan lookalike. The thought of a jungle man and me making love drives me insane . . ."



Wally Lewis

“I’ve always sung the national anthem. That’s a very important thing to me. I was singing it and I couldn’t hear the music for the chants of “Wally sucks” ...”

BY GREG HUNTER

An alien perusing the Queensland newspapers over the past decade or so might have reached the conclusion that there were only two people in that state who really mattered: Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen and Wally Lewis. And then there was one.

No Rugby League player in the history of the game — not even the “Immortals” (Churchill, Raper, Gasnier and Fulton), with whom Lewis has often been compared — has received anything like the amount of media attention that Queenslanders lavish on the Australian captain. The titles “King Wally” and “Emperor of Lang Park” barely exaggerate his status north of the border. Elsewhere there are degrees of adulation. In Papua New Guinea, an emerging League nation, Lewis is literally treated as a god and youngsters introduced to him dare not gaze upon his face; at the other end of the spectrum, NSW fans (and some media commentators) have subjected him to an unprecedented campaign of vilification — this despite the fact that since 1983 he has been widely regarded as the best player in the world, and by some discerning judges as the best player ever.

The reasons for this extraordinary situation revolve mainly around the phenomenon that is State Of Origin, and Lewis’ much-hyped role in the success of the Queensland team, who’d previously been lambs to the slaughter in clashes between Australia’s major League states. NSW fans

might have been good winners, but they didn’t turn out to be good losers. And, as the Lewis-Queensland juggernaut rolled on, culminating in a 14-9 scoreline since the whole circus kicked off in 1980, their frustration turned ugly. Much of it stemmed from Lewis’ apparent shortcomings. His running style was far from aristocratic; he was by no means fast; he had no magical side-step, swerve or change of pace; he didn’t even look particularly fit, and in fact he wasn’t. But somehow he had this ability to completely control the proceedings on a football field. It was — and is — uncanny. No matter what NSW threw at him, he simply could not be stopped from stamping his dominance on the game. He was always there — to make the try-saving tackle, to make the spectacular ground-gaining kick, to score the barging try close to the line, to set up the try with a brilliant flick-on or a spectacular 25-metre torpedo cut-out pass ...

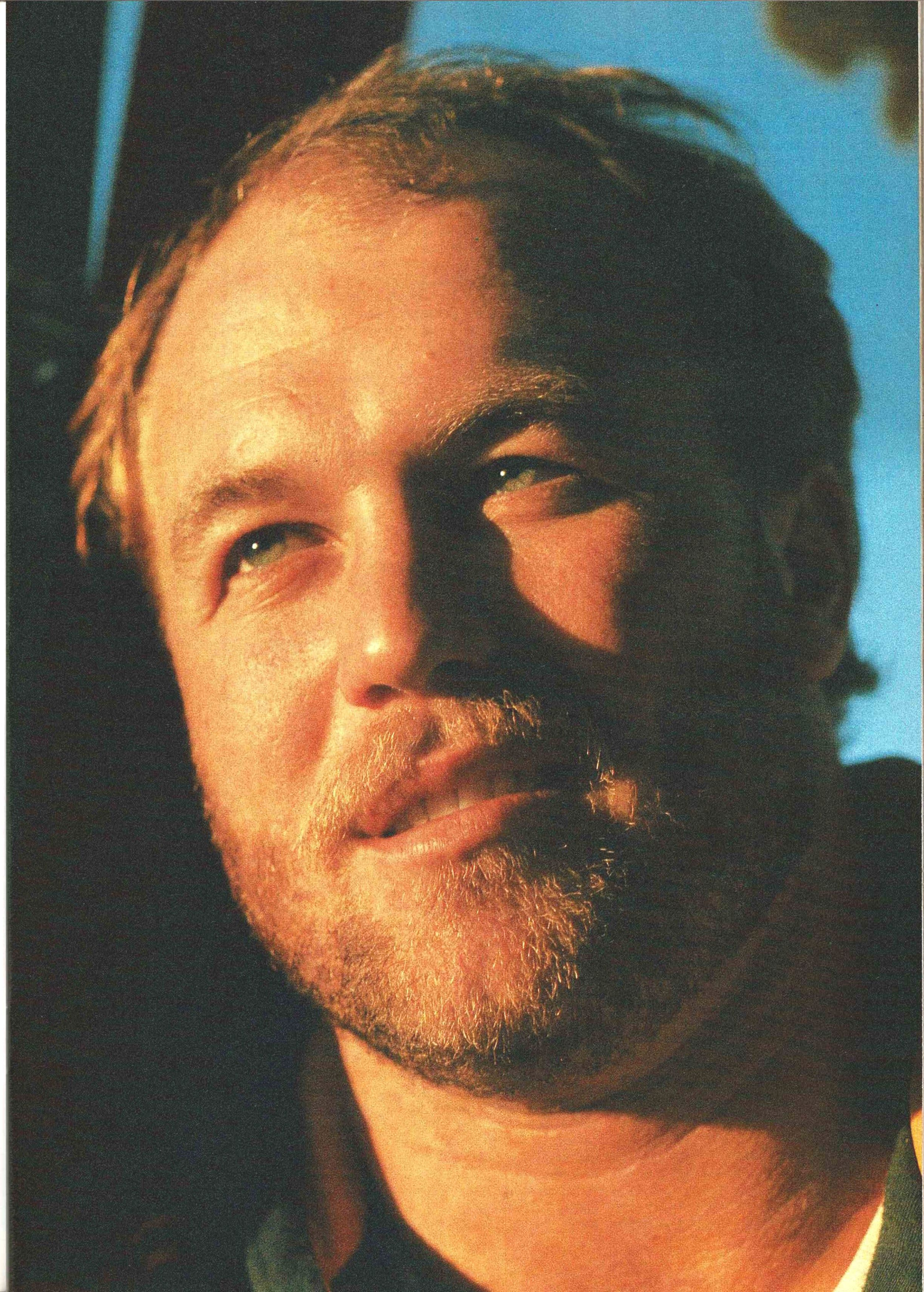
Nobody in League can throw a football like Wally Lewis. There have been many great passes, but one that best encapsulates Lewis’ football genius was thrown in 1982 in the Second Test against England. Playing at five-eighth, Lewis took the ball and noted, with the sixth sense he seems to possess, that the English winger Des Drummond had strayed infield just a metre or two from his opposite number, Mal Meninga. Lewis fired a bullet at Meninga — it went from the middle of the field to the touchline so quickly that Drummond had

no time to recover his position before the Australian winger caught it and dived over the line. Everyone at the ground — including all the Australian players — was stunned. It did not seem humanly possible to transfer a football that far, that fast. The try had been created from nothing.

Adrian McGregor, author of the controversial 1987 biography *King Wally*, summed up his subject this way: “To Wally the thought was always mightier than the swerve or step. The thought demolished the swiftest attack, penetrated the most packed defence. It is not new. If Rugby League is a metaphor for battle then one second of a field marshal’s genius will outflank a thousand brave soldiers ... For making it look easy, for rarely having to plumb the depths of his skills, Wally often attracted the enmity of those who struggled to compete.” And of the hordes of fans who so often watched their NSW heroes struggling to compete.

Clearly it’s a love-hate relationship south of the border. With the entry of the Brisbane Broncos into the Sydney competition last year, struggling Sydney clubs found they’d pull an extra 5000 at the gate solely on the Lewis factor. Recalcitrant critics had always claimed Wally could not establish his greatness beyond any doubt unless he came to play in Sydney. He came and he conquered, but a mid-season slump saw the Broncos finish sixth.

Then, in the World Cup Final against



PHOTOS COURTESY PHOTOBANK/ALLSPORT

Wally Lewis

New Zealand, Lewis badly broke his arm in the opening minutes, but stayed on until the Australians were assured of victory. The injury could lead to a repeat of the Mal Meninga saga, so 1989 may well wrap up Lewis' illustrious career.

The man was still in considerable pain when interviewed by *Penthouse* Senior Editor Greg Hunter. However, as Hunter observes, "The essence of Wally is that he is a performer — both on and off the field. By nature he is fairly taciturn — at least in the company of a journalist — but as soon as the tape is rolling he becomes expansive, candid, funny, and at times emotional. He wears his heart on his sleeve and is not afraid to say exactly what he thinks, which makes him a rarity among Australian sportsmen. He ought to be admired as much for that as for his ability on the football field."

Penthouse: NSW critics always said a team from north of the border would run out of puff over the long haul of a Sydney season because they wouldn't have the fitness and resilience needed. Is there any validity in that?

Lewis: Well, Sydney people are going to back up that view, but we're not. At the end of the year we didn't have any players who looked jaded, who looked like they couldn't keep handling the pressure that was on every week... I think it was something in our mental approach that slackened off in mid-season. When we were about to play Manly at the start of the second round at Brookvale, Wayne Bennett [Broncos' coach] got up before us one night and said: "I want you to have a look at a football team that's really hungry to win. We're not hungry, but have a look at this team." And he played a tape of our first game of the season — against Manly — and it just stuck out like dog's balls when you compared it with a second tape of our game the previous week. In the first game, blokes would bust a gut to dive on a loose ball; in the second, blokes would sort of have a look at the loose ball and eventually have a go at it, as if it didn't really matter.

Penthouse: Is the Sydney competition harder or easier than you expected?

Lewis: In that first game against Manly, when we flogged them, it seemed easy but I think everybody was just that keen. And the next week, when we played Penrith, we were leading 16-0 at halftime and the blokes were thinking: "Jesus, how easy is this?" In the end we just got home after they'd led 18-16 at one stage, and Wayne Bennett said after the match: "Welcome to real football." Everybody realised from then on it was going to be really hard.

Penthouse: Do you think there'll be another Queensland side — say, North

Queensland — in the competition soon?

Lewis: Yeah. The ARL [Australian Rugby League] is trying to spread the game as far as it can nationally. I believe there'll be a North Queensland team, probably based in Townsville; another side from Brisbane, or possibly somewhere in between Brisbane and Toowoomba; and probably one from Central Queensland, which would obviously be based in Rockhampton. I think we'll end up with something very similar to the English competition, with a First and Second Division. I'd expect we'll see another two Sydney clubs fall by the wayside in a few years. A lot of people will find that sad, but it's got to happen because there are too many teams for one town and not enough money around to keep them all going.

Penthouse: Did the creation of the Broncos save League in Queensland, now that every kid wants to be a Bronco rather than play for St George or Manly or

When I accepted the Ashes trophy after the Third Test they booed me again, and I thought: "What's the fucking use?"

whatever?

Lewis: Yeah. All the old officials up in Brisbane kept saying: "We don't need to go to Sydney. We're okay here." But all they were doing was protecting their jobs — and it was bullshit. The League was dying. In the late Seventies we'd pull 20,000 to 22,000 to a top quality club game; by 1984 we were flat out pulling that many for the grand final. There were a couple of years when we were losing 40 or 45 players to Sydney at the end of the year from Brisbane and the near country areas. They slowed it down for a while with the QRL [Queensland Rugby League] contract [requiring Queensland representatives to remain in Queensland the following year], but the simple fact of the matter was that the players wanted to go and play in a better competition. In 1987 my club, Wynnum, was attracting 3000 or 4000 to an ordinary game. You'd run out there and think: "Jesus..." People would visit their grandmothers rather than go to the football.

Penthouse: Who's the best player you've played against?

Lewis: I'd bring it down to four blokes:

Peter Sterling, Brett Kenny, Gene Miles and Mal Meninga. Sterlo's a terrific competitor — a heart of gold, a tough kid. Kenny's the best five-eighth I've played against. I think I've only played against Terry Lamb twice in the space of eight years; but Brett just stands out more than anyone else. He's a great bloke to play against and I get on really well with him. He's a funny bastard. It'll be a real tense situation in State Of Origin and you look over at him and he's winking or smiling at you or telling you to get fucked or whatever. Geno [Miles] and Mal are very similar — so big and strong, they're just gorillas on the football field. But the best footballer I've ever seen is Mark Ella.

Penthouse: Would Ella have made it as a five-eighth in League?

Lewis: He would have shit it in. A lot of people said he couldn't tackle, but the fact was in Union he generally didn't have to tackle — but when he did have to tackle, he would. Some of his skills were beyond comprehension. On the Australian Schoolboys [Rugby Union] tour in '78, we played one game in the north of Wales and I was inside centre to Mark at five-eighth. He got the ball and ran straight at me and I was saying: "Stop crowding me! Stop running sideways!" and he kept running sideways for another five metres, then all of a sudden he jumped in the air, bent down and threw the ball backwards between his legs. His brother Glen at fullback ran through on the inside, caught it and put it down under the posts. Mark just flashed his big white teeth at me as if to say, "What about that?" I said: "Piss off, you black bastard." The two of them had been doing this move for years.

Penthouse: Who do you hate being tackled by most?

Lewis: The bloke who gets you when you're not expecting it.

Penthouse: No-one in particular stands out?

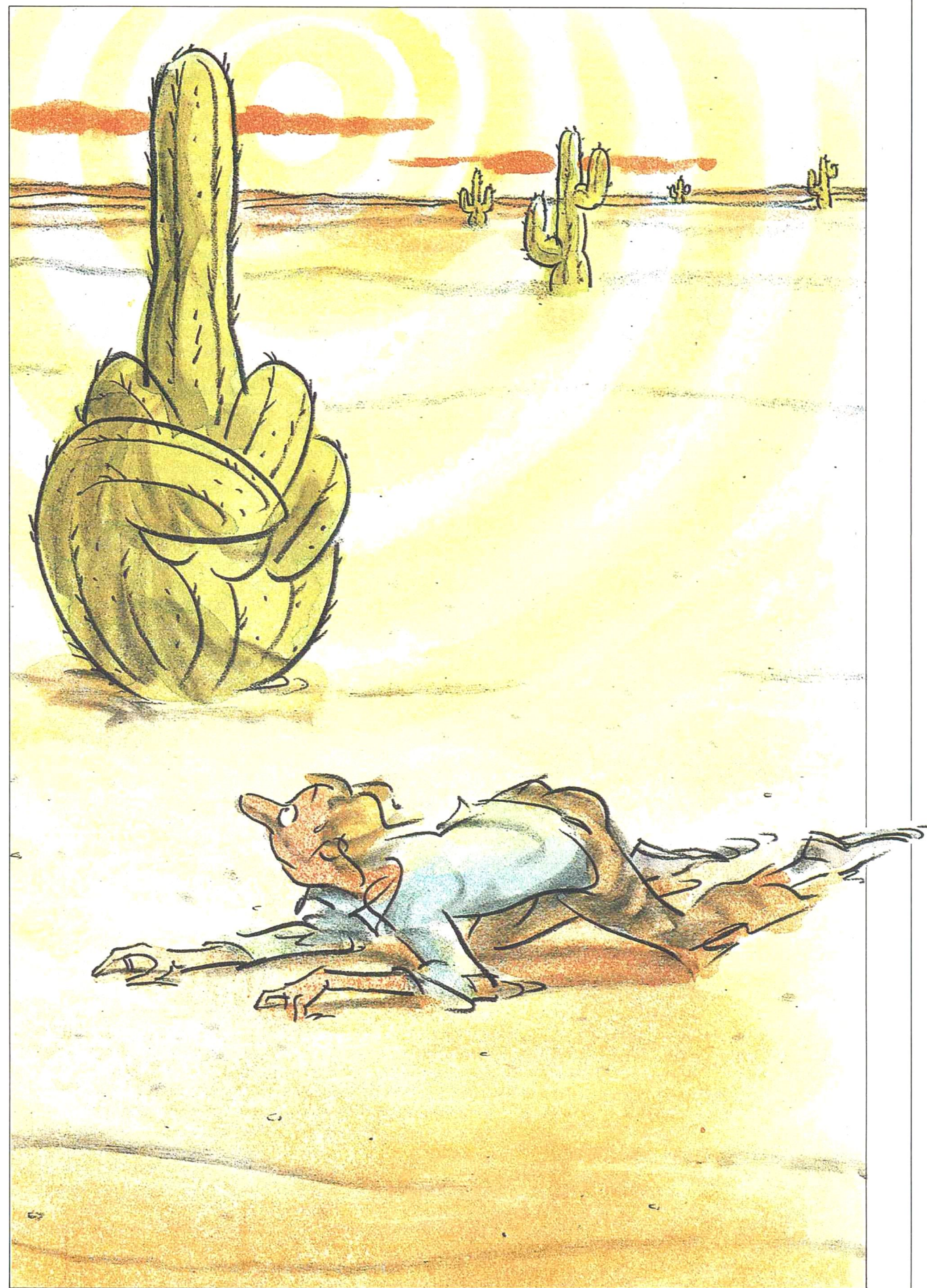
Lewis: Not really. I've been lucky — I haven't been hit by some of the heavies. David Gillespie's supposed to be the biggest hitter around at the moment, although I believe a young kid playing for Brisbane, Andrew Tessiman, is the best hitter in the game. Then again, I haven't played against Gillespie yet.

Penthouse: Who do you hate playing against?

Lewis: Little dodgy halfbacks. I used to really get annoyed because I felt like grabbing them and belting shit out of them but I could never get hold of them. Steve Mortimer was one of them; he'd run straight through our forwards and I hated that. Kerry Boustead is another bloke who's impossible to get your hands on.

Penthouse: Why did you rate Graham Lowe [former New Zealand coach] the best coach you'd played under?

Lewis: It was the way he got respect from players. He didn't demand it — he just got it. And his ideas on coaching just



Wally Lewis

impressed me enormously. But I've sort of changed that now and gone over to Wayne Bennett. And it's strange, because Bennett and I used to hate each other. He's a no-nonsense bloke; there's no bullshit in him. If he doesn't like you, he'll just tell you straight away — but he'll say, "Let's work at it." When you play in a team that he coaches, you can just see the development of a player — how they improve. Now I think he's a mile in front of anyone else I've personally played under.

Penthouse: What was the most satisfying thing you've done on the football field?

Lewis: I think there are about three. The first was that pass to Mal Meninga against England in '82. I hadn't enjoyed the best of relationships with Frank Stanton [Australian coach] up till then, and as I was walking back I heard him yell out "Wally" and I didn't know whether to say "Thanks" or "Get rooted", so I just nodded an acknowledgement. There was the Third Test in England in '86, when we were doing it really tough and I scored the last try which sealed the game. I felt pretty good then, and also at the completion of that tour when we played the last game in France, and we managed to at least equal the record of the '82 tourists, going through undefeated.

Penthouse: What was your proudest moment in football?

Lewis: The night I was named Australian captain. That got soured a week later, but at the time, being captain of the best country in the world... The thing that gives me the shits about Australians is that they don't appreciate this place; they don't realise how well off they are... Anyway, I thought I couldn't ever do anything better than become captain of Australia. Then I walked on to the Sydney Cricket Ground to the chants of "Wally sucks" and "Wally's a wanker", and I thought, well, this is a proud moment... I've always sung the national anthem. That's a very important thing to me. I was singing it and I couldn't hear the music for the chants of "Wally sucks"...

Penthouse: You're probably the only Australian captain who's ever been booed while accepting the Ashes trophy [in 1984 after the Third Test at the SCG]. What were your feelings then?

Lewis: I felt disgusted, and at the same time I just felt like saying: "Get fucked." They booed me after I got Man of the Match in the First Test; when I accepted the Ashes trophy after the Third Test they booed me again; and I thought: "What's the fucking use?" If I was playing for Queensland I could understand it, but here I am accepting the trophy on behalf of Australia, a country all these pricks in the crowd are part of... I was filthy at the time. I walked off, grabbed my bag and went to the airport and pissed off home.

Penthouse: What was your worst moment on the field?

Lewis: The time I nearly died stands out. I've only had two really bad injuries apart from the arm — a broken jaw and a broken windpipe — and Mark Graham did them both. In his first game in Brisbane we were on the field four minutes and there was an all-in brawl and I ran in to break it up. The next minute I was lying on the ground holding my mouth, and Mark Graham was standing over the top of me with his hand cocked, ready to belt me again. Then he said: "Are you all right?" I had this crook jaw and I said: "Uh... I don't think so." So he dropped off me, turned around and belted somebody else. I thought it was very unusual. Usually you don't ask someone you're fighting if they're all right. The one where he hit me in the throat — I just went to tackle him and he lifted his elbow, which is common practice. As soon as I hit the deck I knew something was wrong. I

Why don't they
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couldn't get any air. Mark said: "Are you all right?" again, and I shook my head and grabbed his leg. I couldn't get any air in or out to tell anyone what was wrong with me. I just kept pointing at my throat. My eyes were on fire. Our trainer came on after about 30 seconds and I grabbed him by the head and pulled his mouth on to my mouth — it was the only thing I could think of — and he sort of went: "What the fuck are you doing? Can't you breathe?" He gave me two breaths but I couldn't get anything in. By that time our club doctor got on to the field and he blew into my mouth and pulled on my throat at the same time, and the air went straight down into me.

Penthouse: How do you get on with Mark Graham now?

Lewis: Great. He's a lovely bloke. I've never held anything against him. I sometimes share a joke with him: "One day — one day — I'm going to get you back."

Penthouse: During your career you've copped more criticism from rival fans, commentators and some players than any other player in the game, yet for a large part of it — probably since 1983 — you've

been widely regarded as the best player in the world. How do you account for that?

Lewis: I think a lot of it came from the Man of the Match awards I've picked up. That's the thing that annoys me. People get filthy on me for the awards. Well, I don't pick the awards. The press pick them. But fans will say: "How could you accept that? You didn't deserve it. Why don't you give it back?" I say: "You pay the tax on it and I'll give it back." I was paying 60 cents in the dollar tax on the things. I've got filthy on a couple of the journos down in Sydney. I'm a pretty straight shooter; if I don't like somebody I probably tell them so nine times out of ten and just don't bother associating with them. But a couple of the Sydney journos — 90 percent of them are good blokes and I get on pretty well with them — a couple of them will pat you on the back and tell you you've had a blinder, and you get up in the morning to find they've bagged the shit out of you in the paper, saying: "Once again Lewis has won the Man of the Match award, which astounded myself and everyone else at the game." Another journo down there would say to me: "Don't worry about that bloke. I've always been on your side, mate." Well, I've got half a dozen press clippings from the same bloke, who said I'd never make it in Sydney; on my Test debut he said Australia had performed well but the Queenslander in the side looked sluggish and interrupted an otherwise classy backline; when I lost my Test spot to Brett Kenny in '82 he told me I was in England enjoying myself and getting a fat bum, and playing disastrous football as well... I was playing okay, but Brett was playing great football at the time and I couldn't get near him.

Penthouse: Was the reaction to Wally Lewis in NSW also largely a response to the mindless parochialism of Queensland fans, who called players from south "cockroaches" and went to Lang Park to "Boo A Blue"?

Lewis: Yeah, maybe. Barry Muir [former Queensland coach] started that back in about 1974 — calling them cockroaches — and it was something that was drummed up, again, by the media. A couple of the press blokes up here kept tagging them cockroaches — and it wasn't something that was felt by the players or probably three-quarters of the public. It was drummed up to develop a bit more parochialism at Lang Park...

Penthouse: Could you see the NSW reaction as being at least understandable in view of the behavior of Lang Park crowds?

Lewis: Well, it's funny. When NSW run on to Lang Park they get booed — sure — but the crowd up here has never ever taken it out on any particular player. That was the only thing I couldn't stand. I thought, well, if they're going to hate us, fair enough — get stuck into everybody. But Geno and I always went out for a beer together after the game down there and

people would come up and say to Geno: "Congratulations. We hate you for beating us but you were too good for us." Then they'd turn on me and stick it up me for ten minutes, calling me every name under the sun, and I'd think to myself, why don't they pick on some other bloke just for one game? I'd like to see somebody else cop it just once — but it never did happen. I think I was probably painted by the press in Brisbane as a sort of nail for the public to hang their hopes on, and I wouldn't blame the people down south for being dirty on me now and again — but not all the bloody time. The effect it has had in the last couple of years has been to really spur me on. I'm playing not only against the 13 blokes on the field, but everybody else as well. I remember one game in particular — the second Origin game in Sydney in 1987. NSW were one up in the series 2-1, they'd beaten us 3-0 in 1986, so we were looking down the barrel at losing three series in a row. We walked out there and they really stuck it up me this time. The whole crowd was chanting "Wally sucks", and halfway through the anthem Greg Dowling just snapped. He said: "These cunts are sticking up one of the blokes in our team — he's one of us, so they're sticking it up us." He kept on saying it, and his eyes were bulging out of his head. As we went to take up our positions, the whole team sort of said to me: "Right, mate, we're with you. You're with us. We're one." And when we walked off, after winning that game, the crowd was just silent. It was such a good feeling.

Penthouse: What with all the hype associated with State of Origin — the Civil War scenarios in the pre-game publicity, the arm wrestling advertisements, and so on — did you ever feel like the king pawn in a ludicrous marketing circus conducted for the amusement and benefit of everyone but the players?

Lewis: Yeah. Like, with the arm wrestling and that sort of shit, Steve Roach and Greg Dowling did it for the first game — it was on the program — and you didn't hear a word about it; Brett Kenny and I did it for the second one and people got stuck into me about it: "Have a look at this bloke — who the hell does he think he is?" And Brett and I felt just as stupid about it. The bloke behind the camera kept saying: "Come on — snarl at each other." We both pissed ourselves laughing the whole time, and the photographer got the shits and said: "If you blokes can't get this done we'll have to find two other blokes more suitable." Well, Brett said: "We don't want to do the fucking thing anyway." Eventually he got a shot and threw us out... They used to get me to do these things all the time and I'd say: "Look, I don't want to do that." And the QRL would tell me it was promotion for the game and I had to do it, so I'd go and do it, and people would tell me it was stupid and ridiculous.

Penthouse: So that has contributed to

your unpopularity south of the border?

Lewis: I'm sure it has.

Penthouse: You've been heavily targeted in Origin games, especially the early ones. Did you ever feel like you were the bunny, the guy who had to bear the brunt of all this hype on the chin?

Lewis: No. On the field I dissociate myself from that. I believe anything that happens on the field starts on the field. If someone hits me with a late tackle, I don't regard that as being associated with anything else. I'll cop it, same as any other bloke has to. The game is adjudicated by one man who either sees it as fair or illegal.

Penthouse: With the Broncos entering the competition you had to put up with "Wally sucks" and so on every other week, rather than just occasionally. One recent report claimed it really was getting to you and that your personality had changed as a result...

Lewis: Some of the things that happened on away games did piss me off, and maybe I got a bit grumpier — but in a way I enjoyed some of it. When we played Wests away we were doing a warm-up and there would have been about 100 kids, eight or nine years old, standing around us saying, "Wally's a wanker." They wouldn't know what a wanker was. I said to one kid: "Mate, when you find out how good it is you'll be one too." But the only time I really snapped was when one bloke had a go at me on the way back to the dressing sheds,

as I was walking through the bar, and I just pushed him and he went arse over head backwards...

Penthouse: You once said: "Sydney hates me and I hate Sydney." That's still the way it is?

Lewis: Pretty much so.

Penthouse: Was being elevated to the Australian Sporting Hall of Fame the final vindication of your ability as a footballer?

Lewis: Well, it was a very proud moment, but I'm playing in a position where I reap the rewards for the efforts of the players in front of me. Unless the front-rowers in my team play very well, I don't look any good and neither does the halfback.

Penthouse: If we can relax the rules of modesty for a moment, what is it that makes you a great footballer? What's the essence of your ability?

Lewis: I think. I believe a lot of blokes react with the first thing that comes into their head on the football field. If there's one rap that's been given to me that I do agree with, it's that I can read a game. I try and plan what's going to happen three or four rucks ahead, both in attack and defence. Jack Gibson said you're either born with that talent, or you're not. I think I was born with it, plus I've been watching first-grade football since I was six. With my dad being a first-grade coach I've always been around football, always talking about it,

Continued on page 107





GARDNER



LAWSON



SPENCER

The Grudge Grand Prix

The inaugural Phillip Island Grand Prix will see a three-way showdown between the 500cc circuit's biggest stars

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MALCOLM BRYAN

BY ERNIE VAN VEEN

The usually quiet paddock has been transformed into a crowded Gypsy camp of tyre company vehicles, team transporters, hospitality tents and sumptuous motorhomes. In the pits, journalists sniff around carefully for scoops and rumors, while photographers haunt the trackside with \$10,000 lenses, ready to capture that award-winning shot.

Television crews swing into action as the race bikes, each capable of speeds in excess of 300 km/h, are wheeled on to the starting grid. In the stands, a ripple of anticipation runs through the 75,000 spectators as the most famous names in motorcycling — Wayne Gardner, Eddie Lawson, Kevin Magee, Freddy Spencer, Randy Mamola — appear, shaded by bikini-clad

girls holding sponsors' umbrellas. Around the world, 150 million television viewers prepare themselves for an hour of pure, gut-wrenching action.

No, it's not the Dutch TT, or the Italian Grand Prix, or the Nurburgring Circuit in West Germany. It's the inaugural Swan Premium Australian Motorcycle Grand Prix to be held at Victoria's Phillip Island. On April 9, 1989, for the first time, Australia will host a round of the World 500cc Motorcycling Championships — the fastest, most prestigious class of motorcycling in the world.

The Phillip Island track (which used to host the Bathurst Car Races) has not been used for major races for many years. However, the race promoters, Barnard Project

Management (BPM), took a chance in 1988 and poured \$10 million into rejuvenating the old circuit and facilities to bring it up to international standard. And it seems their gamble has paid off, with a three-year, \$5 million sponsorship contract with Swan Premium, and world-wide television coverage through the Nine Network.

But even BPM could not have predicted the demand for tickets by the race-hungry Australian fans, fuelled by the feud-like rivalry between the world's top three contenders: current world champion Eddie Lawson; the man Lawson forced back into the number two spot, Australian Wayne Gardner; and the former world champ with more comebacks than Gary Glitter, Freddy Spencer. The rivalry between

these three riders has a bit of history.

Gardner found the loss of his world crown in '88 difficult to accept, and his reaction to Lawson's victory has been a bone of contention.

Gardner felt he had been let down by the Honda factory, which he blamed for providing him with an uncompetitive bike. To Gardner, it seemed as though the insight gained from the entire previous season of racing, and off-season testing and development, had been thrown out the window by the Japanese engineers in favor of the advice of slower factory test riders. The result was disastrous.

The first race in Japan saw Gardner nearly crash as he left the track at over 200 km/h in a last lap duel with Suzuki rider,

and eventual winner, Kevin Schwantz. Gardner was saved by the presence of an unoccupied helicopter landing pad, and eventually finished second, but it was a portent of things to come.

The Honda's bad handling characteristics carried over to the second round in the USA, where the American fans saw, up close, just what he had to contend with. "I could see spectators diving under the fence while I was sideways through turn nine on a couple of occasions," Gardner said later.

While Gardner finished a brave (some say desperate) second in that race, behind Eddie Lawson, it was obvious to everyone that there was something wrong with his bike. Consequently, Honda

grand prix

started a frantic series of test sessions between races in Europe. However, the tests took their toll on Gardner's strength and concentration, and eventually he was forced to race with a broken ankle, sustained in a practice crash. But still there was no improvement in the Honda machine's performance.

The trouble worsened until round seven in Austria, where Gardner crashed in the race, destroying the bike and any chance he had of regaining his crown. Gardner's public tongue-lashing of the Honda team spurred the factory into action, and they had a new improved frame ready for round eight, in Holland. But it was too late. Marlboro/Yamaha's Eddie Lawson already had a strangle-hold on the world title, and even Gardner's following string of race victories could not win it back.

Gardner's disappointment and frustration became well known throughout the 1988 season, and his comments that Lawson's win would be a hollow victory and "I can beat anyone on a Honda" were a sore point for the American Yamaha rider, who already had two world championships under his belt.

However, as the conflict between the two top riders in the world grew, Gardner was unaware that Lawson had begun secret negotiations with Gardner's

Rothmans/Honda team for factory sponsorship in 1989. Lawson's intent was to silence Gardner and prove once and for all who was the better rider of the two on equal machinery. Honda have promised both riders equal machinery and support, and though they are both riding for the one sponsor, they will operate from separate camps.

Lawson's decision to swap camps came as a surprise, not only to Gardner, but also to the Marlboro/Yamaha team Lawson had been with for six years. They were left floundering with few prospects for signing new talent. Few prospects, that is, until the re-emergence of Freddy Spencer, a man both Lawson and Gardner would either like to beat or forget.

In 1983, 21-year-old Spencer, known to his fans as "Fast Freddy", became the youngest person ever to win the 500cc World Championship, as well as the first person to win it on a Honda. The following year Spencer was plagued by injuries, and it went to Lawson. But there were those who said that Lawson had only won the title by default — that Spencer could not be beaten when he was fit.

In 1985, when Gardner was in his second grand prix season and still riding uncompetitive bikes, Freddy Spencer made a comeback and became the first person ever to win both the 500cc and 250cc World Championships in the same year. Lawson was second, Gardner fourth.

Lawson regained his crown in 1986, but once again it was Spencer who was unable to complete the season due to a painful tendonitis problem which eventually required surgery. It was another hollow victory for Lawson, and also for Gardner, who came second.

The same tendonitis problem, combined with a lack of commitment, kept Spencer out of the winner's circle in the early part of the 1987 season, and eventually he announced his retirement. This was a blow to both Lawson and Gardner, who both felt they never had the opportunity to race Spencer on equal terms.

There is some irony that only Gardner will be racing for the team he started with, while both Lawson and Spencer will be riding for a team the other once rode for: Lawson with Spencer's old Rothmans/Honda team, and Spencer with Lawson's Marlboro/Yamaha team. Either way, the big three will be at it once again for a showdown at Phillip Island. And there is no hiding the arch-rivalry between them.

The second round of the championships, at Phillip Island, is essentially the most important race of the series. While the first race in Japan is a testing ground for both bikes and riders — a time to get back into the swing of things — the second round is where the leaders can stamp their mental domination on the whole championship. That's what Lawson did last year on his home ground in the second-round USA GP, before going on to win the World Championship. Only this time it will be on Gardner's home ground.

However, there are many riders who are both willing and very able to make their mark at Phillip Island, including some Aussies who are determined to show the world what we can do.

Some of the hottest competition will come from the Lucky Strike/Yamaha team of Wayne Rainey and Aussie Kevin Magee, ranked third and fifth in the world. Both riders made their championship debuts in 1988, and both have experienced the euphoria of winning a grand prix. While '88 was virtually a training year for both riders, this will be the year they go out to prove a point. Magee's strength is his ability to learn new circuits quickly and Phillip Island will be new to all the riders, giving Magee an advantage. The circuit's combination of tight, slow corners and fast, sweeping turns will also suit Rainey's smooth but aggressive riding style.

Lucky Strike's acquisition of the Australian Marlboro/Yamaha Dealer Team manager, Warren Willing, will also be a bonus for Magee. The Aussie pair have developed a relationship that Magee has found difficult to foster with American Lucky Strike manager, and former world champ, Kenny Roberts. Roberts hopes that Willing may help Magee overcome some of the problems he has had trouble coming to grips with in his first season — homesickness and dealing with life on the

road being two big ones. Magee has also taken some of the pressure off by hiring a person to drive and maintain his motorhome for the '89 season — a task he took on himself in '88, and which proved to be too much to cope with.

The unknown quantity in the Lucky Strike team is their commitment to using Dunlop tyres while all the other leading teams use Michelins. The Dunlop factory have put a lot of testing and development time into their race tyres, and that could well pay off for the team in 1989. But as Lucky Strike are the only team using Dunlops it means a lot of tyre testing for Magee and Rainey, and less time during the season to develop their own riding skills.

Frenchman Christian Sarron is the dark horse for 1989. Sarron split the formidable Rainey/Magee combination last year to place fourth overall in his thirteenth season of grand prix racing. At 33 years of age, the former 250cc World Champion showed revitalised form and a relaxed approach to the sport that yielded a string of five successive pole positions in the mid-season, as well as two lap records, making him easily the fastest rider of the year.

However, four race crashes were too many, and Sarron's inconsistency put him out of the title hunt. It remains to be seen whether the Sonauto/Gauloises Yamaha rider can improve his consistency this year.

Many people thought Magee would be the surprise package in '88, but American Kevin Schwantz turned out to be a major talent in the making. His first-round win on the all-new Pepsi/Suzuki was a shock to everyone — including Suzuki. Suzuki had not seriously ventured into GP racing for many years, and most teams did not consider them a force to be reckoned with. However, Schwantz's sheer riding ability flattered the machine, and he put Suzuki into the top four placings in six of the 15 races.

But Schwantz's problem, like Sarron's, was consistency. Like Gardner in the early part of the season, Schwantz was forced to try too hard on a bike that was not quite up to standard. His consequent race crashes and injuries kept him from really mixing it with the leaders. But Schwantz is a fluid and spectacular rider, forcing his bike down to seemingly impossible angles of lean, and using every inch of the track and trackside curbs to propel his machine out of corners. If Suzuki come up with the goods for him this season, he could be the next world champ.

The rider with more experience in 500cc racing than anyone else in the GP circus is Randy Mamola. He has been number two four times but has never won a World Championship. After being dropped from the Lucky Strike/Yamaha team in '87, partly because of his reluctance to test tyres and partly because of his light-hearted approach to racing, Mamola

chose the challenge of the Italian Cagiva team over one of the Japanese machines that he undoubtedly could have had for 1988. Rumors suggest that Mamola is the highest paid rider on the circuit, but it is the bonus he will receive if he wins a grand prix for Cagiva that makes him the envy of every rider — a \$400,000 Ferrari Testarossa.

It may seem a lot for an Italian team to pay, but Mamola's on-track and off-track clowning have made him the favorite of the European racing fans, as Kevin Magee noted in Portugal in '87: "When he passed me, the sound of the cheering overpowered the sound of the bike. And I wear ear plugs to keep the noise out."

When Mamola joined Cagiva, he hoped to put an end to a decade of Japanese domination in the sport. However, neither the bike nor its unique Pirelli tyres showed any real promise, and Mamola was rewarded with only third place in the rain at

“When he passed me, the sound of the cheering overpowered the sound of the bike. And I wear ear plugs.”

Belgium — a testament to his unequalled wet weather riding ability. If it rains at Phillip Island, we could see Mamola on the winner's rostrum.

Rain or no rain, there are at least three more Aussie battlers who will be giving the internationals a hard run on home ground. One of these is Michael Doohan (cousin to tennis player Peter Doohan), who replaced Kevin Magee in the Australian Marlboro/Yamaha Dealer Team in 1988. After only one year of racing at the top echelon in Australia he has become a dominant force, both at home and in Japan, prompting Wayne Gardner to ask for Doohan as a team-mate for the full 1989 season without ever seeing him ride a grand prix machine.

If Doohan can come to terms early with the awesomely powerful, quick-handling Honda, he can perform well at Phillip Island, partly because there is no pressure on him from the Rothmans/Honda team to do so, says Gardner. "Mick has barely ridden a 500 racer, let alone raced one, and he'll need a period to define his limits. He should have the opportunity to ease into our team without the pressure to produce immediate results..."

Not only the big name teams will be in with a chance at Phillip Island. Team Honda Australia have their own star, in the form of multiple Australian champ Mal Campbell. Campbell impressed Honda in the early part of the 1988 GP season when he was asked to guest ride the experimental Elf Honda, which has both wheels mounted on swing-arms, as opposed to the normal configuration of a swing-arm at the rear and telescopic forks at the front.

Campbell did well on the Elf, considering the small amount of practice he had on the strange machine and the fact it was his first grand prix. However, at Phillip Island he will be on more conventional machinery — Gardner's 1988 Honda.

While the bike may be slightly behind the pace of the new machines, Campbell, along with Doohan, has the advantage of being one of only two 500cc riders to have actually raced at the rejuvenated Phillip Island circuit. This means he will already know where he can and cannot pass other riders, and where he can stop others from passing him. This sort of local knowledge can be invaluable.

Another young Aussie who has also raced at Phillip Island, 18-year-old Darryl Beattie, will be racing in Team Honda Australia colors in the 250cc Grand Prix, a support race for the 500cc Grand Prix event.

In Europe, the 250cc racing is almost more popular than the 500s, with its intensely close action. Sometimes six or eight or even more bikes may battle it out for the lead, wheel to wheel, handlebar to handlebar, right to the finish line, with the lead swapping hands four or five times each lap.

Beattie's machine, like Campbell's, will not be up to the standard of the leading overseas teams, and he will not have the GP experience of the riders ten years his senior; but, also like Campbell, he has the advantage of local knowledge, and that can make all the difference.

The Swan Premium Australian 500cc Motorcycle Grand Prix promises to be the grudge match of the decade. If predictions have to be made, it's Gardner who must be the favorite for the race. He has a lot to prove, and he will be doing it on his home ground. That's a recipe for success.

Even though Lawson and Spencer will be desperate to beat Gardner on his home turf, they both have a disadvantage. Lawson will be racing a bike that he is not familiar with. Unlike the smooth-handling, even-powered Yamaha he rode last year, the Honda is a twitchier, more difficult machine to ride.

Freddy Spencer's problem will be Freddy Spencer. An effective three-year absence from 500cc racing may have had an effect on his ability to perform. And that's not counting his desire to win — there are some who doubt whether he still has it. But Spencer is the king of the comebacks, and if anyone is likely to do it, he is. 



A rare to medium interview

Some interviews are harder to get than others. For example, it's more difficult to talk to Paul Hogan these days than Fred Nile. Fred will talk to anyone who will listen, albeit none too lucidly. Then there are the Claytons interviews. Michael Jackson, for example, who cannot string together more than three words in a cogent sentence unless he's singing; and Jack Nicholson and Donald Sutherland are said to be so far removed from reality that asking them questions is like putting a chimpanzee in front of a word processor and asking it to reproduce the complete works of Salman Rushdie. (On second thoughts, maybe it's a bit more difficult than that.)

But undoubtedly the most sought-after interview in journalism is, and always has been, Marilyn Monroe. Although she has gone underground since 1962, she remains the most enigmatic and intriguing female movie star of her own and subsequent generations. Songs and books are still being written about her. Her blonded primmed hairstyle and evocative, pouting lips still spawn a legion of imitators, from Madonna to Andrew Peacock.

So this journalist was more than a little grateful when, via a medium by the name of Quezacatl of the Lost City of Atlantis (aka Desiree Potts of South Fremantle), he was able to finally secure this exclusive interview for *Penthouse* with the late and still great Marilyn Monroe.

MONROE SPEAKS

Penthouse: Do you feel like a candle in the wind?

Marilyn: Do I feel like a *what*?

Penthouse: You know, like in the famous song: "It seems to me you lived your life like a candle in the wind..."

Marilyn: What does it mean?

Penthouse: (pause) I'm not sure.

Marilyn: I never felt that way. More like a pencil torch in a moderate sou' westerly, if anything.

Penthouse: I must admit, you look in wonderful shape. How do you stay looking so young?

Marilyn: Well I wear a good bra and have my legs waxed every week. And I'm permanently 36. That helps a lot.

Penthouse: Do you have any diet tips?

Marilyn: I never had any special diet or anything. Unless you count champagne and sleeping pills as a diet. Dying is a good way of losing weight, of course, but I wouldn't recommend it.

Penthouse: Since the unfortunate events of August 5, 1962 there have been endless biographies written about your life. We wondered if you felt any of these came close to the truth. For example, did you read Norman Mailer's book about you?

Marilyn: (frowning) Who's Norman Mailer?

Penthouse: You must know Norman Mailer. He idolises you. He said you were "a queen of a castrator."

Marilyn: Is this man sick?

Penthouse: I don't know.

Marilyn: "A queen of a castrator." And he's a fan? Who is this guy?

Penthouse: He's a writer. He says his name's an anagram of yours.

Marilyn: No, it isn't. Norman Mailer's an anagram of Naomi Nerlram. I don't know anyone called Naomi Nerlram. What else does he do except write?

Penthouse: He gets convicted murderers out of jail. And he made his daughter dress up like you.

HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES

ILLUSTRATION BY JON BERKELEY



MONROE

Marilyn: (pouring a little more champagne) Shiiiiit.

Penthouse: He also said he tried to meet you when you were alive.

Marilyn: For what purpose?

Penthouse: I think he wanted to go to bed with you.

Marilyn: (sighs) Jesus. Talk about better off dead.

Penthouse: What about Gloria Steinem?

Marilyn: The thing you have to remember about Glor' is she's a sex object.

Penthouse: You think Gloria Steinem is a sex object?

Marilyn: I think she has allowed herself to be manipulated by the men in the publishing world who have to create feminists in order to sell books. I mean, after *The Female Eunuch* it was pretty obvious that there was a big market for that sort of stuff and so the big money publishers manipulated a lot of women into being radical so they could sell more books. I feel sorry for Glor'. She's a victim of the star system.

Penthouse: A question I know a lot of our readers will be dying to know . . . if you'll pardon the expression . . . is who murdered you? Was it Robert Kennedy? Was it Jimmy Hoffa and the Mafia?

Marilyn: That's all nonsense. No-one murdered me. It was an accident. I was at home alone, I was kind of bored, so I sat in my bedroom and watched TV. There was this new TV show called *Gilligan's Island*. I watched about 20 minutes and suddenly life just didn't seem worth living any more.

Penthouse: Let's talk about your sex life a moment. Mailer said you couldn't orgasm. Is that true?

Marilyn: Mailer, schmailer. Not that jerk-off again.

Penthouse: Well, it wasn't only Mailer. Everyone's been saying it.

Marilyn: The world hasn't had anything better to talk about in the last 26 years?

Penthouse: (pause) Not really. Vietnam. Watergate. Whether Joan Collins uses tampons or Dunlopillos. Do you orgasm?

Marilyn: Well, not any more, obviously. But I used to. Although after the time I did those shots with my skirt blowing over my head — you know, the one with me standing on a subway grating — I got put off ordinary sex. I started to get into hair dryers in a big way.

Penthouse: Your promiscuity has been blamed for the break-up of your marriage to Joe DiMaggio. Was that true?

Marilyn: No, that's a lie. He wanted me to stay home all day and cook fettucine alla pesto. He was a yuppie ahead of his time. The truth is, he was always out with the boys. I hardly saw him. As I said to him once: "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to you. Oo-oo-oh." Or words to that effect. I was thinking of making it into a song.

Penthouse: But you were said to have had

affairs with a lot of men. Who was the best lover?

Marilyn: That's hard to say. Like I said, the best I ever had was the subway grating. The grating didn't have a big ego and brag about it in the press.

Penthouse: Then who was the worst?

Marilyn: Frank Sinatra. He was pretty abrupt. All he said was "Roll over on your stomach. I'm going to do this My Way." And he did. Is he still alive, by the way?

Penthouse: Yes. Still singing too.

Marilyn: (choking on her champagne) Holy shit.

Penthouse: It's said you once met Nikita Krushchev during his visit to the United States. Did he say anything to you?

Marilyn: He whispered something about the Bay of Pigs. I mentioned it to Jack later. I don't know if it was important.

Penthouse: You mean Jack Kennedy?

Marilyn: (nods)

Penthouse: Is it true you had an affair with

George Bush?
Well, let's face it,
there's no danger of
any White House sex
scandals, is
there?

both the Kennedy brothers?

Marilyn: Well, everyone knows that. I would have had an affair with Teddy as well but the only time I went out with him he scared the life out of me. He drove like a madman. I said to him: "Ted, you keep driving like this, one of these days you're going to have an accident." I don't know if he took any notice.

Penthouse: During your life you married a great sportsman and a famous intellectual and writer, and had an affair with the President of the United States. If you were alive today, what man would you most like to go to bed with?

Marilyn: Ian Botham. I think Ian's great. I like a man who has so much talent that he has to create greater challenges for himself. Like the way he stuffs a beanbag down the front of his shirt before he goes out to play cricket.

Penthouse: Anyone else? A famous contemporary intellectual writer? Or even Norman Mailer?

Marilyn: Not really. Sylvester Stallone perhaps. It would be fun to hold someone's dick and their brain in your hand at the same time.

Penthouse: So much has been said about you since your death, have you ever been tempted to get in touch with a medium and try and put the record straight?

Marilyn: Not really. I had enough trouble trying to get in touch with the living when I was alive. You know, all those phone calls to Bobby and Jack and Twentieth Century and no-one ever ringing back. I was going to go to a seance at Peter Lawford's house once and ask him for my diaries back, but in the end I couldn't be bothered.

Penthouse: On the subject of presidents, what do you think of George Bush?

Marilyn: Well, let's face it, there's no danger of any White House sex scandals for the next four years, is there? Unless he gets caught thrashing the stoat in the Oval Office when he's supposed to be reading a Senate House Committee report. The man has the charisma of a melted frisbee. I mean, if someone's going to have the power to start World War Three, at least he should have some charm. Okay, so Jack brought the world to the brink of a holocaust, but at least he did it with pizzazz.

Penthouse: A number of people have copied your look, including Madonna. Does that bother you?

Marilyn: I wouldn't say Madonna has exactly copied my look. I think she looks more how I *would* have looked if I'd still been alive and 62 years old. Don't you?

Penthouse: And what about Marilyn Monroe today? Are there any men in your life at the moment?

Marilyn: Absolutely not. There is no truth to the rumors that I've been seeing Abraham Lincoln at Peter Lawford's place. Okay, I admit I got friendly with Calvin Coolidge, but that was just platonic. We admired each other's politics.

Penthouse: What are your plans for the future? Any thoughts of a comeback?

Marilyn: Not really. I mean, I haven't seen that many good scripts lately. Wilder had this script called *Gentlemen Prefer Dead Blondes* that Zanuck wanted to do. It was written by one of Shirley MacLaine's past lives. But I don't know if I want to get back into that role again. Anyway, sex sirens don't go down all that well with the audience up here, being mainly Catholic. Which suits me, because I'm sick of being a sex goddess. After I played "Chopsticks" in the *Seven Year Itch* I decided to take piano lessons. I'm due to start work on my first album next month. Jimi Hendrix has agreed to play guitar and the Choir Invisible will do the backing vocals. There's a song on it: "Transplant In The Wind." It's my tribute to Elton John.

Penthouse: Any regrets?

Marilyn: I just wish I'd married Ronald Reagan when he asked me. I'm sure my life would have turned out a whole lot better than it did. I think I would have been a definite asset at the Geneva Summit.

Penthouse: More of an asset than Ronald Reagan anyway . . . ?

Marilyn: Exactly. ☺

TERRI

Black rose gown by Zeno Max, Paddington; Black slip by IM, QVB; All other lingerie and garments by Merivale, Pitt St, City.



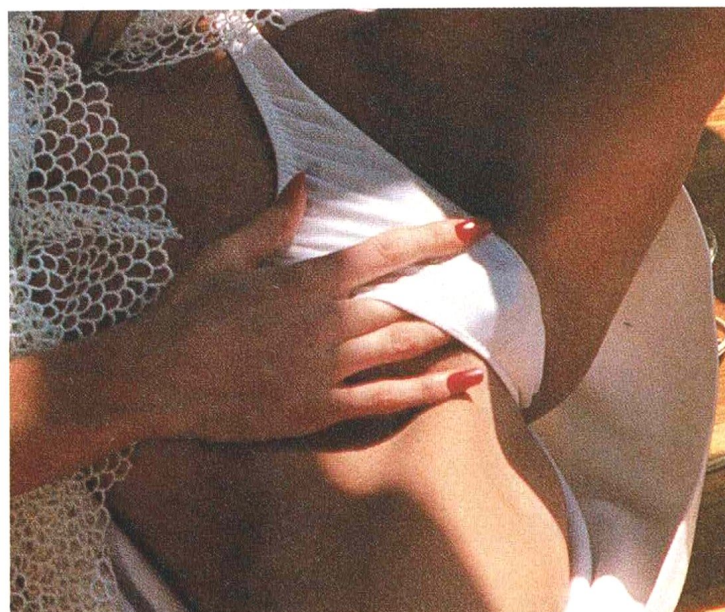
PET OF THE YEAR

1989



PET OF THE YEAR

1989



It was always going to take a special girl to pull it off. And after the assembling of the hottest field in the history of the prestigious *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year award there is none hotter nor more special than stunning 21-year-old Terri Bowie. Believe it or not, prestige, in this case, has a price; Terri now finds herself showered in glittering prizes worth more than \$70,000. The details of this amazing booty you'll find presented on page 103. The details of Terri's amazing body, on the other hand, you'll find in this special tribute pictorial. Last December, when Terri first made her appearance in *Australian Penthouse*, we called her The Titillator. This time around, Terri Bowie is the 1989 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA



Those legs may look like they've been made for walking — amongst other things — but walking will be the last thing on Terri's mind as she slides them behind the wheel of her brand new Toyota Celica SX Hatchback, worth around \$34,000. Talk about the ride of a lifetime . . .

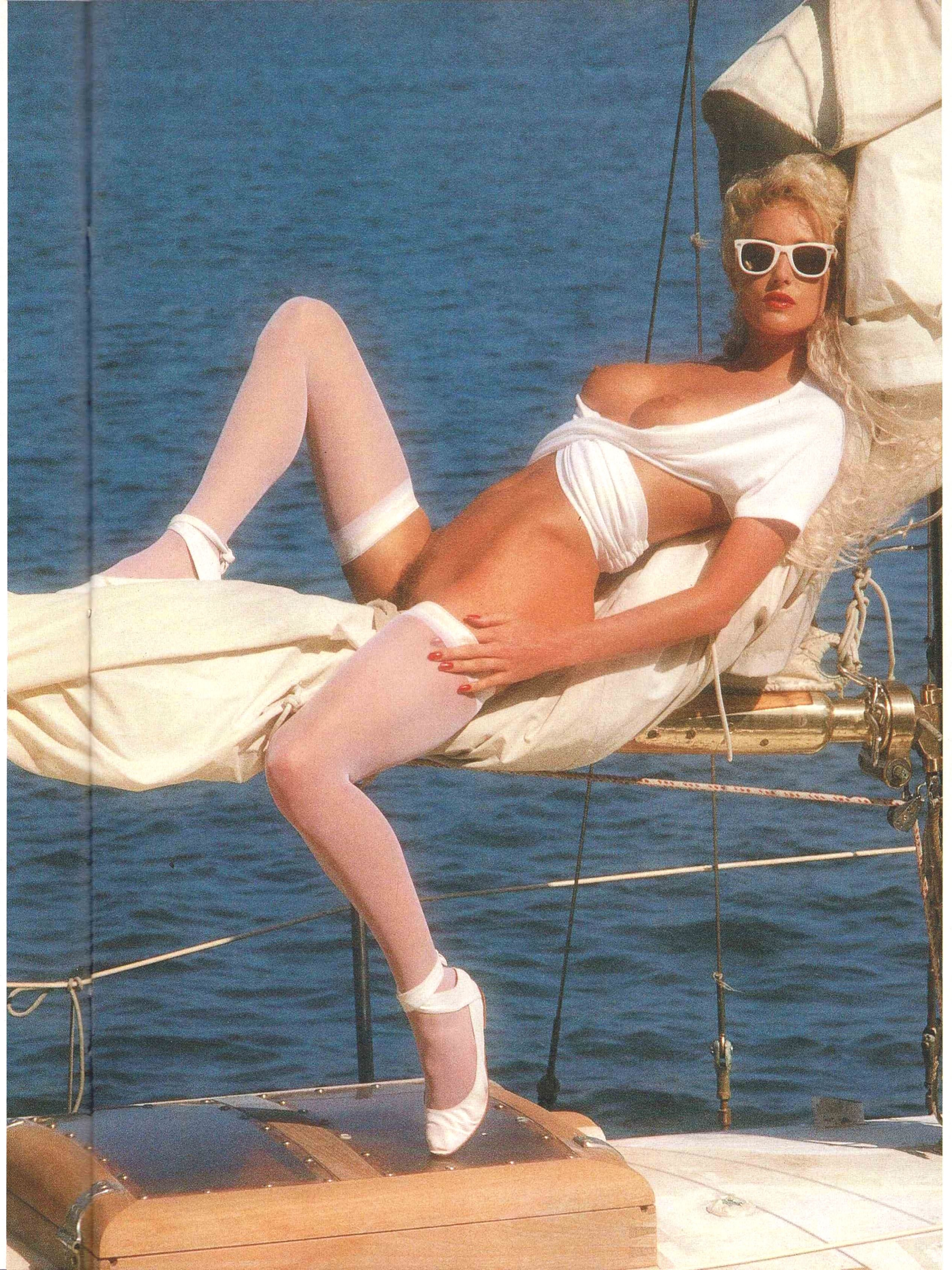




"The classic bronzed Aussie, but with brains." That's how Terri describes the ideal man. Next time you see a muscleman on the beach reading Proust, you'll know what he's got in mind.



Terri's no stranger to the spotlight, her stunning figure featuring in numerous commercials and rock video clips. But now that she's more familiar with the thrill of applause, acting follows as her main ambition.



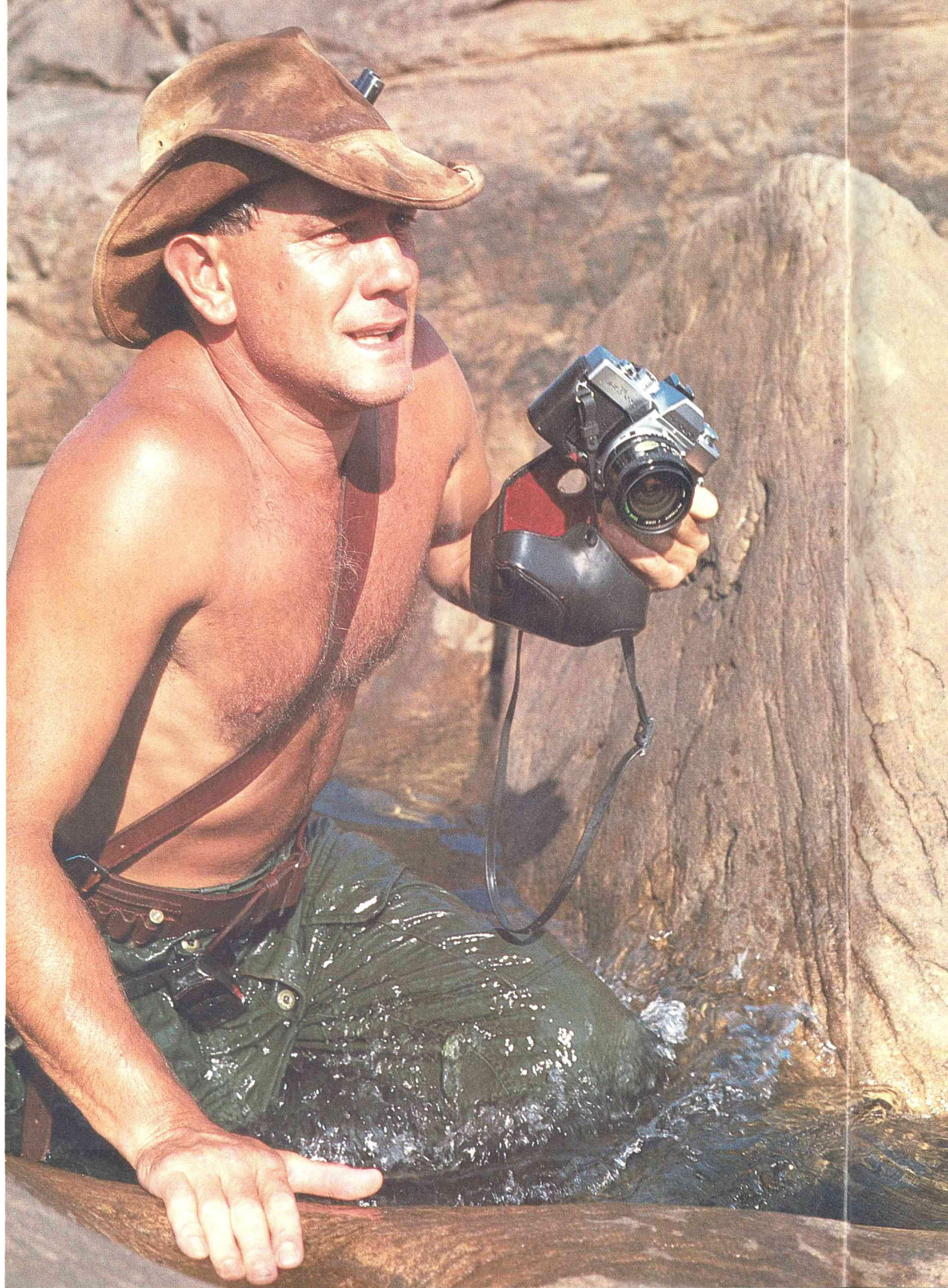


Sydney is her home town — but if she was to suggest a second home she'd tell you the beach and gym figure prominently in her weekly regimen.



Terri loves to shock people — which is why the idea of posing for *Penthouse* first seemed like such a great idea to her. There may have been an element of surprise for her in taking out the grand *Penthouse* title, but with the stunning prizes it's suspected she'll be able to live with the shoe on the other foot for once . . .





**This is the story
behind the
most exciting
underwater
film footage
ever captured**



When Ron and Valerie Taylor produced underwater footage, shot from inside a cage, of the great white shark — the biggest and most dangerous of all sharks — they created a landmark in marine animal photography. Nothing could so readily capture the public imagination as the sight of an 18-foot monster tearing giant baits to shreds just inches from the camera lens. The great white went on to become a movie star in the Jaws anthology, Ron and Val enjoyed worldwide fame, and their film has remained the pinnacle of underwater cinematographic bravado.

Until now. David Ireland, a 42-year-old Sydney diving instructor and marine documentary film-maker, has achieved something far more difficult, far more dangerous, far more awe-inspiring . . . he has become the first man to produce underwater footage of the giant saltwater crocodile. That footage will be revealed when Ireland's film Crocodile Man is released world-wide in July. It should make him rich and famous: the doyen of underwater adventurers. This is Ireland's story of how and why he did it.

THE CHALLENGE

Before taking on the crocodile, I did a long apprenticeship working with all kinds of marine animals: from sea snakes to giant cod to manta rays, and especially sharks. Ten years ago I became very interested in shark behavior and spent many years working with a colony of five grey nurse off Cronulla. During that time I did things with them that no-one had ever done; I learned about their personalities — it was previously thought that sharks had virtually no brains — and my work with them finally led to the grey nurse becoming the first protected shark species in the world. Off Norfolk Island I also produced film of the bronze whaler; I learned about their body language, how I could get away with hand-feeding them without being attacked, and so on. All of this work was done without a cage. I also filmed the great white from inside a cage, as Ron and Valerie had previously done, and dived with sea-lions off Neptune Island in South Australia while we were baiting up for great whites, which was considered crazy.

So I had a great deal of experience filming underwater and a great deal of knowledge of marine animal behavior. But there wasn't the interest in smaller sharks that there was in the great white, so Ron and Val were still number one, and I wanted to challenge their position. I had to do something totally unique and extremely dangerous . . . but what? Eventually I decided I would take on the ultimate challenge: the croc.

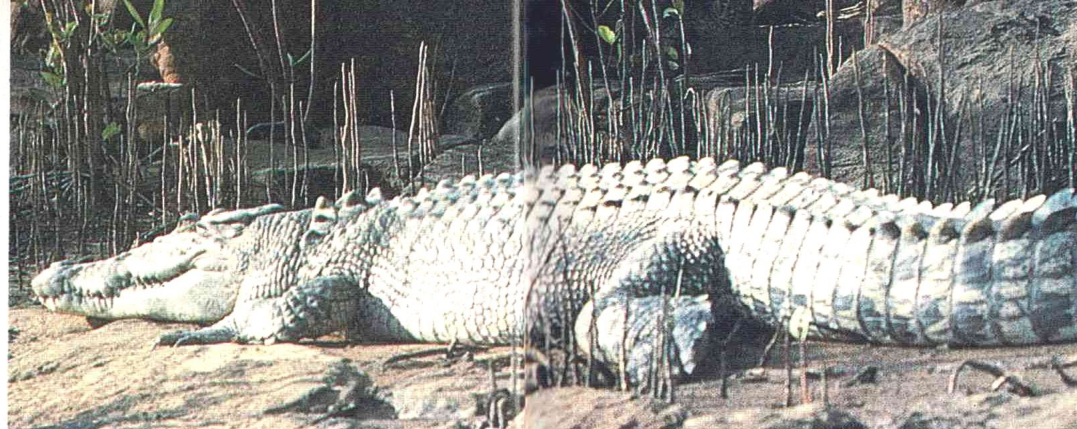
The preparation began back in 1984. Immediately I ran into the same problems I'd experienced all my life: there were no books on the animal's *behavior*. There was a bit of information on how they mated, how and where they lay their eggs, what size they could reach — but how did crocodiles behave in the water? How did they navigate? Could they hear underwater, and if so how and how far? How smart were they? Would they come to know me if I worked with them as much as I had with the grey nurse? Would they remember the same man year in and year out? None of this was known because no-one had ever gotten into the water with crocs, for the simple reason that it was too dangerous. A crocodile spends 80 percent of its time in the water, so its behavior was almost completely mysterious.

The thing that stuck in my mind, too, was the fact that although I'd spent my

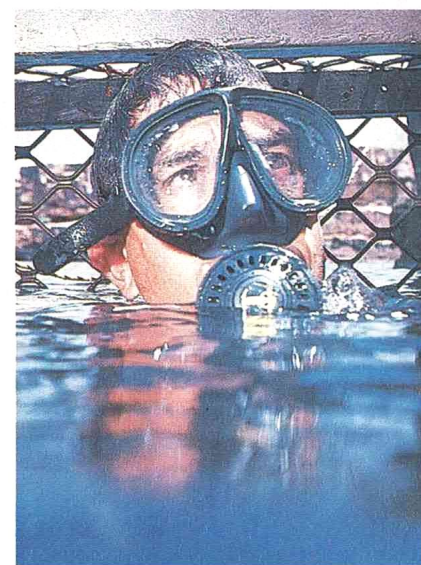
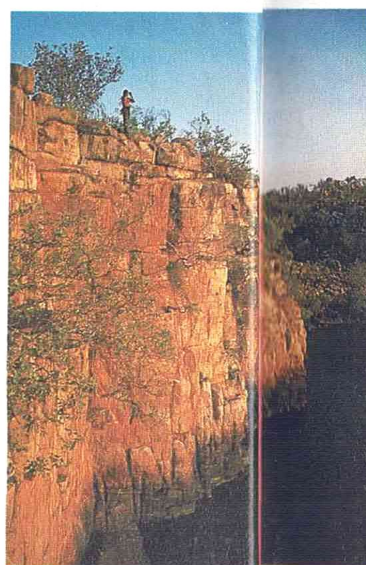
CROCODILE MAN

BY DAVID IRELAND WITH GREG HUNTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID IRELAND AND MARK OLDING



David Ireland, crocodile man, working in the most remote regions of Australia to claim a world first with underwater film of crocs feeding: "We'd attach a bait — usually a donkey leg — to the cage, and I'd climb inside. And wait. The reason the croc watches you is because he doesn't really want the bait; he wants you."



CROCODILE MAN

whole life in the ocean, handling 15-foot mantas and big sharks and sea snakes and whatever, there was a classic difference between the croc and any other marine animal: I honestly felt that the crocodile would consider me as bait. Sharks never did. It's easy to attract them and frenzy them up — but generally a shark is a wary animal, and when it sees something strange, like a man, it would prefer to go away. I figured the crocodile would be a whole new game.

As it turned out, I was right. In one of my first experiments in crocodile country — in the Kimberleys in 1987 — I was standing on a rock looking at an 11-foot crocodile in the middle of the river, about 200 metres away. The animal would not approach me at all, even if I tried using a bait. But when I walked down to the mud and crouched in it, straight away the croc orientated towards me. I felt he thought I was now vulnerable. When I splashed the mud with my hand, immediately he came in to attack. I was thinking how quickly I could move and how quickly he could probably move when he reached the shallow water. As soon as I saw his front feet hit the mud, I jumped back up on to the rock. Interestingly, the animal stopped his progress and watched me. I felt the reason he did that was, firstly, because he thought: "Why keep going? I won't catch him now." And secondly, because he thought: "If I come out and show myself I'll frighten him away, and he's not

going to come back and drink and play around there any more." So immediately he turned and went back to midstream. I then went down and splashed around again, and this time he changed the rules: he approached underwater, and waited at the edge of the mud, with his front feet in the shallow water, from where he could accelerate very quickly. Of course, I got straight back up on the rock. He waited, then, for an hour underwater. He was *stalking* me... and at that point I was 100 percent sure that I was up against something far worse than anything I'd worked with before; far worse, possibly, than any other creature on Earth — an animal that genuinely *wanted to eat me*, and was not at all afraid.

After an hour underwater the croc had to come up and show himself, and he arched his back and lifted his head — he had the shits. I'd *beaten* him. The next day I went back there at exactly the same time and he was already waiting for me, at the same spot, underwater. So as quickly as I was learning about him, he was learning about me. I realised that for the first time I was playing chess with my life, and that's what got me by the balls. That was the game.

I was going to make a film about an animal that is killing far more human beings than any other animal on the planet. In Africa, in New Guinea, in the Solomon Islands, crocodiles eat people all the time; in Australia we've had 152 recorded fatalities in the last 100 years, and they're getting more and more frequent. I knew

that if I could achieve that underwater footage of the croc, it would without a doubt knock off any previous marine animal documentary.

IN THE WILD

I spent two years preparing for the first expedition to crocodile country. Logistically, the problems were enormous because I wanted to work with crocodiles in *extremely* remote areas where the animals would never have experienced men — not even Aborigines. I would have to be self-sufficient in an extremely harsh land environment which was completely unfamiliar to me.

But the most pressing problem was the cage. How large and how strong would it have to be? It couldn't be made from stainless steel because that would be too heavy for continual manhandling in and out of the water; also it would have to be dismantled easily for transport by air, then rebuilt on location. I settled on a 6ft by 5ft by 7ft high Amplimesh (aluminium) cage with a strong hinged roof. I rebuilt all my cameras for slow motion filming, constructed different types of cases and made cameras that could be operated remotely.

I assembled my team. John Mooney's job was to keep me alive. He'd done all the cage work for Ron and Val Taylor, he's a muscleman who's very adept with ropes, pulleys and so on, and he's very handy with a 12-gauge powerhead. Mark Olding's task was to help John control the winches and act as second cameraman

and sound man, filming me as I filmed the crocs. Both men were experienced scuba divers.

The first expedition, to Cape York Peninsula in June 1986, was a total failure. Crocodile stocks were poor and underwater visibility almost nil. The clearest water I could find was in the rugged Kimberleys in Western Australia, and I made three separate trips there: the first in June 1987, the second in June 1988, and the last one in October-November 1988.

The costs associated with this project were enormous. Everything had to be flown into these locations from Darwin by Beaver float plane; on the last expedition that involved seven flights. We had to get the cage in, the generators to keep food cold, food supplies for a month, fuel, tents, winches, cables, camera gear — all this stuff weighs a tonne, of course, and everything has to be in pristine order all the time, which is incredibly difficult to achieve when you're working with extremes of heat, dust and corrosion. A broken winch pin could easily have proved fatal. The total outlay for the project was around half a million dollars.

We camped beside the Prince Regent River on that first trip to the Kimberleys. It's difficult to convey an impression of what it's like to be out there — two hours by air from the nearest human being, and at the very least, 24 hours from any sort of help. We had routine radio contact each night at 8pm, but often we couldn't get through because of weather conditions. If anyone was seriously injured, we'd have to

call for the float plane to lift them out. Depending on the weather, that could take several days.

Very quickly I became aware of the importance of being totally tuned into the wilderness. I realised that whereas I was great in the ocean, I wasn't any good at all in this environment; as a white European I did not have a sense of being in the wild. The fact is that when you get up into that sort of country, what you're seeing is bullshit; you're only seeing what nature wants to show you. You see the flowers, the billabongs, the red cliffs, the massive paperbarks, the herons and brolgas and black cockatoos... but you don't see what's really happening underneath it all because you're not tuned in. For instance, sense of smell: you can smell the foul breath of a crocodile, but can you distinguish that from mud? You see all the pretty flowers, but you don't see the croc underneath the lily pad, waiting to kill you. You look at the birds, but you don't listen to the story they're telling: what are they squawking *for*? If you don't have a sense of the wild, the wild doesn't give a fuck who you are.

Now consider this environment. It's 45 degrees in the shade; that's 50 to 60 in the sun. Ten minutes in that heat will dehydrate you; without water you'll be dead in three to four hours. If you go for a walk and get lost, which is very easy to do, where the hell does anyone start looking for you out there? You die. If you don't tell your mates where you're going and when you'll be back, and you break a leg, you die. If you don't carry a high-powered rifle on your back and you're attacked by a scrub bull or a buffalo, you die. There is no in-between; it's as simple as that.

And so you begin to think about every single thing you do. You don't look at the trees anymore, nor at the pretty flowers; you try to look at what is really happening. The whole exercise of crossing the river to film an eagle becomes a problem: what if the boat breaks down because there's water in the fuel line? A 12-foot boat is *nothing* to a 16-foot crocodile; he'll flip you over and it's a smorgasbord. Even getting a shot of the sunset is a problem, because the beauty of this environment is all a disguise.

All of this became crystal clear after an incident on that first trip to the Prince Regent. There was a billabong behind the camp and I often went out there to get footage of birds. There wasn't anything dangerous in the billabong — so we thought. At this stage I was starting to get tuned in by listening to the birds and focussing on my sense of smell, and I noticed that I couldn't hear the usual cacophony of the crows and I couldn't smell the donkey carcass we'd left out there, from which we would take limbs to attach to the cage as crocodile bait. Straight away I realised: something's different. And the cockatoos were squawking in the trees far

away; normally they only make a racket when you get right underneath them. I had a .22 automatic, and that's only going to make a crocodile angry, so now I was walking really slowly — and suddenly I saw him through the trees... a big croc lying next to the carcass, which he'd dragged all the way up through the paperbarks. If I'd walked straight through those paperbarks, as I normally did, he'd have got me. So I realised that this billabong — this place of flowers — is really a place of death. And I thought: "I've got to become totally attuned to this environment or I'm not going to survive this film. I *won* with the grey nurse and I'm going to *lose* with the croc. I'm not clever in this wilderness — clever in the ocean, yes, but not here; I don't know the ways of the old Aborigines; and I'm going to have to become clever very quickly or I'll die, and one of my team will probably go too."

THE TROUBLE WITH CROCODILES

To get this underwater footage we didn't have the luxury of a huge winch to lower the cage from a large boat, as we did with the great white shark. That would have provided close to 100 percent safety, but this river was inaccessible to anything beyond a dinghy. Circumstances eventually forced us to use several methods, but the original one was the boat entry. We used a pulley system to push the cage out into midstream; we'd then go across in our 12-foot boat, attach the bait — normally a donkey leg — to the cage, and I'd climb inside.

And wait. Working with crocodiles is an immensely frustrating experience. You can wait day after day in that cage, and all they'll do is watch you. They're not like sharks; they don't simply swim up and feed off the cage while you roll the camera. They just watch you. Then they go over to the other side of the river, and watch you. Or they stay underwater all day, come up every hour, have a little look, go back down, and watch you — day in, day out. At night, when you're sitting in the camp, you shine your torch out there and they're watching you. It wears you down after a while, because you know the reason the crocodile watches you is because he doesn't really want the bait; he wants *you*. Crocodiles kill *live* animals. And even if he's not hungry, the crocodile still wants to kill you, because he'll eat what he wants — an arm or a leg — and store the rest away for later. He's an opportunity feeder; if something's in his river he's got to kill it *now*, because he might not get the opportunity for another six months.

While the air temperature is 45 degrees, the water is, amazingly, only 17. Hypothermia begins to set in after an hour; two hours is the maximum shift. Even with the regulator in your mouth, underwater, you can smell the overpowering stench of

Continued on page 120



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE PAVLU

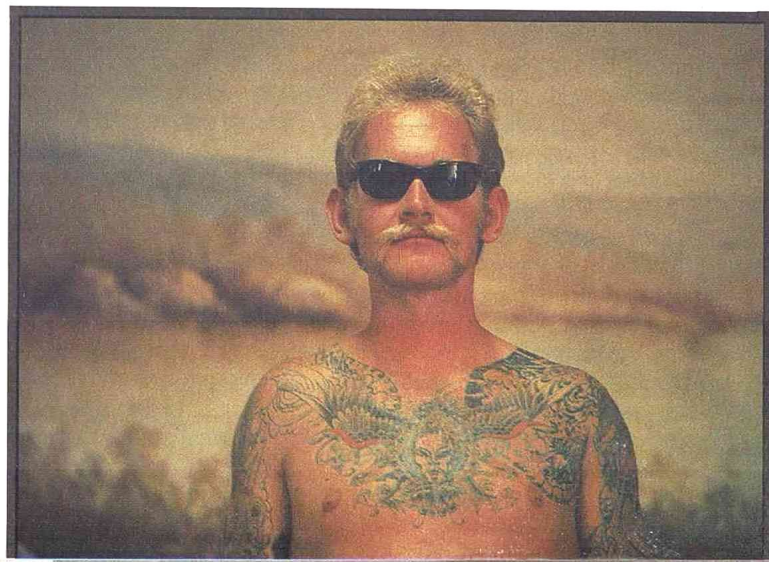
Extracted from *Inside* by George Pavlu,
published by Watermark Press

INSIDE

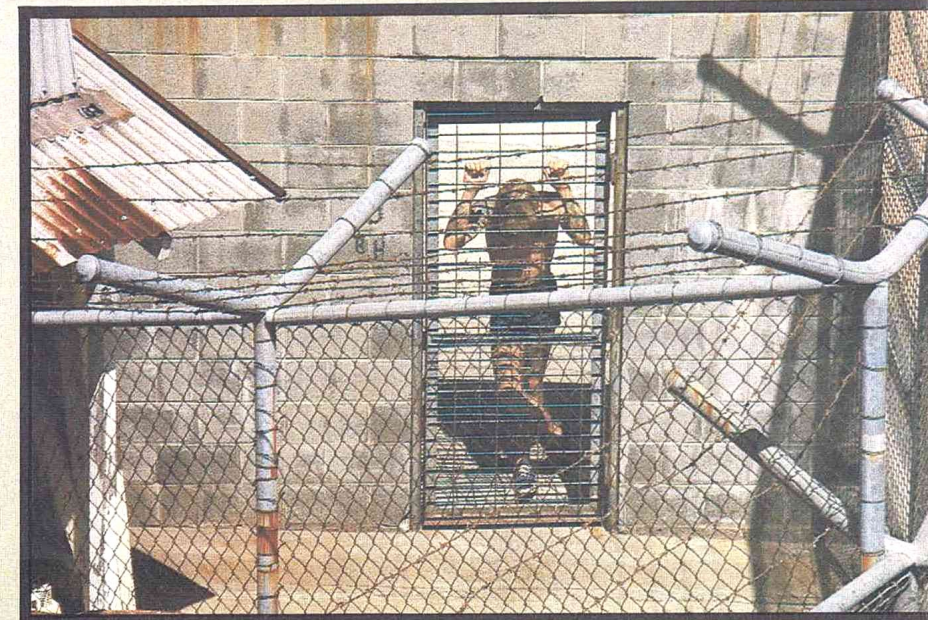
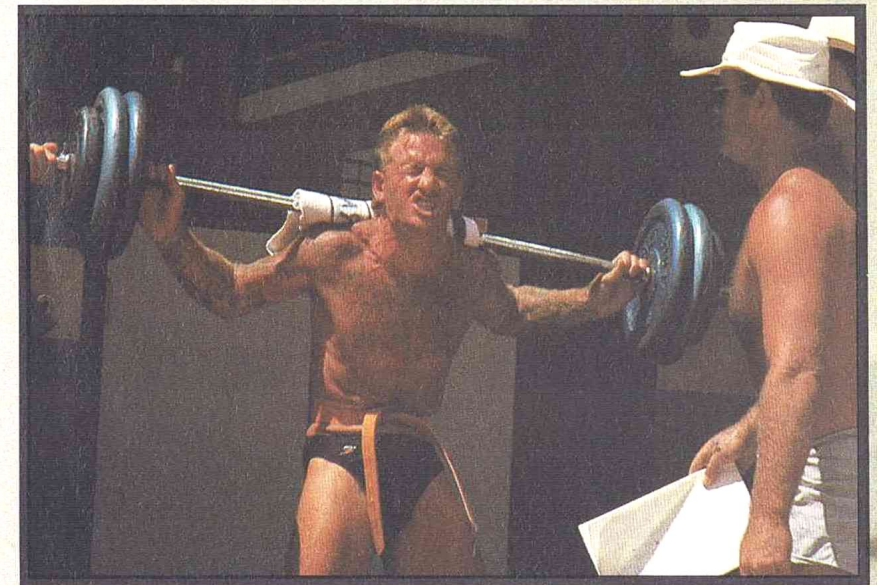
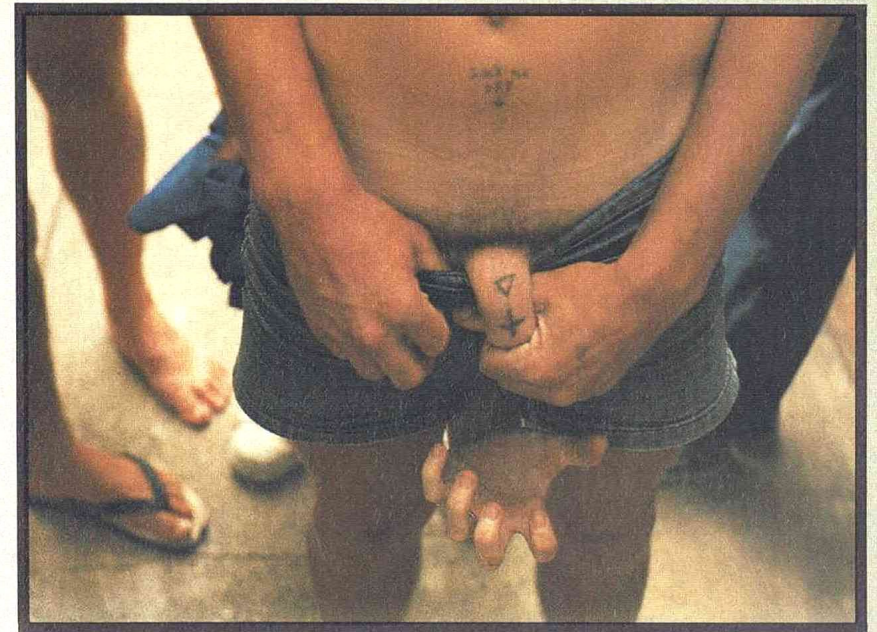
This is one place in Queensland where the sun doesn't shine

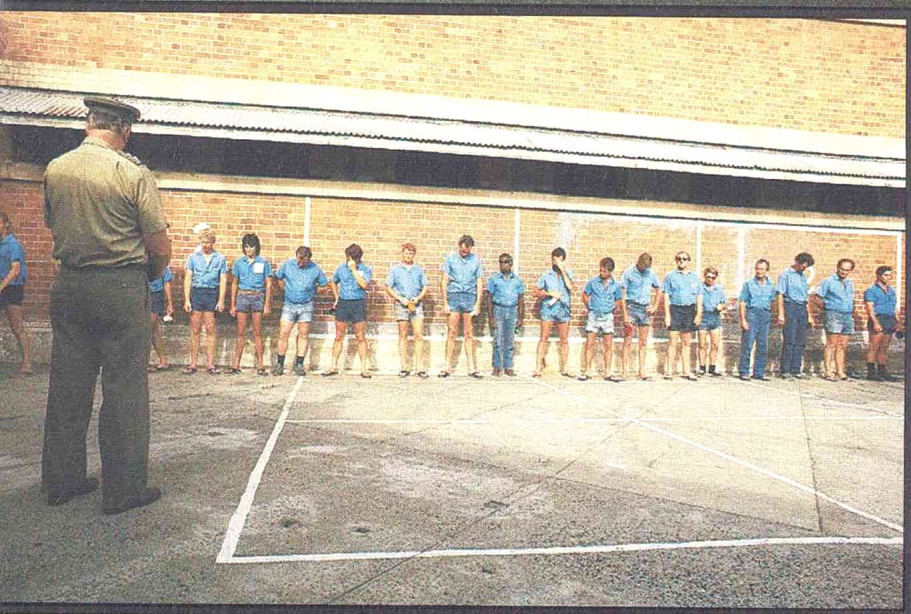
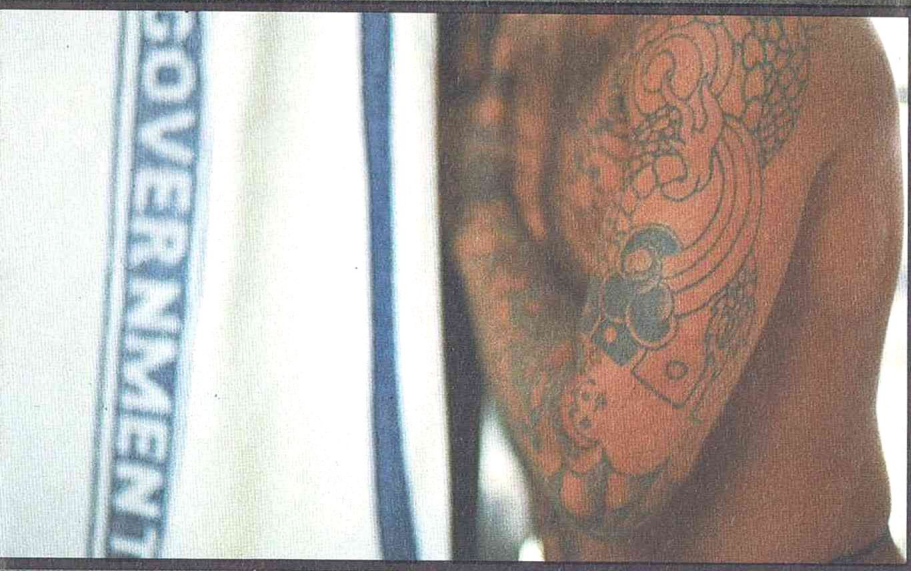
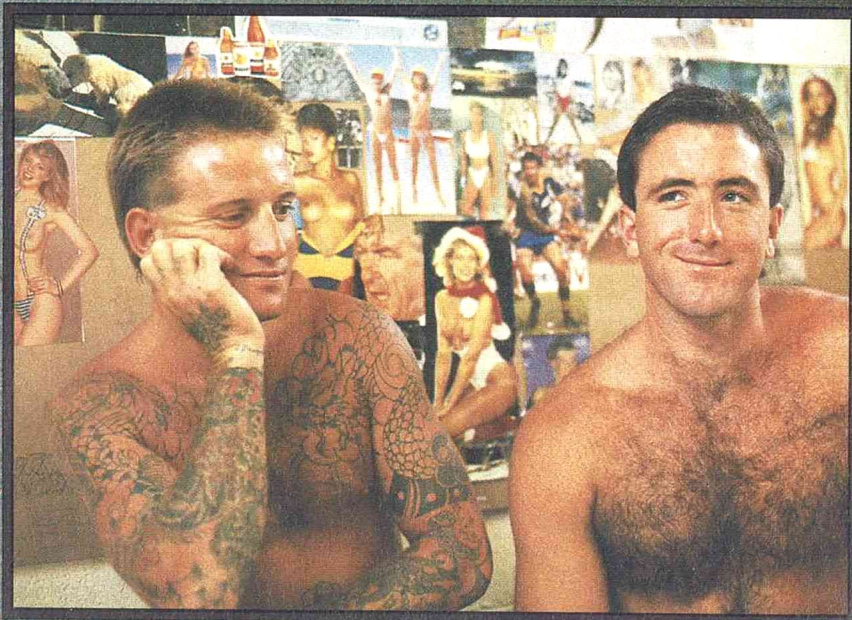


When the Fitzgerald Inquiry began hearing evidence on corruption in Queensland almost two years ago, a lot of powerful people — politicians, senior police, judges and businessmen — wondered where it would end. For some of them it will end here: inside these walls, among these people, in a place where the sun never shines and all men are equal before the law. This is the punishment — all the more fitting for the fact that it was so long overdue.

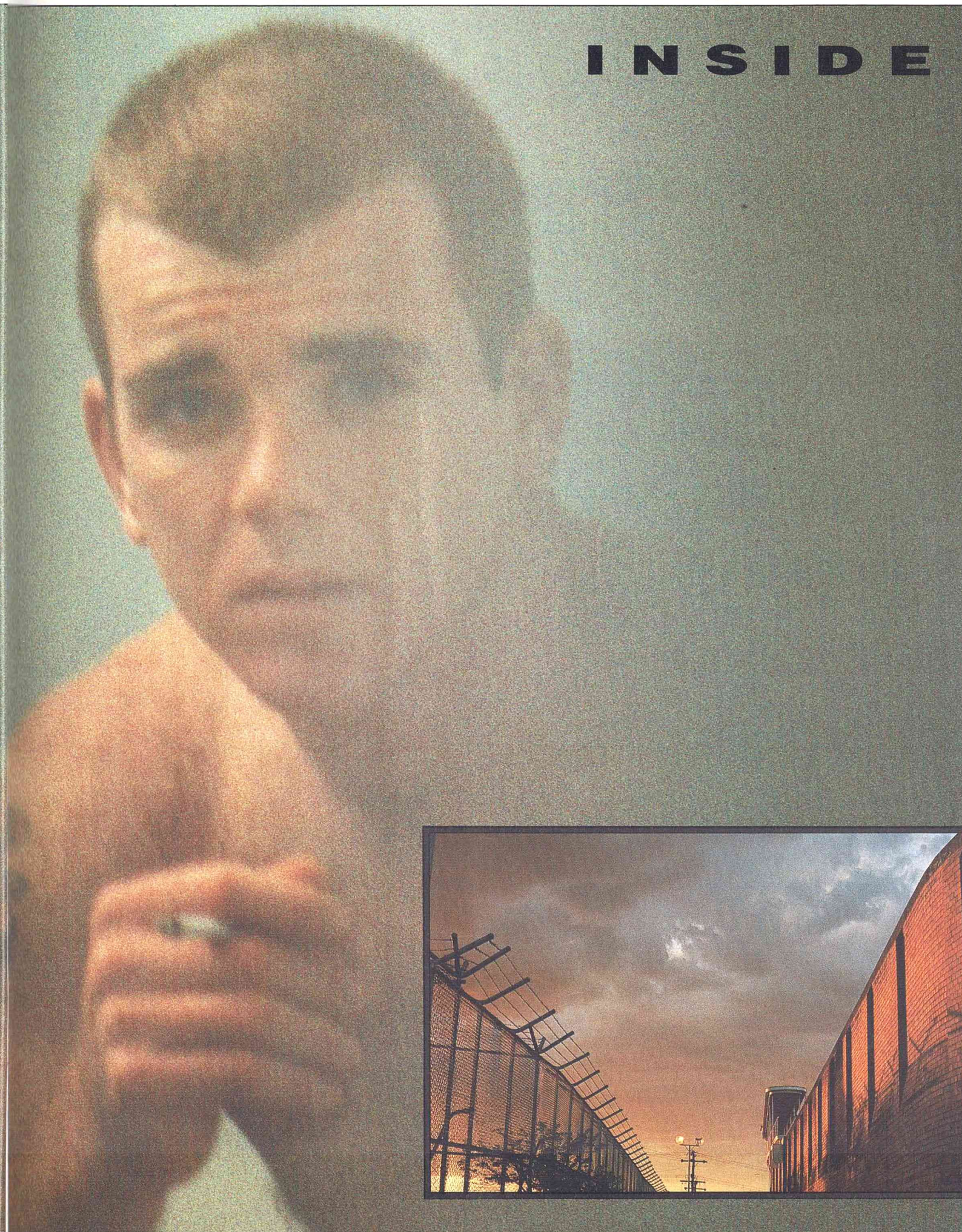


INSIDE





INSIDE





BREATHING FIRE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

"I need a man who can breathe a bit of fire into my life," says the very frank Solange. "I've had the experience of men who seem to do nothing more than gape at me when we're out. Believe me, those types of dates don't cut it."







Solange says she's not looking for some particular man to dominate her time — but rather someone with what she calls initiative. "I'm always on the lookout for some adventure and some spontaneity. I'm very open to suggestions."



"The most exciting guy I've ever been with was always coming up with these incredibly outrageous ideas. We must have made love in some of the most bizarre places ever. It was just a shame he had to move."





**From the moment
he met Van
he knew there
was something
strange about her**

*t*here was this woman.
Was. I haven't seen her
around for a long time. Neither
has anyone else. Anyone at the
regular bar, that is.

I used to go to a bar called
Adagios, up at the Cross.
Sometimes I'd go there with my
mates; sometimes I'd drift in
alone. There were some weird
people around — plenty of
singles hanging out for a friend
— but some good-looking girls
too. The AIDS scare didn't put
them off. Often you'd chat 'em
up and that was it, you didn't
want to bother with them. Or
maybe a quick fuck and forget
them, because there didn't
seem much of a mind upstairs.
I'm not into just fucking in the
long term; I like a girl with
brains. I think I'm reasonably
intelligent so I'm always looking
for that perfect combination.

I'd seen this girl before. You
couldn't help noticing her,
because she was so different.
She could've looked me level in
the eye and I'm six feet tall in
socks.

For a while she came to
Adagios with a guy. He seemed
completely blitzed by this chick
and I could understand why.
She was beautiful in
a long, lean way — slim

Fetish

FICTION BY JULIA OSBORNE

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

but curvy, with a tiny waist; almost boyish hips balanced with lovely shoulders. Plus she was a strong-looking lady with good pectoral development. I noticed these things, not just because I work out in the gym, but because I like a girl with good tone. And her tone held her tits up nice and high.

How do I know all this? Because she wore incredible dresses that stuck to her like skin. Sometimes it was deepest green, sometimes black, and once she wore a strange grey and silver metallic job.

But I think I noticed her legs first. She had legs that began at her shoulders and went right on down and down. When she crossed them in that dress and it slid a little way up, I could feel those long thighs under my hand, feel those strange net stockings against my fingers. Shit, she was a stunner!

Then one night she was there alone. It was a night I'd decided to branch out solo and let the other guys go on without me.

Adagios was packed, yet instantly I saw her in an alcove, the straight-hanging silk of her hair hiding her cheek. Her long legs were coiled around one another under the seat and her fingers tapped at her glass. An empty glass.

Without thinking, I pushed through the crowd. I must've knocked and bumped

people, but all I could see was that lady. "Watch it!" someone faceless hissed as was a drink splashed on my sleeve.

I reached her table. Even in that smoky air I could smell her perfume. God! I felt almost dizzy as my body leaned slightly towards her.

I could hardly mouth the words but I managed the usual and with her slight acknowledgement, I returned with a couple of drinks. She smiled a tiny smile, shifting her hips across to make room.

She told me her name was Van and she worked in the city. I couldn't figure out her job exactly; I thought it was photography — but which side of the lens she worked, I wasn't sure. She could've been a model with that exquisite profile . . . It reminded me of those Egyptian queens on the vases, like Nefertiti . . . the same indefinable expression . . . until she smiled her tiny smile. And her tongue-tip flicked between her lips, making the heat rise in my guts.

She raised her glass, tossing off the last drop of vodka and tonic, while I tasted her skin with my mind and stroked her neck with my eyes. It looked more than a hand-span from the end of her chin to the shadowy dip in her throat. I could see her nipples move against the thin material of her dress and I wanted her like hell, so when she looked at me with a subtle shift of her eyebrows, I was happy to get out of that crowded bar.

I felt her hip gliding against me, her hand tucked around my elbow. Her hair blew across my face occasionally and she laughed, brushing it back. She matched my stride, heels clicking, throat bare in the winter night.

Her flat was close by Adagios, a high-rise tower where it took forever to get to her level. Seventeen. When she opened the door, the city spread like sparkles at my feet. The whole wall was glass, the carpet like a sponge sinking under my socks. Wow! This lady was the jackpot.

Van pulled her hair into a tight knot on the back of her neck. "I hate it falling in my eyes when I have sex," she stated bluntly.

I watched her tying it, her back to me at the mirror. The dress clung like wet leather, showing the round little bum with its dent and crease. Then she put my hand where the zip started and I ran it slowly all the way down from armpit to hem — the longest zip I've ever seen. She kind of slid out of that dress like a skin, standing in her net stockings, hands on my shoulders, nipples against my chest.

I've had a few women, as you might've guessed already, but only a few have ever been special. I've always grown tired of the relationship; grown out of the first passionate encounters; grown out of the conversations. But from the beginning, I knew I wanted to give this girl everything. It was like *boom* the minute she'd looked at me over that empty glass, like she'd been waiting. I felt I'd been waiting for her all my life.

That was the most perfect night I'd ever experienced. Contact was all the way down . . . from her chest hard against mine, through our sweat-laced bellies, legs wrapping and winding together, her grip so tight . . . tight like a virgin . . . it was electric. And later the release, a powerful fever-point that left us limp, our hearts hammering. Van lay in my arms as if she was dead, the stockings peeled down her lovely legs, her body gleaming in the light as a distant neon turned her skin blue, then red . . . blue . . . red . . . blue . . .

I wanted to see her again. I wanted to make love with her tomorrow; I wanted to keep on seeing her, day after day.

I couldn't tell how Van felt about me. On the phone she sounded reserved, almost secretive, yet when we were together she treated me like a prince.

When I asked her about the other guy, she waved her hand. "Him? He's gone." Her voice was husky in my ear and I could feel her tongue touching, so I didn't ask again.

Why spoil things? There were questions she allowed me to ask, and absolutely forbidden zones. It was new to me, this underground power in a woman. I could feel the air charge if I asked too much and her gaze would whittle me to the bone.

But she was not shy with her body — giving me all I asked, taking me into her

arms as if she would devour me completely, her strong legs flexed around me like a vice. Other times she was quiet and soft, letting me do as I liked, her head thrown back on the tight coil of hair, her painted eyes half closed. Wonderful nights that left me staggering to work, struggling to get through my job.

The late nights, the vodka and the fantastic fucks were getting to me. Not even Superman could keep this up.

Then I found the chickens. Van had told me to stay out of the other bedroom, keeping the door locked, slipping the key into a drawer.

But as well as being an intelligent guy, I'm curious. Very curious. So one evening when Van was in the bathroom, I went to the door, listening for the sound of the shower so that I could make a fast retreat. While I stood there, ears straining, hand on the door knob ready to softly squeeze it open, I heard the chirrups. Did she keep canaries, maybe?

Gently I tried the door, my hand sweaty on the key, conscious that she trusted me not to go in there. Along one wall on shelves were several boxes, each with a small light glowing. And each box had several tiny chickens, fluffy yellow ones like I hadn't seen since my mother took me to Paddy's Market when I was a kid. Chickens! What the hell would Van keep chickens for? Just as gently I closed the door, shutting out that faint peeping of tiny birds. Strange lady!

She came out of the bathroom then, saying nothing but looking like she thought I'd been snooping. Undulating past me wearing nothing but her stockings, she called from the kitchen, "Eggs?"

We'd started having suppers around 3am — fried eggs, crab, or oysters with thin brown bread — washed down with a nip of vodka. Van came to the door, smiling wickedly at me as she shook an egg, cracked it and slid the contents down her throat.

Yuk! How could anyone eat raw eggs?

"Why not?" she laughed. "The texture of an oyster. You should try it sometime."

"Watch out for that hot butter," I answered, as she broke eggs into the pan. I was ignored.

That night was quite different from any other we'd spent together. After we'd made love once — fast, hot and vicious — she rolled up her stockings and left me lying on her bed in the blue red blue light. Hadn't I pleased her enough? I thought it had been great, like always.

The door of the other bedroom opened . . . shut. Then I heard a scuffling sound — and so soft I couldn't be sure — I heard her speak.

So? People talk to themselves . . .

She stood framed in the doorway, staring at me a moment, hair tight, eyes wide, her hand on the knob. With a shock, I saw she'd painted her long fingernails black. I bit my tongue on a comment. Her

stare was so piercing that instinctively I pulled the sheet up to my chest. It was not a night for questions.

Then she turned, padding away. I lay there for a while, my ears straining for a sound, but I couldn't hear a thing.

We still went to Adagios. Nearly every Saturday night we crammed in the door with the crowd, sometimes just because it was handy to Van's flat, sometimes because I felt the need for familiar faces. Like a reassurance that the rest of the world still existed.

"Where've you been?" the guys asked, but they knew I was having it off every night so that I could hardly stand.

My work load was getting too much for me; I needed a holiday. I knew I should cut down on seeing Van so much — she had got under my skin like an obsession. I wasn't just in love with her, I'd become a fanatic. The more I had, the more I needed, the more . . . Until one day my

6
I loved her
so much it was
killing me. Then I discovered something else.
Or rather, I
smelled it.

boss stopped me in the corridor.

I thought for a minute I'd got the sack as he looked me over. "You don't seem well," he said, frowning. "Have some time off. Go take a cruise or something!"

I cruised on over to Van's flat instead. It was a mistake.

I should've taken his advice, just for a week. But how could I? That other guy had disappeared; I didn't want to get the flick too.

Besides, those chickens intrigued me and I was dead set on asking her why she kept them. Funny sort of pets to have, 17 floors up.

One day when I sneaked open that door to peer in, I noticed the numbers were different. There were less of them. Then later a whole fresh load appeared like magic.

It bothered me . . . I heard definite noises in there that I'd never heard before.

"Are you keeping your old auntie behind bars, or what?" I joked, but Van glared at me, so I shut up.

That week at her flat was fantastic. Apart from the odd pets and the strange little sounds that I tried to ignore — I'd never spent such a week.

Spring was coming and I was planning all sorts of things to do and places to go with my new lady. I loved her so much it was killing me.

Then I discovered something else. Or rather, I smelled it.

Van had always burned incense. It glowed in its dish as we left the flat; it burned on our return. All day and night the pale smoke curled upward. Until she forgot, just once, to replace it and I could detect, unmistakably, the thick, stuffy smell of mice.

Mice! The place was turning into a zoo.

I could hear Van on the toilet, so I squeezed open the bedroom door and stuck my nose in. Definitely mice.

Alongside the chickens were two of those circus boxes with wheels that spin around and around. Dozens of mice were beetling about in a hundred directions at once — all colors — grey, brown and piebald.

I was horrified. I didn't know whether to be amused or angry. I was really too tired to be either.

But as if she knew I'd been snooping again, Van cut me down with her stare: eyes narrowed, pupils dark. I sensed I was close to very thin ice.

"You look like you could use a drink," she said, her breath against my cheek. "I've made you a little one before we go to bed."

So we were going to bed! I couldn't be sure these days. She would eat me entirely one day, dismissing me the next. I didn't like it much, but it seemed impossible to discuss anything with her. She'd disappear for work, wearing her black leather coat, her long legs leather-bound, camera bag over her shoulder, often coming back after midnight. Sometimes I'd be asleep in front of the television and I'd not even hear her come in, hear nothing until I felt her fingers sliding under my clothes, her black lacquer nails gliding along my flesh.

I knew I should end our peculiar relationship, but I couldn't take the first step. I loved her too much, loved her body too much, and her tight little piece that closed on me like a fist.

She nudged me with her hip, giving me a light kiss on the cheek, placing the glass on the table. The ice knocked once, tilting in the transparent liquor.

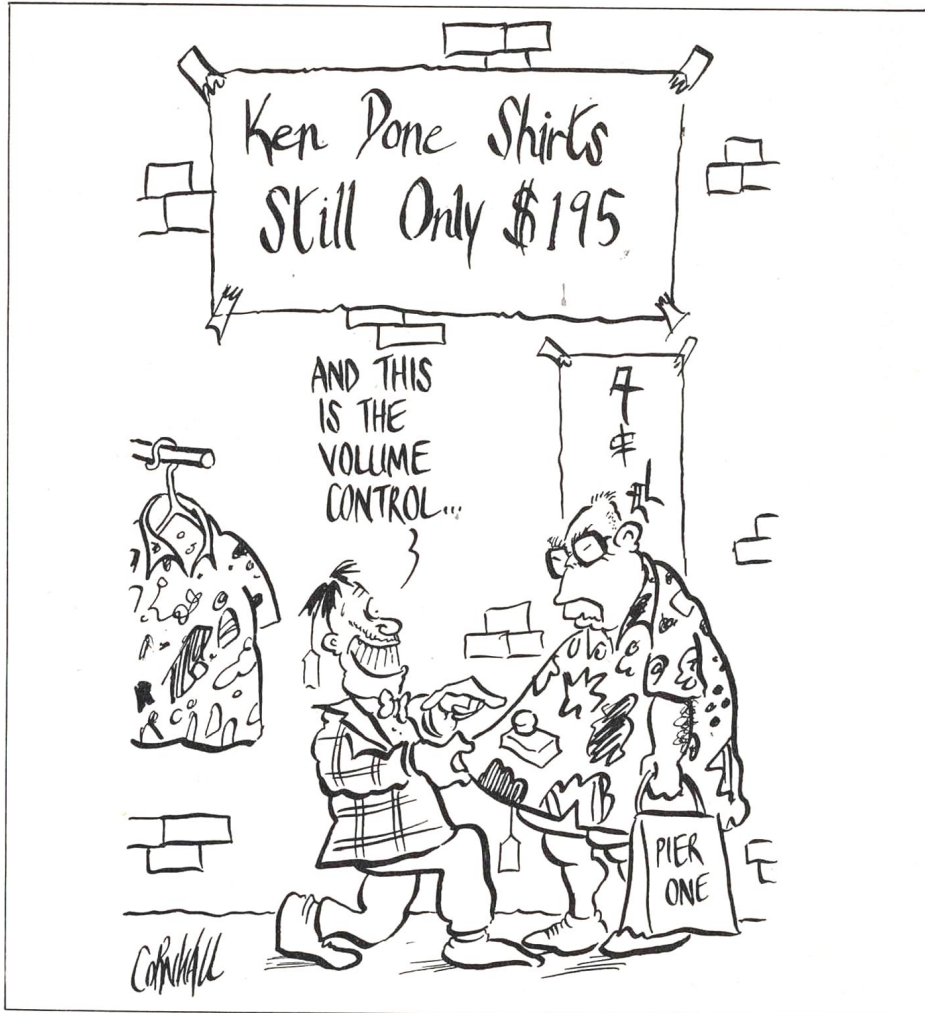
"And I have something else for you . . ."

I looked at her sharply. She was not a lady for presents.

Van put a small Chinese silk box on the table: neat and pretty. Her fingers picked out a tiny thing and she turned to me, her nails closed over the thing in her hand so that it was hidden.

"You've been uptight for days. No wonder you were given time off. You've been worrying me . . ."

Worrying her? Me? Worrying Van? "I thought you didn't care anymore," I blabbed.



That angry expression flitted over her face and she said quickly, "Not worrying me like that! You've been less relaxed. This will help you." She uncurled her fingers.

Lying in her palm was a small piece of paper. I knew what it was.

"No!" I said.

"Oh, come on. It's so nice."

"I've smoked dope, but I'm not into that stuff. No."

Van looked disappointed, leaning over me, letting her sex undermine my willpower. I could smell her vague perfume, feel the heat of her breath, the heat of her body. Stay strong, I told myself. Don't be a wimp. Don't let this woman do it to you. Stay away from that stuff.

I let her put it into my mouth, sucked it against my teeth, tore it with my tongue — let it into my mind.

Later the colors came dripping down the walls like watercolors running away — blues, purples, incredible yellows . . . the soft moss of the carpet rolled in hills and I watched it coming and going in undulations for hours. Van took me in her arms when I groaned or cried out, but it was with such pleasure that I mouthed my words into her sleek head and the room seemed filled with chickens, millions of them pouring across the floor, the fluffy

bodies a continuous stream, their tiny beaks opening, closing, pressing around my legs, into my hands, under my clothes, but it was her hands, fluttering across my skin, stroking and fondling where only she could touch me until I was a mass of tension, like an enormous steel spring ready to fly open and I flew with her beside me, against my flesh, her skin grazing mine, the doors open, the chickens, the mice all one great mass of movement. With a sigh, I let her slide on to my prick, slowly, with the most exquisite sensation I have ever felt in my life, tight as hell and incredibly sensuous.

Was it hours we stayed like that, or minutes? We were rolled in an embrace that wound our bodies together like a plait.

Between sleeping and half-waking, I became aware that Van had gone — that I lay uncovered, alone. The city lights came on, shining points through the glass wall.

God! Where was I?

I was lying on the floor, my clothes piled beside me. The room had been swept clear of all Van's stuff. Nothing remained but the tangle of her net stockings scattered nearby and as I picked up those odd, filmy things, I realised that I'd never seen her without them . . . they'd been a part of her.

My pulse hit 110 as I raced into the kitchen, crashing against the door. Bare cupboards. Empty fridge. Shit!

Into the second bedroom — there was

no need for a key. Nothing there either, no chickens, no mice. Had I been dreaming all the time? I rubbed my eyes, my forehead, feeling the sweat even though it was a cool night. There had been five boxes of birds and mice on those shelves, my mind said. Sniff. Can't you smell them? No.

The room was empty. Except for one thing. It was too dark to see what it was, so I bent to pick it up. As my fingers touched it, I flinched instinctively, backing away with revulsion.

Then, shaking my head to clear the fog, I reached towards it, whatever it was.

The flashing blue red blue turned my skin an eerie color. I almost fell with a surge of dizziness. Stand up, I said to myself. Slowly, slowly.

In my hand I held the skin of a snake, newly shed. It was perfect, each diamond pattern a mimic of the next, unbroken. I held it up and it dropped the same height as a man. Me.

My heart was beating like crazy. I leaned against the wall, sweat streaming down my face and chest. It couldn't be . . . I was going crazy! Coincidence . . . just coincidence.

The carpet gave a small roll. It would take hours for the drug to wear off. And the hours that I had lain there sometimes only half-conscious . . .

In one hand I held the snake skin, in the other the net stockings, and suddenly I wanted to vomit. 

PET OF THE YEAR PRIZES



1989



**GET THE ENTIRE USA
WOMEN'S HOCKEY TEAM
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With a Casio Pocket TV, you'll never miss another programme. Even when you're out, you can still be tuned in. TV410 r.r.p. \$399. Available from department stores and electronic goods stores.

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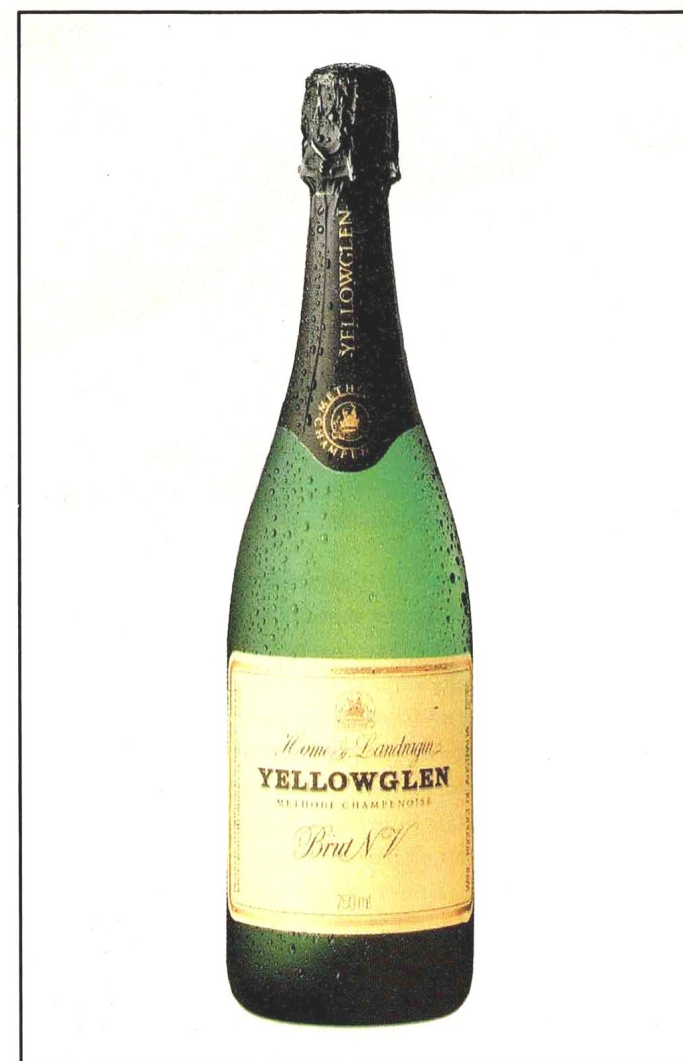
Oh what a feeling! From Toyota, our 1989 *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year receives a magnificent Celica SX Hatchback valued at \$35,000. Celica set new standards for Japanese designed sports cars when it was first built in 1970, and Toyota continues to employ the leading edge in motoring design and technology in this appealing, sporty and reliable vehicle. Celica uses Toyota's two-litre multi-valve Twin Cam engine in two stages of tune, available with five-speed manual or four-speed overdrive automatic.



Wendy Manzo Diamonds At The Hilton boasts Australia's most unique and exquisite jewellery and once again this year they have handcrafted this beautiful *Penthouse* key exclusively for our Pet Of The Year. The key and chain, valued at \$6500, have been created in solid 18-carat yellow gold and the key is set with a perfect, brilliant-cut fine white diamond weighing a half-carat. Wendy Manzo Diamonds will also present each contestant with an exclusive *Penthouse* key and chain in solid nine-carat gold. Each of these keys is valued at \$550.



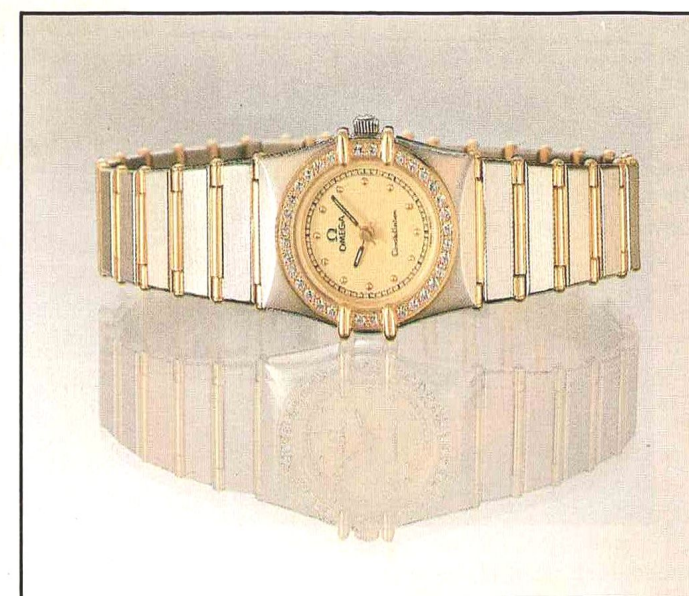
Ray-Ban, the world's finest sunglasses, come to the Pet Of The Year party with four pairs of their top-of-the-range styles. Terri takes home the Deco and Orion styles pictured here, the newest eyewear lines in Ray-Ban's high quality range. Ray-Ban lenses are made of optical glass, scientifically formulated to provide full glare protection and to enhance vision. From Bausch and Lomb, Terri's Ray-Ban prize is valued at \$800.



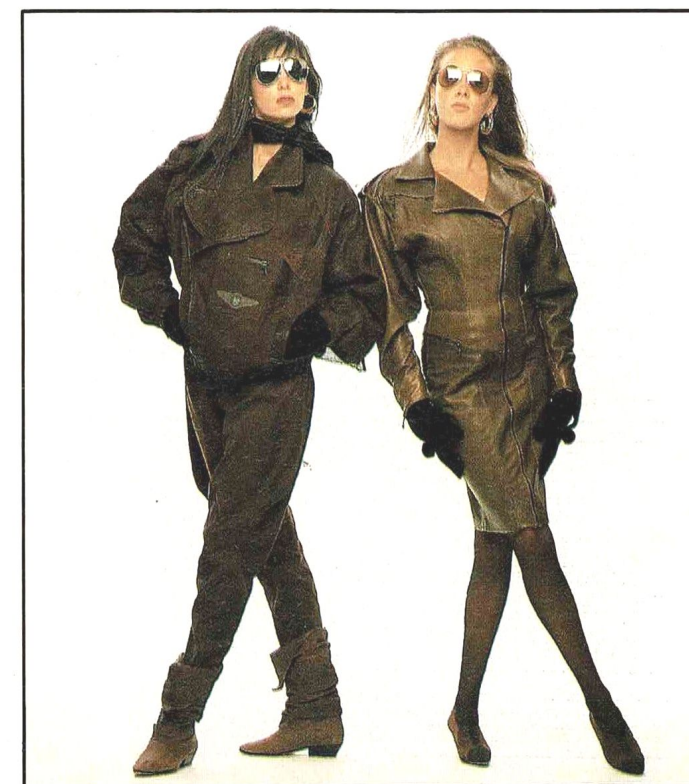
From Yellowglen, Terri receives \$5000 worth of superb sparkling wine. Yellowglen, an Australian winemaker exclusively dedicated to the creation of classic sparkling wines a la methode champenoise, provides the 1989 Pet Of The Year with a bounty of its finest product — Brut Cremant, Brut Rose, Brut Non-Vintage and Vintage sparkling wine. These are elegant, well-balanced wines that are celebrated nationally by wine connoisseurs.



From Canon, a most fitting prize for a girl who relates so well to the camera. Terri wins the Canon Sure Shot Tele, a 35mm compact camera designed for photographic flexibility, convenience and unimpeded creativity. Features on this top-quality model include: Tele mode (70 mm); Wide mode (40 mm); Multiple exposure capability; Built-in soft filter; One-touch exposure compensation; Three mode flash unit; Fully automatic operation; High powered lithium battery. Terri's Canon prize is valued at \$460.



From Precision Watches, a superb top-of-the-line ladies' Omega Constellation. This elegant Swiss quartz watch boasts a case and bracelet crafted in 18-carat gold and stainless steel. Its bezel is fully set with sparkling diamonds and its face is protected by sapphire scratch-proof crystal. Waterproof tested to 30 metres, this eye-catching high quality timepiece is valued at \$5000.



From Frantik, Australia's foremost leather fashion designers, comes a dream prize for our stylish Pet Of The Year — \$10,000 worth of leather garments designed especially for her. Like Annie Lennox and David Bowie before her, Terri will visit Frantik's headquarters to be fitted by award-winning designers who'll create for her the ultimate leather fashion wardrobe. Diversification and innovative excellence are the hallmarks of Frantik's spectacular success here and in the fashion export market to America, France, West Germany, Italy and Japan.



In the world of quality audio, high fidelity and high style have not always gone together. Components that promised magnificent sound would invariably look less than wonderful — bulky and imposing with complex controls only an expert could love. But the system won by this year's Pet Of The Year delivers the very finest in music reproduction quality with the ultimate in operation simplicity and a style every bit as brilliant as the sound. From Concept Audio, Terri's new system comprises a 50 Watt per channel integrated amplifier from Morduant-Short; A Rega Planar 2 turntable complete with just-released Bias cartridge manufactured in the UK; A pair of Morduant-Short speakers and matching metal loudspeaker stands; Remote-control CD player by Audio Dynamics; An AM/FM stereo receiver from Audio Dynamics with state of the art Shotz Noise Reduction to assure highly accurate reception with optimum fidelity. Total value of Terri's fabulous prize: \$4800.



Williams, Sydney's hottest and most sophisticated nightclub, once again hosts the *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year presentation night and presents the 1989 Pet Of The Year with a prestigious Williams Gold Card. The Gold Card entitles our Pet Of The Year to first class service at this elegant and centrally located nightclub, allowing her a range of special benefits including free entry for herself and six guests. The Williams prize includes 20 nights free accommodation at the world-class Boulevard Hotel and is valued at more than \$4000. Williams has every facility you'd expect from a nightclub that rivals the world's best, including a superb Supper Club.

Wally Lewis

Continued from page 55

always hearing about it. Whether that added to what I was born with, I don't know.

Penthouse: Would you have been an even better player if you'd made the move to Sydney five or ten years ago?

Lewis: Maybe. I would have been a lot fitter. I've often wondered about that. I might have lifted my workrate by being fitter, but I might have become a much more defensive player. I think one of the things that helped me in Brisbane was that because of the relaxed attitude toward defence — or fitness, which ultimately means the blokes slacken off their defence a bit — I had more scope to try things. I see a lot of blokes at the moment who I believe have got great talent but have been stifled by defensive coaches . . .

Penthouse: Is Steve Mortimer under Warren Ryan the classic example?

Lewis: Yeah, I think so. Mortimer under Ted Glossop was a fucking freak. He'd get the ball and chip kick on his own 22-metre line, and he used to score 60 and 70 metre tries all the time. I'm not saying Warren Ryan's not correct with his style of coaching; he won two grand finals with it at Canterbury. But it's not the same Steve Mortimer as it was . . .

Penthouse: Were you aware of Section 7 of the ARL's Code of Behavior when you were working with Adrian McGregor on the book *King Wally*? [Section 7 states: "Players shall not at any time make any comment in any publication . . . detrimental to the interest, welfare or image of the game."] Didn't it occur to you that while the opinions in the book were aired by McGregor, and often in fact came from other sources, most people would assume they were mainly fed to him by you?

Lewis: We didn't have Section 7 in Queensland. We didn't sign the same players' agreement as they did in NSW. But I've got no regrets about anything that was written in the book. People see it as being my comments, or my approval being given to Adrian's comments. Some of them I agreed with; some I didn't. But they were his comments, and if people want to label them as being my comments, I'll accept that criticism. I don't give a shit. People have been abusing me long enough. But as I keep saying, if people can find in there a direct criticism by me of any player, I'll accept it.

Penthouse: In retrospect, would it have been safer to use the standard escape clause by splashing "The Unauthorised Biography" on the cover?

Lewis: No. I believe that's hiding. It's something I've never done. And I've never ever bagged a bloke in all the time I've been playing the game.

Penthouse: On that subject, Ray Price

wrote in 1983 that you wouldn't hold down a first-grade spot in Sydney; in 1986 he said: "Wally got five-eighth [in the Test team in preference to Kenny] because they made him Australian captain and built the side around him, which I think stinks." He was never censured by the ARL, as you were. Why do you think that was?

Lewis: He didn't come from Queensland.

Penthouse: So the whole business gives you the shits?

Lewis: I guess it does a bit. Nobody has ever censured him or given him a smack in the gob for anything he's ever said. But the only objection I've ever had to Ray . . . he was a very good player, but you've had blokes like Graeme Langlands, Johnny Raper, Reg Gasnier, Clive Churchill, Bob Fulton, Arthur Beetson — players who always figure in discussions about who was the greatest player of all time — and I can't remember any of those blokes ever putting another player down. They've only

6
Arthur Beetson
grabbed me and said:
"Did you read the paper
this afternoon?" I just
smiled. Arthur said:
"Give it to him."

ever had good things to say about players. They never said: "He can't play." They might have said: "Unfortunately he didn't have one of his better games, but . . ." Well, that wasn't good enough for Ray. He criticised me all the time. Before one Origin game in Brisbane in 1983 he was asked who were the key players in our team. He said: "It certainly won't be Wally Lewis. He's like the weather — soft and cold. A couple of tackles early will sort him out." As I walked on to the field Arthur Beetson grabbed me and said: "Did you happen to read the paper this afternoon?" I just smiled. Arthur said: "Give it to him."

Penthouse: That was the game when you barged through a Ray Price tackle near the line and scored?

Lewis: Yeah. I got up and said to him: "Soft tackle." Also, before the first Origin game the following year Ray had said: "Everybody keeps saying Wally should be captain of Australia because he's been vice-captain. I reckon we should pick it on tonight's game." That turned out to be probably the best game I ever played for Queensland. So a couple of journos went in afterwards and said to him: "Well, what

about your comments now?" Ray said: "Ah, give him the captaincy . . ." and sort of walked away. I don't know . . . If it had been me I'd have said: "Well, fair enough."

Penthouse: Some former great players like Noel Kelly and Johnny Raper accused you of "letting down your mates for the sake of a dollar" by allowing their privacy to be violated in *King Wally*. Yet you've been quoted as saying you never made a buck out of the book. Was that the truth?

Lewis: Yeah, I made fuck all. The fee I got was \$1000; the author got about \$5000. University of Queensland Press made a fortune out of it.

Penthouse: In that case, why did you spend so much time promoting it?

Lewis: Well, there hadn't been a Rugby League book for a long time. The publishers organised these promotions, and we hadn't even talked about that . . . Then it was organised that we'd come to Sydney, and it was funny, actually, because when we went down there the book hadn't been released; nobody at the press conference would have read it; and when the conference started they immediately said: "What about your criticisms of other players?" They got straight into me about Ray Price, Frank Stanton and Terry Fearnley [former Australian coach] . . . I looked up the index, wrote a list of what pages their names appeared on, gave them the page numbers and said: "Now, I'll give you blokes five minutes. If you can find any criticism by me of those people, I'll freely admit it." Then they said, "Oh . . . well, you've given Adrian McGregor full right to criticism." I said, "Hey, he can write what he likes. He's written a story about my life and I'm not hiding behind it."

Penthouse: Do you think the ARL has gone over the top in its attempts to mollycoddle its image, what with the \$3000 fine for criticising referees and the Code of Behavior, which effectively stops all useful and interesting behind-the-scenes comment on the game and stops an interesting literature developing around it?

Lewis: Yeah. I suppose I can see why they want to give the game an image, but at the same time I still believe in freedom of speech and I believe people should be able to say what they feel about the game.

Penthouse: Do you think the whole of League journalism would be much more interesting if Section 7 was dropped?

Lewis: Probably, yeah. I think it would create a lot more interest in the game. People would see it more like a soap opera: "Tune in next week and find out what really happened."

Penthouse: The ARL is being unrealistic and counter-productive in trying to put the lid on everything?

Lewis: I can see why they do it, but I don't think they're understanding enough of the

Continued on page 152



That's What Friends Are For

"Knowing you can always count on me, for sure . . ." hummed Nicole as she moved in on Rebecca. Rebecca took up the rhythm as their bodies swayed in harmony. The tune on the stereo was to be well and truly over, though, before their particular rendition was complete . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL







Hours later, they noticed that they were moving in silence. "It might be time for the other side," murmured Nicole. "I could stand an encore," countered Rebecca.



MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY

WILD IN THE STREET

The Jaguar XJS convertible demands respect

Let the sunshine into the Jaguar XJS Convertible, a fresh interpretation of an old theme, better and more handsome than ever and destined to be viewed by new generations as a classic motor car.

So tantalising. A sweet-sounding V12 offering effortless performance in a shape dreamed up by the gods. A carriage of pleasure reserved for those blessed with good fortune and fine taste.

Last year Jaguar chose the Cote d'Azur to launch the convertible to the world's press. There the car could be carefully placed in its rightful milieu. The ambience is so right. The Riviera backdrop. Golden girls and boys. Sun shining on a sparkling Mediterranean. Word weariness. Chic. Money as far as the eye can spy.

In this apt setting, the Jaguar drop-head is observed discreetly, and appreciated. Not so much an unseemly clamor, but a subtle acknowledgement, like that often detected among bidders at a rare art auction. In the land of lucre overload, the price tag is the last to be looked at.

Jaguar, at the pricy end of auto alley, sells aura and image and prestige and élan. And tradition.

There was no surprise at a charity auction last year when the nouveau riche Alan Bond succumbed to temptation, enthusiastically outbidding stockbroker Rene Rivkin to claim ownership of the first drop-head XJS to reach these shores. Without as much as a test drive around the block, the former signwriter forked out \$180,000 — 32 grand above the current retail — in order to be first on the block with the new toy. The very appropriate Riviera vibes are now evident as Big Red and the Big Cat purr around suburban Nedlands. It beats the hell out of a Hyundai as a conveyance in which to go shopping.

PHOTO COURTESY TONY LYON



WILD

The Sydney establishment's Charles Lloyd Jones is another recent acquirer of a Jag soft-top. The scion of the family which gave us the David Jones department store gave himself a Christmas present in the form of a sleek if somewhat menacing all-black drophead model. Actually Charlie had intended to swap his precious old ex-royal family Daimler for an XJS hard-top when he clapped eyes on the new convertible. Entrapped by lust, besotted by the charms of a big lady with her top down, he was a shot bird.

So while we've now ratified the view that the Jag convertible is a highly-desired automotive creation among people of substance, it should also be obvious that not many plebs will own such a car. Its price tag of \$148,000 brings with it a certain exclusivity that the aching desires of serfdom cannot threaten.

Just 120 convertible Jaguars will reach these shores in 1989. A car aimed primarily at the American market, it is very much in evidence along Mulholland Drive, where the rich and famous pitch their tents. A veritable Smarties box of different-hued XJS softies do battle for the prime spots out front of Spago.

How contradictory it is: a mix of old school tie and Reeboks. Understated British tradition — real walnut veneer paneling, chromium plate and Connolly hide — sitting comfortably with an open top design which screams *look at me*.

It serves as a happy compromise to those unprepared to recklessly abandon solid conservative values to take up with the last word in ostentation.

Those seeking to mix social legitimacy with a splash of flash have taken this Cat to their bosom. Sunlight is the worthy substitute for the spotlight for those who choose not to hide their well-known profiles behind black window tint. Posing? *Moi?* Heck no. Love those ultraviolets, babe.

Open cars have been an integral part of the Jaguar lineage down through the years, defiantly giving the two-fingered salute to the refrigerated British climate via a succession of rag tops, from the classic '36 SS through to the E-Type Roadster which made way for the XJS in 1974.

The XJS is nothing but a stayer. Fifteen years. And another five or six summers to come. The timeless elegance of marques like Jaguar makes a mockery of the model life of Japanese cars, which last sometimes as briefly as three years.

Jaguar is less disposed to carry on the fight with the calendar, less vulnerable to the fleeting flight of auto fads.

Jaguar has clung tenaciously to its magnificent V12 engine, through fuel crises and shifts of popularity, until back into fashion again it came. BMW's new 750 model enjoys V12 power as will its

upcoming 8-series coupe, and Mercedes-Benz is working on a 12-cylinder too.

Historically, there have been bad times. Silken and graceful and remarkably silent, the original XJS nevertheless had to fight hard for ultimate acceptance. There were its bouts with chronic unreliability in the early days, when Jaguar battled economic problems that took it to the brink.

Stoically, the Brits fought back. Somehow, Jaguar made workers out of men who'd made bludging an art form. It reinstated a pride in British craftsmanship. It rattled almost-empty coffers for sufficient pennies to initiate development programs. Engineers confronted the V12's quite unreasonable fuel thirst, and other problems were addressed and eliminated. Slowly, painfully.

Jaguar Cars survived and the XJS became a symbol of the resurgence.

And when the bank balance was healthier, and provoked into action by the

6
The XJS
rag-top is a
sporting car, yet not a
sports car. The E-Type
was a real sports
car
9

whiff of news that Stuttgart was working on an all-new Benz SL, Jaguar took the decision to whip off the XJS's top.

Karmann, the prominent West German coachbuilder, was handed the major task of developing the convertible XJS. It's never simply a matter of attacking the four pillars with an angle grinder...

Removing the roof scuppers the torsional rigidity of a car. Gone is the desirable firm platform suitable for bolting on suspension pieces and imperative to achieve crisp handling. A flexing structure produces constantly variable suspension geometry with disastrously varying handling, quite apart from the shakes and rattles that accompany poorly designed convertibles.

Putting the can opener to the XJS was no simple program. It meant significant changes, most of them too subtle to be obvious. Frameless doors are new, as are the rear guards, the saddle-panel behind the rear window, and the windscreen with its re-engineered pillars and clips.

Less noticeable are the structural changes, the strengthening around the massive transmission tunnel, heavy duty

bulkheads, double-skinned floor, and the substantial steel reinforcing rods running inside the door sills and windscreen pillars.

The result is a convertible with commendable torsional rigidity, about 60 percent as stiff as the Jaguar XJ40 saloon. That's good for a soft-top and probably beats most open cars hands down. If anything, the Jaguar soft-top convertible is, visually, an improvement over the coupe, a car spoiled by those clumsy curved buttresses swooping rearward on either side of the rear window glass. The lines of the convertible are simpler, smoother, jarring the eye not a whit.

Eleven seconds. That's all the time it takes to raise or lower the electrically-driven soft-top. Simpler to use than most flip-tops, the Jaguar's fully lined and insulated roof seals superbly, and while some wind noise is noticed at cruising speeds, it is hardly intrusive. Conversation is not endangered.

Climb aboard into a cabin that sends the mind spinning to and fro between 1970 and 1989. Leather, chrome and walnut burr of another era lie alongside hi-tech trinkets of '89 — the trip computer and ripper-ears off sound system.

Nestle your butt way down amidst that cream hide-covered bucket. Peer up and through the windscreen and then along a bonnet that seems to stop not far short of the horizon.

The cockpit is smaller than any car of such generous external dimensions deserves to be.

The XJS rag-top is a *sporting* car, yet not a *sports* car. The E-Type was a real sports car.

The XJS is too fat, all 1900 kilos of it, and too soft. The true aficionado cannot relate to the obligatory automatic transmission and a plush boulevard ride that delights and pampers American clientele.

Performance is more adequate than dazzling. The 5.3-litre V12 delivers a healthy 194 kW in a willing yet unobtrusive fashion. And so quietly. A top speed of some 230 km/h is achievable, with this weighty machine moving from rest to 100 km/h in an unhurried 9.1 seconds.

When in haste though, the driver must pull the spindly little T-lever to lower gear in order to dial up some accelerative urge. It's a car which responds with greater urgency once up to cruising pace, performing at its best well above the legal speed limit.

Lacking the on-road precision of its steel-roofed brethren, the convertible could show discomfort if pushed hard on twisting, bumpy roads. Nearly two tonnes of steel-tipped arrow dancing on those damned Yankee dampers adds up to hard work and sweaty palms.

Better the soft-top Jag be treated with more delicacy, greater respect. Back off. Relax. Soak up the rays. Smile. Be happy. ☺

...anyhow have a Winfield 25's



Five
smokes
ahead of
the rest

Winfield

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TIME
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THE BULLETIN
110,000

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
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WHEELS
61,500

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
128,137 *

In competing for the advertising dollar few magazines have the staying power to deliver the really glittering prizes.

However, while some have their ups and downs in circulation, Australian Penthouse is consistently healthy.

And constantly ahead of the rest.

In fact, it seems the thought of our 128,137* circulation exhausts them.

What an even further increase in circulation, which seems highly likely, will do is anyone's guess.

However, one thing is for certain, all Australian Penthouse figures stand up to close scrutiny.

For instance, our readers have a high disposable income; far higher than the national average.

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They exceed the national average in almost everything: buying cars, videos and recording devices, taking holidays, smoking, drinking and entertaining.

So if you have a product whose sale figures need livening up, place the advertising in the magazine whose figures don't look tired.

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*Source: ABC Audit, April 1, 1988 - September 30, 1988

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CROCODILE MAN

Continued from page 81

the bait, because the fat from the disintegrating carcass covers everything. It makes you sick. And emotionally it is extremely difficult, because the visibility is five to ten feet and when at last the son of a bitch cruises up, without any warning, all of a sudden that face is right there — and watching you. *You never get used to that face.*

The crocodiles' normal tactic was to bash away at the sides of the cage in their attempts to get at me, jolting the whole contraption around. One of them climbed on top of the hinged roof, bending the frame with its sheer weight. Others would linger beside the cage interminably, making it too dangerous to bring the boat across and attempt an exit; I'd have to wait, freezing from the shoulders down, until the bastard lost patience. But my main concern was that a crocodile would somehow entangle itself and drag the cage downwards, forcing me to bail out when I ran out of air. I always carried a 12-gauge powerhead in case I had to come out shooting. The whole experience was terrifying — far worse than anything I've ever attempted, with or without a cage.

The first trip to the Prince Regent was the most frustrating of all. We were working with a very dominant 15-footer who took over territorial rights to the cage and would practically kill any other croc who came near. The only problem was that he wouldn't perform; he would only approach the cage at night. We spent two weeks waiting for him to make his move, with no luck. But on the one occasion when he allowed an 11-foot croc to enter this domain, we learned something about the power of these animals.

The bait was tied to the cage, half submerged in the water, by a *one-tonne* rope. I was hoping that when a crocodile came up and grabbed it, he would go into the "death roll" underwater as he tore off a chunk of meat; meanwhile, I'd get heaps of footage. When the 11-footer — a small one — put his jaws around the bait, he broke all the ropes with one jerk of his head, and swam away. I got *four seconds* of film; for that I'd waited two weeks.

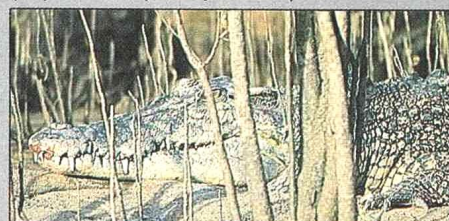
And as it turned out, that was all I got on that first trip to the Prince Regent. One year later I went back to the same river but chose a different location, well away from that 15-footer. And it was then that I started to win. In a four-week period I got eight "takes", where the crocodiles, averaging around 14 feet, would rip the bait off the cage, each time snapping the one-tonne rope. I could have used a heavier rope or wire cable, but the cage was being jerked around severely enough as it was. Making it more difficult for the crocs would only have increased the danger, both to

THE ULTIMATE SUBMARINE

Back in 1902 an old croc hunter wrote in his diary that the armed forces could learn a great deal from studying the crocodile. Had he known about submarines he'd have compared the crocodile with them — and he'd have found the man-made contraption vastly inferior. These are the attributes that make the crocodile a most formidable adversary:

- (1) It is brilliant at using camouflage. It can hide under a lily pad; submerge itself completely in mud; dive to incredible depths; advance right up into the jungle — and always its camouflage is *perfect*.
- (2) Its sense of smell is unbelievable. We found it could smell a carcass ten miles down-river with the right wind.
- (3) It requires nil maintenance. If it breaks any teeth, it grows new ones; if you tear off its leg, it will still live to the age of 120.
- (4) It needs little fuel. A crocodile can go *six months* without eating and lose virtually no bodyweight.
- (5) It can see extremely well underwater, and it can see at night like a cat.
- (6) It can navigate in total blackness with 100 percent accuracy. We don't understand how; we only know that it can hear very well underwater. Does it use some kind of sonar system?
- (7) It can move just as well on land as in water, and it can fly through mud at 50 km/h on its belly.

- (8) It can move without making the slightest sound.
- (9) It can hold its breath for an hour, and can slow its heart rate down to four beats per minute.
- (10) It is completely armor-plated.



- (11) It has a computer brain. Whenever we tried to build a blind — a screen of trees and rocks and bushes to hide behind — the crocodile always knew where we were, because it knew those trees and bushes weren't there yesterday. It knows every inch of its river, and it's terribly frustrating trying to film crocodiles in the wild because you cannot trick the croc.
- (12) It has incredible *ferocity*. A five-foot crocodile will attack a 14-foot boat — whereas a lion, for instance, can be scared away by beating a tin. The crocodile is so ferocious because from the moment of birth it's under attack from birds, goannas, rats and other crocs, and is continually hunted by larger crocodiles throughout its life. Ferocity is what keeps a crocodile alive.

myself and them. At least I now had some underwater footage of crocodiles.

It hadn't come without considerable cost. There had been several near-disasters, some arising from problems we'd never expected to deal with. One was the continual presence of bushfire in the Kimberleys. We were always worried about being burned out, and at one stage a fire went raging through the nearby spinifex and almost got to the fuel drums before we managed to put it out.

The campsite itself was a problem. We always camped within easy walking distance of the river, confident that the fire and the strange noises of the compressor and generator would keep the crocs away. I think it unlikely that a crocodile would drag a man out of a tent; but one night we made the mistake of leaving some large fishheads in a pile, and a big croc crawled out of the water and took the lot, not 20 metres from where we slept.

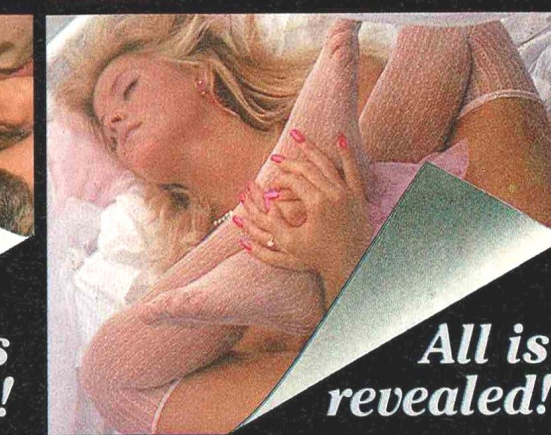
There were accidents, too, which might easily have been catastrophic. One time I was keen to try a different bait on the cage, so I waded into the shallow water with a handspear to nail one of a pack of five-foot hammerhead sharks. I planted the spear securely just behind the brain of a shark, but the prongs missed the spine and the brain; the shark went berserk, and the spear sprang back into my mouth and tore my lip and gums to shreds. I needed

dozens of stitches, but that was impossible. It was far from pleasant being in the cage and having to wrap a lacerated mouth around the regulator.

It was shortly after that when a crocodile, bashing away at the side of the cage, managed to loosen the pin hinging the roof. At that stage I had the roof up, well above the water level. When the croc moved away, chewing on his piece of donkey, I decided to come up because I was running out of air. As soon as I reached the surface, the roof came crashing down on my head. I suffered concussion for two weeks.

Ironically, the most life-threatening incident had nothing to do with crocodiles. It happened in that same billabong where, on the previous trip, I'd almost stumbled into the jaws of a big croc. This time, knowing he could be in there, I was well armed with a .30/30 rifle using hollow-point soft-tip bullets which explode like a hand grenade on impact. They'll stop a crocodile instantly if you get him in the head or anywhere down the backbone. I was standing on a muddy island in the middle of the billabong, filming some wild geese, when I heard the grunt of a scrub bull behind me, and then another. These are big, powerful animals, totally undomesticated and unafraid of man. They were tracking

Continued on page 134



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FORUM

After-hours party

It started at a tropical isle party my husband gave for his clients and friends. The party was held at his advertising agency. His office took up most of the second floor. Geoffrey, my husband, had had all of his office furniture removed and the room decorated for the party by an art director from one of the local TV stations. One end of the room looked like a cove on a Pacific island, giving the illusion of a short beach with the sea stretching into the distance. Palm trees were in each corner of the room and also supported the palm-thatched roof of the bar set up between the floor-to-ceiling windows, which had been covered over in such a way that the lights outside seemed to come from small huts. Hidden speakers spilled Hawaiian music into the room to mix with the recorded sounds of muted surf from the cove end of the room.

Geoffrey had hired a lot of costumes from a theatrical agency, and laid them out in the agency cinema so that people coming from formal parties (it was between Christmas and New Year) could select one and change in the executive bathroom.

Geoffrey had started the evening wearing a long sarong, but as more and more people arrived and the costumes were picked over, he had surrendered piece

after piece of his outfit. By midnight, he was in a very abbreviated loincloth. He had tucked his gold lighter into the pouch of the loincloth, fearing to leave it lying around to be stolen. Tucked as it was under his balls, it only served to make his equipment a little more obvious. I noticed that several of the women had a good look, and he was pretty much in demand as a dance partner, getting more than his share of crotch shoved against the lump in his loincloth. He loved it, of course. He looked good, too. Before the party, we and another couple, good friends of ours, had applied liquid tan to our bodies. In the soft lights our skin seemed to ripple as we danced; and Geoffrey, who was doing a good deal of gyrating, moved from one woman to the next, from one group to the next, seeing to it that everyone was enjoying themselves.

When the party finally broke up, the four of us good friends decided to remove our liquid-tan makeup before dressing and going home. When we were in the executive bathroom, Johnny said, "Okay, May, it's you and me first in the shower, and then we'll let Geoffrey and Diana use it." I glanced at Geoffrey, who was staring at Diana's body, and he looked at me and said, "Okay by me if it's okay with the girls." I'd already had a chance to see that Johnny had a dong that was large and getting larger as he eyed me from top to toe.

As Johnny and I crowded into the

shower stall, it might have been possible not to touch each other, but it would have meant pushing our backsides against the walls. His prick was too big, I guess, to stand up (as I've seen some stand up), so I decided to just let it pulse in my soapy hand. I gave it a couple of strokes before moving on to his balls and then to his legs, chest, and back, to wash the makeup off. His soapy hands running over my skin was giving me goose bumps — I was so excited. We didn't do anything else, just rinsed off and got out to let Geoffrey and Diana in. They both took in Johnny's hard-on, but didn't say anything.

We could hear them laughing inside the shower as Johnny finished drying my back, then turned me around to face him as he sat down on the closed toilet seat. He turned sideways and pulled one of my feet up on the seat beside his arse, and ran his fingers into my crotch. I was already wet inside as he twiddled my clit and then slid two fingers into me. He took his fingers out almost immediately and pulled me down on to his prick. It wasn't the most comfortable position, but the first strange prick that I'd had inside me since my marriage ten years earlier felt so fantastic that I didn't mind at all.

I was going to slide up and down on the magnificent prick some more, but I heard Diana coming out of the shower and slid off completely, leaving my foot up on the seat. "Well," said Diana, "I hope you two are enjoying yourselves." I don't know whether or not she had seen me actually on Johnny, but when I glanced at his prick, I could see that it was glistening with my cunt juices. Johnny saw it, too, and wrapped his hand around his prick and said to Diana, "Just looking at it gives a hurting hard-on, but it felt good to my fingers, too." Diana snorted but didn't say anything, so I guessed that she'd seen me sliding up and down on it. As far as I was concerned, it didn't matter. We were all together; it was highly likely that Geoffrey would be thinking of doing the same thing to her. I felt that if something happened, we would all be sharing together. Just at that moment, Geoffrey came roaring out of the shower, yelling that the damned hot water had run out and he'd had to complete his rinse in icy water. He insisted that Diana and Johnny came back to our place for some more champagne. They took us up on his offer.

As we left the building, Geoffrey grabbed Diana and hustled her into our Mercedes; Johnny held the door for me. The talk on the way back to our apartment was about the party, but we both felt the electricity shooting back and forth between us. We'd known Johnny for seven or eight years, and I'm sure that neither he nor I had ever looked at each other in real lust. It was more a matter of curiosity. I couldn't remember thinking of him in that way, and I doubt that he had thought of screwing me in anything other than abstract terms. For

all that, we now knew that we were going to make love together. I was bursting with desire and yes, I think, even love for this great bear of a man, and I wanted to feel him inside me again, but without interruption. I wanted to be fucked by him — and the more quickly it happened the better I would like it.

It didn't take long. Geoffrey convinced them, as soon as we had consumed the first bottle of champagne, that they were in no shape to drive all the way home. Johnny agreed that he would rather not have to make the drive. Geoffrey said they would have to sleep with us, since we no longer really had a guest room. Diana was acting funny, so I didn't know what was going to happen as we all stripped off our clothes and started for the bed. Diana put Johnny on one side of the bed and got in beside him, but Johnny wasn't having any of that. "Push over there, sweetheart, so you can be between Geoffrey and May, who will be here beside me." Diana moved over, but I could feel that she had gone sour for some reason or other.

We all lay there for a few minutes, saying nothing. I lay my hand on Johnny's leg, but didn't reach for his prick. Diana sat up and said, "I'm too crowded, I can't sleep like this. I'll go downstairs and put the sofa cushions on the floor, and then you guys will have more room. I've got a headache, anyway, from that last bottle of champagne." With that, she rose from the bed and left the room. "Now, what the hell's wrong with her?" Geoffrey said.

Johnny answered in the dark, "Don't know. She sounds a bit funny. Maybe if you go down there you can talk her into coming back up, and we might have a party."

Geoffrey said, "Well, shit, I'll give it a try." I hadn't thought that he would leave me in bed with Johnny; I still don't think he thought anything would happen while he was out of the room. No matter what he may or may not have thought — and we've never discussed it — I knew what I was going to do, and I did it. As I heard Geoffrey's foot hit the first step on the stairs, I rolled over and took that wonderful big prick, throbbing like a panting long-distance runner, and put it in my mouth. God, it was wonderful. I can't imagine that a man can understand how I felt, only another woman. That slightly salty taste as he leaked the fluid that greases the way for a man's semen was better than all the glasses of champagne I'd had that night.

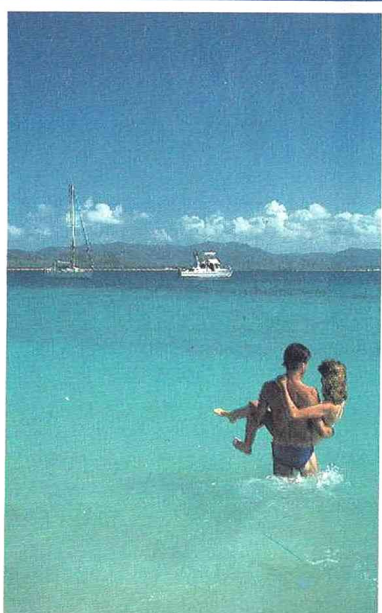
I didn't suck Johnny long, as wonderful as it was to lie there with his prick sliding in and out of my mouth, because he manoeuvred me around and over him so his mouth could reach my dripping cunt. It was fantastic, but I didn't want him to come like that — at least not the first time. I wanted to feel him flooding me with it. So I changed position again, turning around while I held him down on his back, and moved some more so that I was astride

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FORUM

him. I'd kept him in my hands as I moved, and now I raised myself up on my knees. I lowered myself minutely, and rubbed the head of his big cock back and forth, from the back of my pussy forward, to slide over my clit and then back again. I know I was moaning and shaking, and when I heard him suck his breath in, I guided him to the mouth of my cunt and slowly slid myself down and down and down, until he was buried deep inside me. I lay down on him and kissed him — really kissed him — for the first time in my life. He whispered, "For God's sake, don't move for a while."

It was the sound of his whispering, the feel of his hands going around in soft circles on my butt, the feel of my tits against his hairy chest, the feel of him inside me — throbbing and throbbing even though we were still, his prick a living thing in itself — I don't know what it was, but I couldn't stop myself. My pussy twitched and tightened itself on Johnny's wonderful, unbelievable prick, and his hands weren't so smooth now — they were pushing me up and pulling me down, and I was moving of my own volition, too, against him, away from him, up, down. Suddenly he scalded my insides with his come. And as the second wave washed through me, I felt as if I was coming apart with an orgasm that left me so weak and shaken that it

must have moved the whole house. I know I had started to cry out when his hand came down on my mouth and silenced me.

We lay there, shaking and holding each other, not speaking as the waves subsided. I moved slightly, not meaning to, and he fell out of me. I reached for a Kleenex and slid down his body to take his now only semi-rigid tool into my mouth, savoring the taste of our mixed juices, before wiping him off and wiping my own pussy, and collapsing on the bed beside him.

I must have been dozing, perhaps only for seconds or a minute or two, when Geoffrey came into the room and lay down beside me. He put his hand on my pussy, stroking my clit. He put my hand on his prick, and I found it hard as a rock; and funnily enough, I wanted it as badly as I had wanted the one that had been a stranger to me a few minutes earlier. It was, as I said, a funny feeling. I felt absolutely happy and sexy and ready to satisfy my husband and myself. I was suddenly a bit frightened, though — no, *concerned* would be a better word — when he got on his knees and turned around in bed, putting his head between my legs, his prick over my face. His tongue explored my clitoris and invaded my pussy. I wondered if he could taste Johnny's come, but I guessed he couldn't as he said, "God, you're as ready for this as I am," and lowered his head to start licking my clit again.

Johnny's hand grasped my own and

squeezed. He may have done it to give me strength or support, or I don't know what. I realised that I loved him at that instant, but I didn't need him. I loved my husband, too, and I wanted to do everything to and with him. I used my free hand to take him into my mouth and covered the head of his prick with saliva. I made noises that I don't usually make. I wanted Johnny to hear us and understand, through my hand that he held, that he was participating in this. Johnny grunted, and I knew he was masturbating with his other hand, and I was glad. It seemed to make the three of us closer together.

I could feel Geoffrey starting his big throb in my mouth, and as it had been with Johnny, I wanted to feel it come into my body. I whispered to him, "Now, damn it, now. I want you to fuck me, now." He wheeled quickly on the bed and thrust into my waiting pussy. Johnny was getting more excited, and was moving about a bit on the bed, as we could hear his hand working faster and faster sometimes pulling so hard at himself that we could hear his balls slapping between his outstretched legs.

"Don't pull it off, Johnny," Geoffrey said to him, "but I hope that you're getting some of the enjoyment from this that I am. If you are, know that we're pleased for you." Geoffrey continued moving in and out of me, at first slowly, but then I pulled my legs up and arched my back so that he would be higher above me and could penetrate more deeply. He increased his speed. A faint light from the window showed him moving in and out of me, and by moving my hand, I could just see Johnny beside me, watching us both and wanking away at his magnificent penis. I was truly in my glory as I felt Geoffrey shoot an enormous load of warm come into me, coming in three or four waves, each feeling better than the last. I lunged against him and managed to come as he finished, taking that one last stroke that I needed. As he withdrew, still holding me in the same position, he put his face to my pussy and licked my clitoris.

We slept the sleep of the innocents, all three of us. I woke up later in the night and went to the single bed in our daughter's room (she was away at school) after cleaning myself up a bit in the bathroom. As I fell asleep, I smiled to myself, thinking of what two of the nicest men in the world — and the two closest to me — had given me, and what I had given them. I'd never behaved like this before in my life; yet I didn't feel the pangs of guilt that I had always thought adultery would bring. Perhaps it didn't qualify as a adultery, since Geoffrey was a part of it. He probably figured out that Johnny and I might have done it while he was downstairs. As my thoughts started fading into the pale clouds of sleep, I believe I thought that it didn't matter, as it would probably never happen again. — *Name and address withheld*

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NIGHT of NIGHTS

"I've worked hard and wished hard. I even tried hard not thinking about it, so I wouldn't jinx myself." But good things seem to come in waves for beautiful Ginger Miller, the newly crowned US Pet Of The Year. "My career really took off after my first appearance in *Penthouse*," she says. "Now to receive such an honor as this — it's absolutely mind-blowing."

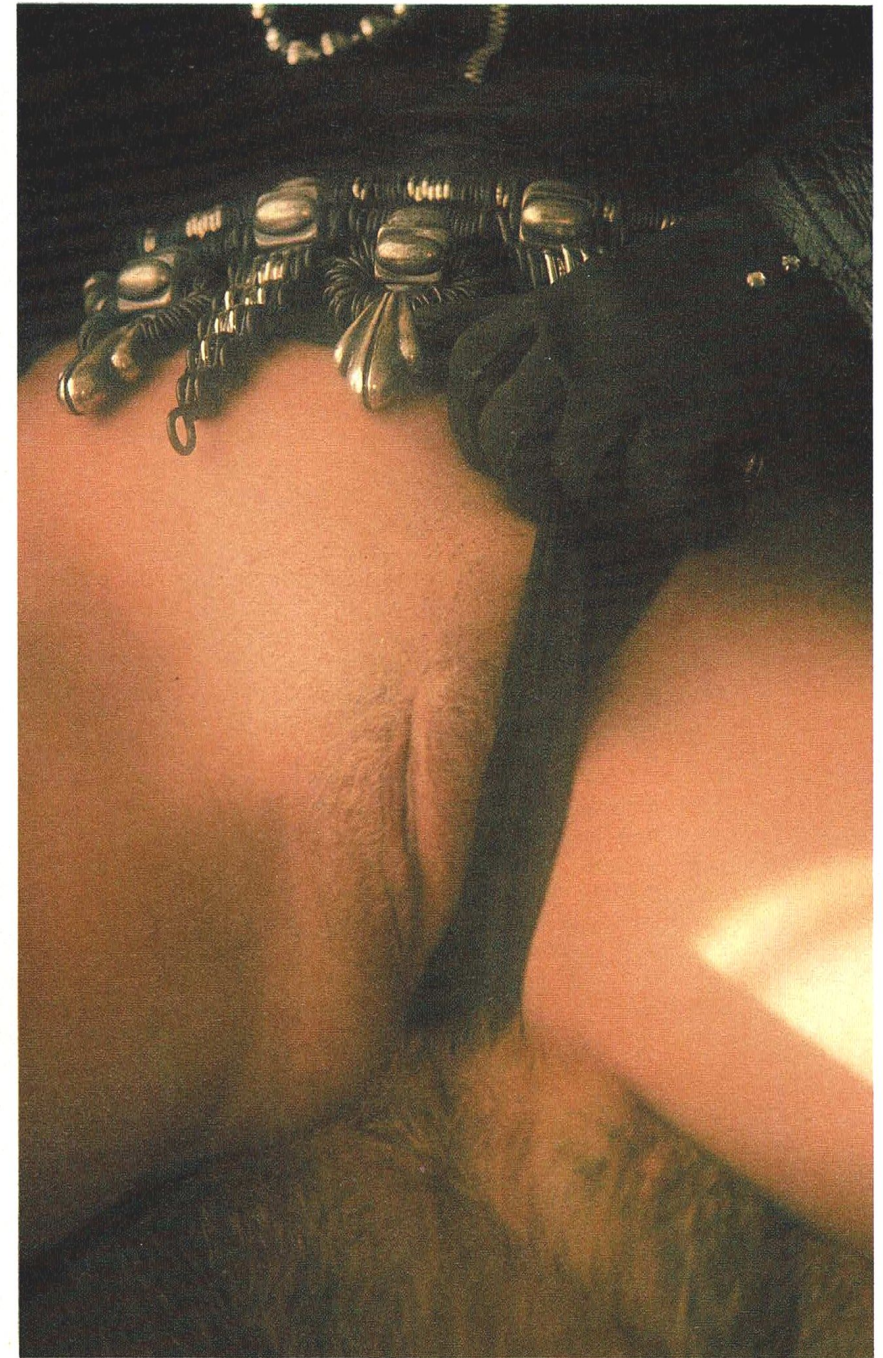


PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB GUCCIONE





Ginger reports that her affiliation with *Penthouse* has helped her gain "enormous respect and credibility" within the modelling community. "The response has been nothing short of astounding," she says proudly. "One thing has led to another."



CROCODILE MAN

Continued from page 120

toward me and I remembered I had only three shells; I'd been caught with my pants down. I couldn't risk a shot in the air to scare them; what if it didn't work? I realised, then, something just as important, just as central, as the sense of being in the wild: I realised that the thing that would keep me alive would be *ferocity* — the same characteristic that is fundamental to the crocodile. It was either going to be my head ending up full of maggots, or theirs — and I thought: "Fuck you — it's yours." I shot the first one; it took two bullets to bring him down, so I had one left. The other bull immediately came barrelling at me through the paperbarks. I couldn't shoot him straight away because if I didn't hit dead centre he'd still run over me. So I ran out into the mud. The bull followed, and when he hit the mud he slowed down, his head arched up, and out of pure ferocity — not guts, not intelligence — I shot him through the chest and killed him. That's why the incredible ferocity of the crocodile interests me. I understand it better now.

Everything is hard out there. It's dangerous working the ropes; it's dangerous working the cables; it's bloody dangerous getting in and out of the cage when there are crocs around; it's dangerous being in-

side the cage. There's the heat, the stench of the bait, the millions of flies, the mind-numbing frustration of it all ... and you can't even relieve the tension by having a few beers, because you can't afford to drop your guard for one moment. You come to realise that the real enemy in this sort of environment is yourself. There is a limit to the amount of constant stress a man can handle.

THE MONSTER

The final trip to the Kimberleys, late last year, was by far the most dramatic and by far the most successful. We tried a totally different location — a river which I can't name because its contents are too precious to me. In one 800-metre stretch of water there were three crocodiles: a 14-footer to the left, a 16-footer to the right, and in the middle, the big one: a 20-foot crocodile. That's not an estimate; we measured its imprint in the mud. Despite all the bullshit you hear, a 20-foot crocodile is an *extremely* rare animal. It is a true monster, and the undisputed star of the film *Crocodile Man*.

I now have 30 minutes of underwater footage, the vast majority of it taken on that last expedition. Prior to the successes, there was the usual litany of dramas and frustrations. We began by using the standard boat entry method — until, one day, just as I was about to enter the cage, a 14-footer appeared from no-

where and attacked the boat. He approached with his huge head right out of the water, apparently intent on swallowing the outboard. I jumped into the cage as Mark and John hit the motor and roared away with the croc in pursuit.

We decided then that the boat entry was not on. Later we found a new location where I could climb into the cage from a rock which was about four feet above the water level at high tide. There were two problems with that: the huge 15-foot tides we had to contend with, which meant I could only work at high tide; and one large croc who would always position himself between the cage and the rock and try to jump up and get me as I stepped across. The solution was to winch the cage seven feet clear of the water, which we felt was quite safe ... until, one evening, a 15-footer leaped seven feet out of the water and ripped the donkey leg off the cage.

Obviously we needed greater height — but we couldn't find a convenient ten-foot platform. We did find a cliff dropping 40 feet at low tide into 70 feet of water; the only option was for me to climb into the cage at the top and allow myself to be winched down the cliff face. Standing in that cage, wearing a full-length wetsuit in 45-degree heat, holding a powerhead and a camera and peering down a 40-foot precipice at the jaws of a waiting prehistoric monster was unquestionably the most nerve-wracking experience of my life. It resulted in the best underwater footage of the entire film.

Crocodile Man captures the dramas, the hardships and the triumphs we experienced over a three-year period working with crocodiles. It's an educational documentary, but with heavy emphasis on entertainment; there are three-minute segments of riveting underwater footage backed by a haunting synthesised soundtrack. It is the culmination of 30 years spent working with marine animals in the wild.

The more we learn about crocodiles, the greater our chances of saving them from extinction. They've been virtually wiped out in India, Sri Lanka, Indonesia, Thailand and the Philippines; Australia is the only place where they still exist in large numbers, and they are worth more to us in terms of tourism than the panda is to China.

But although Kakadu in the Territory is being well managed at present, there are not the populations of saltwater crocodiles in Queensland and Western Australia that we'd expected. Their habitat — and that of all the animals which live alongside them — is being rapidly destroyed by large feral animals. We saw very few hatchlings in Cape York and the Kimberleys, and if the destruction continues we'll be hard-pressed to find a single specimen of the world's only dinosaur 50 years from now. That would be a great tragedy. O—

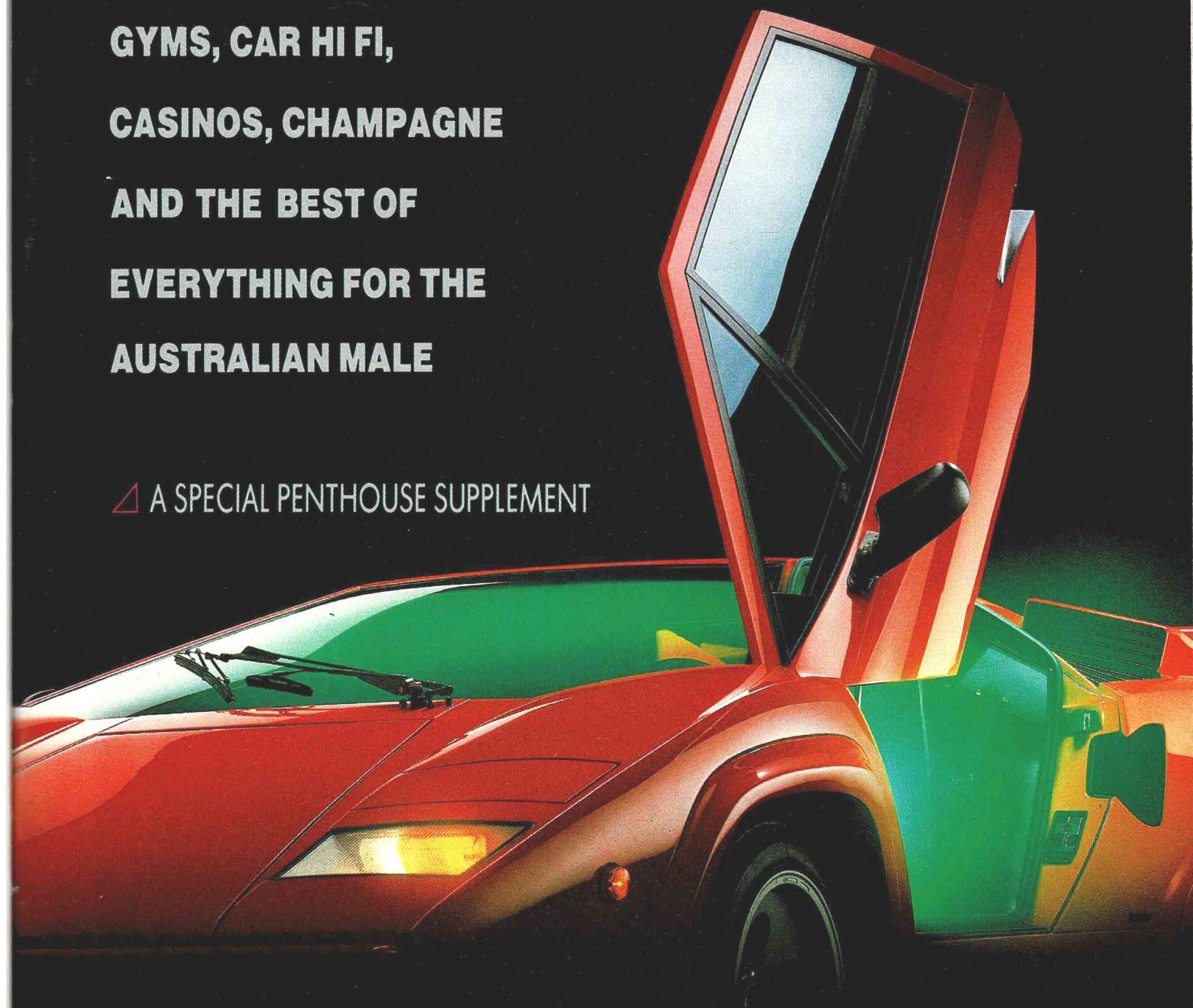


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SONIC BOOM

So you're in the market for highway hi-fi? There's no shortage of choices available but it pays to do your homework.

Forget about the dog. In this land of the long drive, a man's best friend is his car hi-fi. The right system, properly installed, will conquer the tedium of the kilometres, soothe the savage breast of the poor bugger stuck in traffic and deliver unto its proud owner more fidelity than Fido. Couple that with the pretty obvious fact that a pedigree car stereo will never drool or moult on your upholstery, and you've got to admit that highway hi-fi has got it all over the dog in every department. Unless, of course, you buy a dog of a system.

In the degree of difficulty department

choosing the right car hi-fi system these days rates somewhere up there with the triple backward somersault with twist and pike. That is not something to wander into blindfolded — or *earfolded*. How do you select a car audio system from the multitude of options available as well as one that will suit both your car and budget?

Like home stereo, car sound systems have come a long way in the past few years. New technologies have produced innovative products like CD and more recently DAT (Digital Audio Tape), both of which are revolutionising the way we play and listen to music. DAT is to cassette what CD is to LP records.

This means that to achieve good quality sound you can spend from around \$500 up to \$15,000 making certain that your car audio system gives the same listening pleasure as your car does driving pleasure. Alpine, for example, have just released a new and excellent sounding basic unit for around \$500 which can be upgraded to a "Super" system if the owner desires.

Buying good car sound can be more involved than buying a sound system for your lounge room. There is a lot of good equipment on the market but you will also be on the receiving end of a great deal of conflicting advice from sales people and well meaning friends. So before you rush off to search for a car sound dealer who can provide the expert advice you need, it is worth noting the following.

If a friend's system sounds great in his or her car it may not sound as good in yours unless you have exactly the same model, or the system is flexible enough to accommodate the acoustics of your vehicle.

Make sure that whoever you buy your new system from is, or has access to, a professional installer.

A good car sound installer has to not only have a good understanding of acoustics but should be a technician and a craftsman with sheet metal, fibreglass, leather, vinyl and fabric. Buying car stereo also has a few unique problems. Unlike home hi-fi units

you are not going to find a car audio dealer willing to fit a system into your car, then change it over if you don't like it! Also there is the added problem that different vehicles require different speakers.

Basically the electronic components — amplifiers, CD players, DAT decks, cassette tuners and graphic equalisers — will work equally well in any vehicle, allowing for the amount of installation space available. The most important aspect of installing a car system relates to speakers: which type and where they are placed in the vehicle. This is where the services of a knowledgeable dealer/installer are invaluable.

Having decided you are going to invest in a new car system where should you start? Most people think of an amount they wish to spend which may be based on how much a friend spent or by the discount ads in the paper. This is how *not* to buy what you need. It's fine to think of a figure, but be open-minded within reason and ask to hear equipment in a higher category. Always ask if the system can be built on to in the future as this saves money and saves your expensive vehicle going through dramatic alterations when you upgrade.

The trend in quality car audio is towards expandable systems. If you make certain that you buy a specialist car audio brand you won't go far wrong. Ask for brands which have won awards and receive good reviews consistently.

Purchasing an expandable system allows you to increase performance by connecting a much more powerful amplifier without having to change any components. You can add more speakers by using the built-in amplifier for the front speakers and connecting the new amplifier to drive another pair of speakers at the rear. The result, if installed correctly, will be cleaner and more dynamic sound. This also lends itself to the installation of Surround Sound — one of car audio's most exciting experiences.

If you wish to be able to compensate for the continually changing acoustics within the car (varying numbers of passengers and objects) you should take advantage of a graphic equaliser or equaliser/booster, the latter of which will also give you an increase in power.

By tuning the frequency response to match the acoustic properties of your car it is then possible to obtain the best possible sound under all listening conditions.

By purchasing correctly in the first place there is no limit to what you can achieve. In fact you can produce a standard of sound that is better than what many people hear from a home sound system. But remember, above all else, do your homework. Once installed it's too late. 

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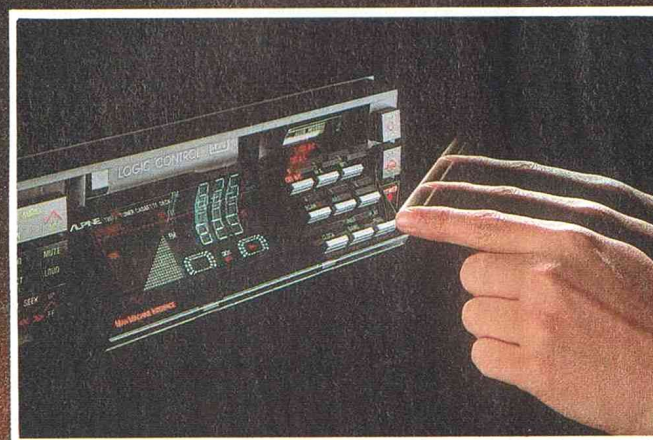
Alpine has given component car audio technology not only a great new look but a whole new dimension in ergonomic ease of use with the introduction of the ingenious **Unison** Series.

The 5930 Unison Compact Disc Player

The 5930 represents another Alpine breakthrough in digital Sonic Excellence. Offering superb clarity for maximum enjoyment of CD recordings it is also incredibly easy to operate. The ingenious front panel tilts out at an angle of 48 degrees so you can comfortably operate all functions without taking your eyes off the road. A large size FL display tells you the current mode of operation at a glance, with bright easy-to-read graphics. And of course all circuits and mechanisms are pure Alpine state-of-the-art ensuring the finest digital sound ever to be produced from a mobile CD player.

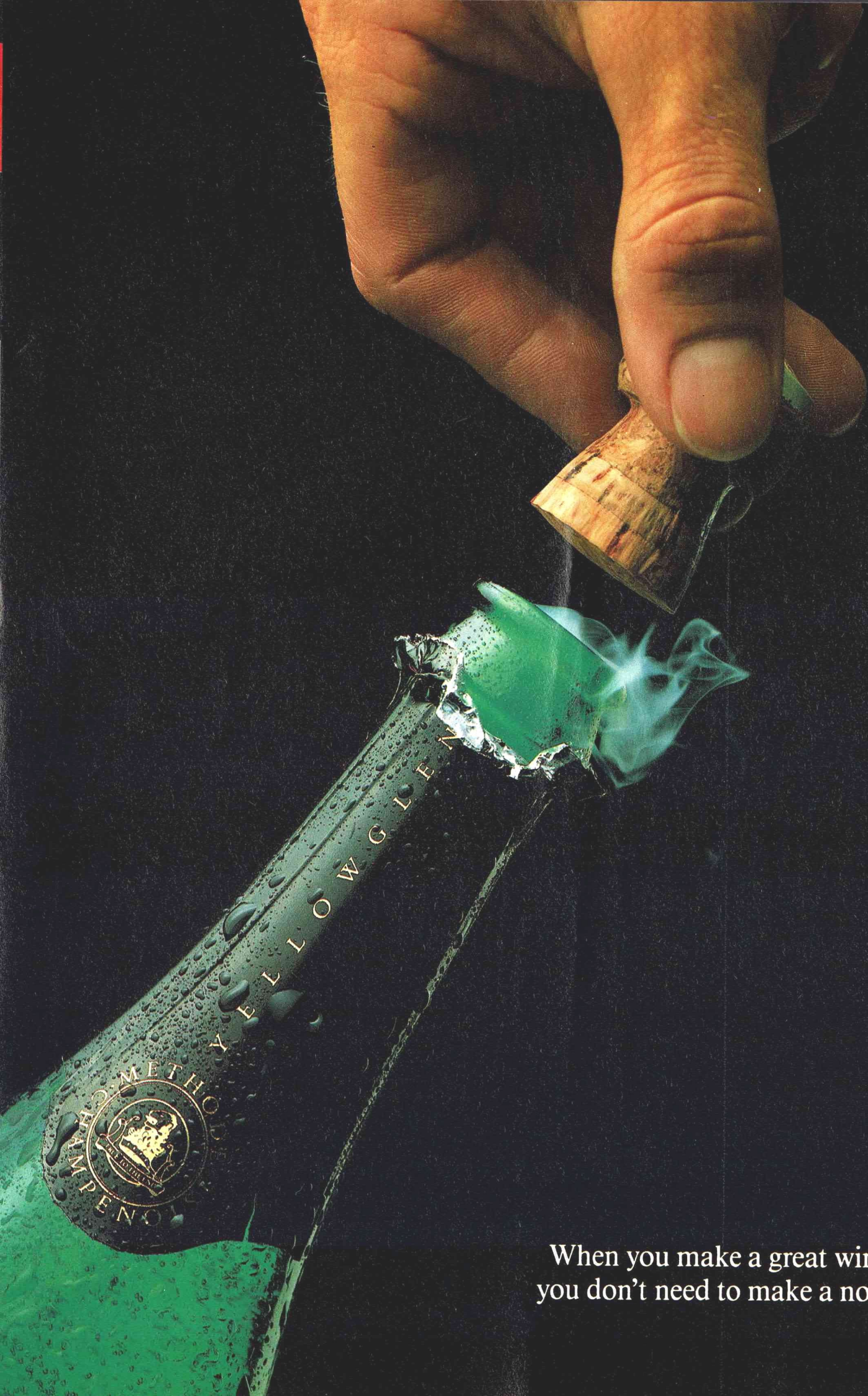
The 7357F Unison Tuner/Cassette Player

Like the 5930 the 7357F utilises the latest technology with its tilt down control panel. Featuring Alpines STAR circuitry for outstanding signal processing and highly acclaimed GZ mechanism for incomparable tape transport reliability, its performance is simply stunning. And as with all Alpine Cassette players, the 7357F is protected by a Lifetime Tape Head warranty. (Look for the LTH symbol, your assurance of quality). A T-10₁₁ tuner delivers superb quality AM-FM sound with incredibly accurate and clear broadcast reception.

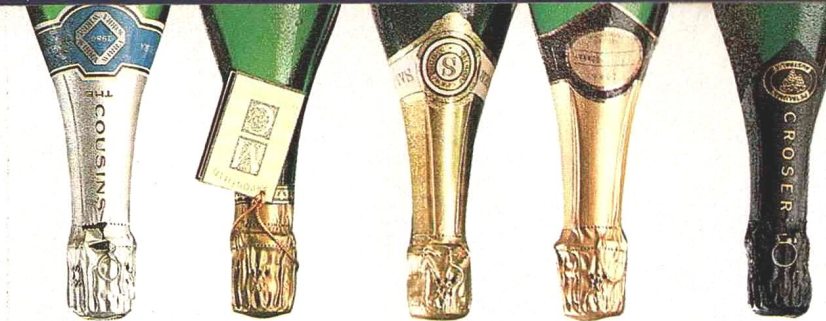


Alpine Electronics of Australia Pty Ltd, 4 Plane-Tree Avenue, Redwood Gardens Estate, Dingley, Victoria, 3172. Telephone (03) 551 8811.

T3M MELB



When you make a great wine,
you don't need to make a noise.



AUSTRALIA'S TOP FIVE SPARKLING WINES

Tips from the grapevine on the best of local bubbly

Until recently, the right opening for any Australian winemaker who charged more than \$20 for his bubble-filled product was the door — the one for those in grave need of psychiatric care.

In the past couple of years, however, the thirst for domestic sparkling wine has gone up as the strength of the dollar has gone down, but that's not the reason we're drinking less French champagne. What is particularly exciting about the Australian rage for sparkling wine is that it affects every level of the market. From inexpensive bulk processing bottlings, to the most fussed-over cuvee made in the same costly way as the fine French products. The last mentioned is the area we are concerned with here.

CROSER 1986

The only word for the way Petaluma does

things is class — that's fact, not hyperbole. It doesn't enter wine shows, never releases anything until it's ready, doesn't jump on bandwagons and the only quality considered is superb. Last year's first release of 1600 cases of the 1985 Croser was pre-sold to retailers before the release date. Its successor, the 1986, has followed the same path, albeit with an increased bottle count of 5000 cases.

Croser is, well, creamy — almost foaming. A clean, crisp finish follows a well-balancing, elegant palate.

SEPPELT SALINGER 1986

Over the past two years, all but eight of the 28 major wine trophies for sparkling wines have gone to Seppelts. Salinger is the pride, the slick racehorse.

The 1986 is an enormous, fabulous wine made from 45 percent pinot meunier

grapes and 55 percent chardonnay. At two prestigious blind tastings recently, Salinger was picked unanimously as French. Fool your friends at \$25 a bottle, or buy it for what it is — a superb Australian wine.

Rich fruit predominates with the chardonnay supplying a clear "bite" of elegance. Full in the mouth, Salinger is an anti-wimp of a sparkling wine big on the middle palate and long on the balanced, acid finish.

ARROWFIELD MC 1986

Over the past 15 years, Arrowfield has had more ups and downs than a lift attendant. A couple of years ago Australia's largest horsebreeding concern took over the ailing winery, put Simon Gilbert in the saddle and have had few occasions to look back. A major trophy and medal winner, Arrowfield MC is individual, classy and stylish. A gift at \$20.

Pinot noir is very evident here, giving a pronounced depth of flavor combined with an overlay of elegance. Excellent yeast with a clean, dry finish. Complex enough for discerning friends if you have any; mind-blowing for ex-Porphry Pearl pals.

WIRRA WIRRA THE COUSINS 1986

Greg Trott, owner of Wirra Wirra, is a man of many parts — self-appointed pisspot to the gentry, organiser of annual ferret-legging competitions and first class wine man. He first began to plant grapes for sparkling wine in 1977 but somehow the project failed to get off the ground until Trott's first release of the 1985 Cousins last year. The 1986 is in the forefront of the more restrained school of the new Australian sparkling tradition rather than the clout-them-in-the-mouth fruity style.

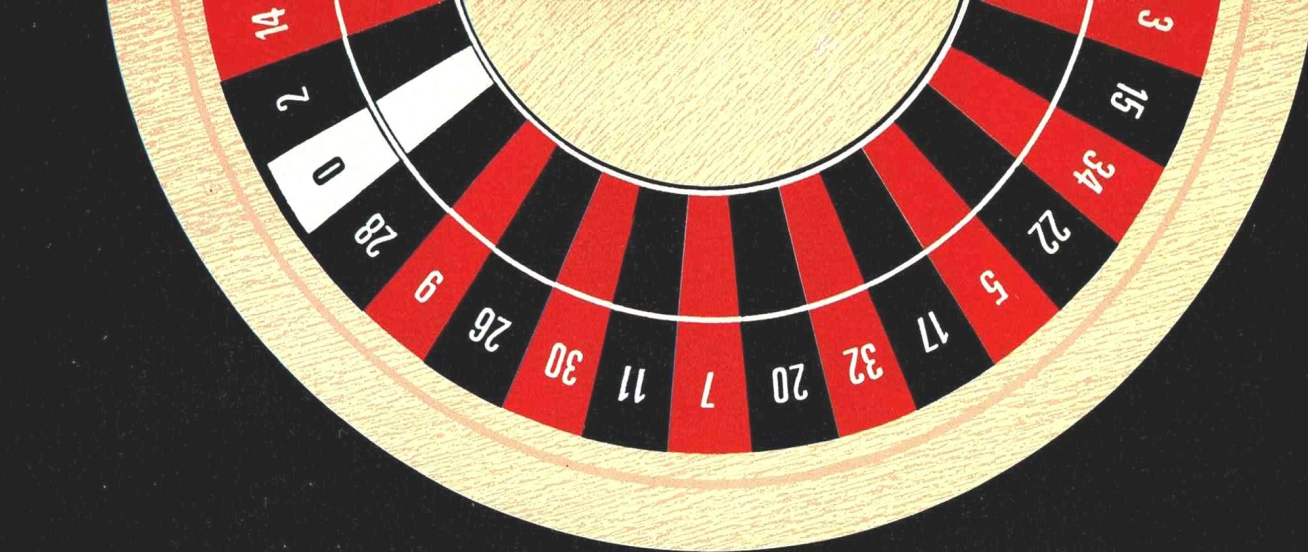
The Cousins possesses rapid beads of bubbles that remain until the last drop. A very complex nose reminiscent of Vegemite — but only slightly — and exceptionally fruity for such a laid-back wine. A firm finish worth every cent of the \$16.65 you'll have to fork out.

HUNGERFORD HILL PINOT CHARDONNAY 1986

Hungerford Hill have been running ads showing two bottles lying side by side with the tagline: "Will you still love me tomorrow?" She might even respect you in the morning after a flute or two of this. There's nothing reticent about this style; everything is full-on — characteristics a lot of drinkers would expect after paying \$21.25 for the bottle.

The chardonnay is very much to the fore here. A small aside: in studies, women prefer sparkling wine with a high chardonnay content. It is also superbly yeasty, a touch sweet (although only to the seasoned palate) and finished dry and clean. Highly recommended as a pre-dinner drink or to quaff through a ritzy meal. — Elisabeth King





Gambling novices
are cashing in on
Australia's
casino tournaments

ONE FOR THE MONEY

On the third day of the Adelaide Casino's Blackjack Tournament in June this year, Ken Eastwood, 52, sales rep for an earth-moving equipment company in Melbourne, went into the final with not one cent in his pocket. He came out with \$31,000, plus a Nissan Pulsar.

"Any Tom, Dick or Harry could have won it," says Ken. "I'm surprised a lot of people don't go in for tournaments; they certainly don't attract only top players. One player, for instance, was playing blackjack for the first time — another split picture cards and still managed to get to the finals."

Poker is Ken's game, so before he left for Adelaide, "I read a book on blackjack and away I went."

To play you need only the \$250 (variable) up-front fee. In return for this, the casino gives you \$1000 "monopoly money" for each round you survive. The first rounds are played for one-and-a-half hours. At the end of this time, the two with the most chips in front of them go on to the next heat.

In that heat, only the leading player from each table goes into the quarter finals, and the quarter winners become the semi-finalists. From two semis, three leading players go into the final — six players for six prizes; good odds when even sixth place pays \$3000.

Each year the Adelaide Casino holds four tournaments — two blackjack and two poker. All fees are returned as prizes.

Wrest Point Casino hosts blackjack tournaments each February and August, and a poker tournament in May, and takes ten percent of the entry fees. The Sheraton-Breakwater casino in Townsville and Darwin's Diamond Head casino are planning blackjack tournaments for April this year. Lasseter's in Alice Springs and Jupiters on the Gold Coast look on with interest. Burswood Casino in WA does not hold tournaments.

The Adelaide Casino's second blackjack tournament for 1988, with a stake of \$1000, was won by 24-year-old John Overbeek, from Dandenong, Victoria. John came second to Ken Eastwood at the June blackjack comp and picked up, all told, \$30,000.

With those results, did he have to be an expert?

"Not me," says John. "I don't really know all that much about blackjack. Poker is my game." The June tournament was the first he'd ever entered.



Brian Williams, 48, from Sydney, the Clark Kent of the casino world, is an electrical contractor by day; by night, he plays poker. To win. In 1987 he was Australia's first Poker Championship winner, collecting over \$50,000, plus two return tickets to Las Vegas courtesy of Qantas.

How do you go about playing in a tournament? In the Australian Poker Championship in Adelaide all players are given \$5000 in monopoly money — that is, chips minted just for tournaments. The play is against the clock. The heats, quarters and semis go for three hours; the finals, four. In the finals, players begin with \$10,000 play money and the winner is the player who, after four hours, had acquired the tallest empire of chips.

There's a gambling truism with regard to poker: "Bad cards don't cost you money." That is, you fold, while all around you may be throwing their chips away on medium hands. Poker's a game of waiting until you've got the cards, whereas in blackjack, unless you can remember what cards have been played in previous hands, it's a gamble. True, blackjack has basic rules which you flout at your peril, but you don't have as much control over the game as in poker.

At one end of the spectrum, tournaments provide an expensive, adrenalin-producing fillip to the daily grind; at the other — who knows? You could give up the nine-to-five routine and live the life of the high roller.

If you'd like to try it out, there's the regular Saturday night High-Rollers' Special return flight, Melbourne to Adelaide, at a cost of \$160. Arrive in Adelaide at 6pm, gamble all night, then pile on to the bus back to the airport and home.

"All Night Gambler" flights from Sydney to Melbourne (straight through, \$249 return) are run intermittently. The interesting thing about these trips is that you may be eligible for a full or part rebate of your fare depending on your level of play — ie how much you're prepared to spend. You may not spend it; you may win, but you must come across from the jump as a mover. The next step could be the tournaments.

— Marie Gordon

WET'N'WILD



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If you thrive on high performance riding, testing the limits of your ability, or just enjoy relaxing with the family and friends — then the '89 Wetbike is for you.

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Men's cologne is a tricky subject. A megabuck industry to be sure, but one resting on the most intangible of foundations. In the realm of the senses, the olfactory one is the most mysterious, the most primevally evocative and the least explicable. How does one describe a fragrance without wallowing in a mire of unintelligible wank? We react differently to different fragrances and fragrances react differently to us, depending on our individual chemistries. One man's "light, sporty, citrus-tone" may be another man's lemon Pine-O-Cleen. Consequently men's fragrance is sold on image and a lot of men find themselves wearing popular colognes that don't suit them.

Habits and prejudices play a part. Women will experiment with perfume until they find one that is right for them. Men seldom do. Indeed, some men would rather be caught with their pants down in a leather bar than be caught smelling of anything other than sweat and Sunlight soap. Most however fall into the take it or leave it department — take what's given them at Christmas and use it or leave it in the bathroom cabinet. Beyond these is a growing number of men who know how to or are learning to appreciate a men's fragrance for what it can do for them psychologically and sexually.

To say that a bottle of aftershave can be the passport to sexual prowess is pure bunkum. But how you smell is as important a key to the sexual psyche of women as your personality and your baby blue eyes. Somewhere there may be a fragrance that reacts perfectly with your natural pheromonal odor to enhance your attraction both generally and sexually.

No woman will deny that a subtly fragrant man is a sexy man. Note the use of the word "subtly." The right cologne, applied so sparingly as to be consciously unnoticed outside intimate range, will arouse a woman's attention. Within intimate range it can turn her knees to water, for starters. Overgenerous application of any cologne, no matter how expensive, will have them giggling at your expense in the ladies' powder room — not to mention what they'll be saying about you in the gents'.

Yes indeed, men's cologne is a tricky subject but for those adventurous and brave enough to front up at the men's toiletries counter at a department store — and courage is necessary in these sensory-baffling sections — the ultimate rewards may be truly worth it. Sample sparingly, allow an hour or more for any fragrance to react with your skin oils, then gauge your own reaction and those of women friends — they'll be more than happy to offer advice — take it slowly and persevere. Where do you start? On this page we've assembled an array of classic and newly available men's fragrances, all of which appeal for varying reasons. ☐

The Aromatic Male

The sense of scents



MUSCLING IN

Choosing the right home gym equipment needn't be a painful exercise



A lot of people have been figuring that gymnasiums ain't what they used to be. Paying \$7 a time to work out with 150 other jocks in a sweat-soaked environment — "Hey, wait your turn, pal!" — is not everyone's idea of a good time. So the past two years have seen a spectacular increase in sales of home gym equipment.

Trouble is, the vast majority of domestic gym equipment sold in Australia is cheap Taiwanese junk. In the case of an exercise bike or rowing machine, the stuff usually ends up wrecked beyond repair in three months, and a lot of people have expended more energy trying to get their money back than they did in blowing it; but in the case of the weight machine, shonky equipment is not only a rip-off but can be downright dangerous as well.

There is some good quality imported stuff available in the weight machine line, but it's far more expensive than an Australian-made product that is rapidly gaining popularity among the muscled mob for its quality of construction and value for money. Australian Fitness Suppliers, a Brisbane-based company, produces three home gym systems, the top-of-the-line being the AFS Pro Executive Pin Weight Gym. At around \$1600 it's not cheap by any means; but if you're going to chance your arm on a domestic set-up, it's simply the best choice there is.

The AFS Pro Executive is all fully-welded BHP steel, built to the same commercial standards as the single-function

machines used in gyms. But by making a few simple adjustments you can get it to perform 16 different functions; throw in the optional abdominal board and you have a *complete* home gym catering for every muscle in the body. It's safe, strong and built to last a lifetime. It's well padded with quality upholstery. It won't rock or shake like an aluminium machine when you get physical with it. It comes with a 12-month unconditional guarantee and because it's made here, you can get fast back-up service if necessary.

More important than any of this, though, is the fact that this machine is *biomechanically correct*. In other words, it performs each of its different functions *properly*. There are fairly rigid standards for all commercial gym machines, and the Pro Executive cuts the mustard on all of these. For instance, if you're doing leg extensions, the pivot point must be directly in line with the knee; if it isn't you're *not* doing leg extensions but something else — and whatever that is, it's probably no good for you. So if you buy a piece of Taiwanese rubbish, thrown together with no regard for biomechanics and basically designed to accommodate a typical Taiwanese rather than a six-foot 12-stone Aussie, you're just not being fair dinkum about exercise.

If your budget doesn't run to \$1600, you can still get most of the advantages of the Pro Executive in the AFS Home Gym No 1 — at around \$800 to \$900. This machine

will perform nearly all those 16 functions perfectly adequately; the only difference is that it's free weighted rather than pin weighted, which means it's not as safe (especially for the kids, who shouldn't be picking up weight discs at any time) and it involves more mucking about to make the various adjustments. The same applies to the Home Gym No 2. It's designed for people with space restrictions and sells for \$500 to \$600.

There are home gyms superior even to the AFS Pro Executive. You could, for instance, shell out \$6000 or so for the best imported stuff, which happens to be Tunturi, made in Finland. It's pretty, it's functional, it's beautifully built — but at four times the price, it won't do its job better than the AFS system, and it won't last any longer either. Why pay a fortune when it won't give you the edge?

Most Australian states have their own domestic gymnasium product, and they tend to stick with it; however, with the growing popularity of AFS equipment, it's possible to find an outlet in most capital cities. If you ring the manufacturers on 07-2752501, they'll point you in the right direction.

A tip: when you become the proud owner of any sort of home gym equipment, don't sock it away in a back room. The only hassle with going solo is the problem of motivation, so the idea is to keep the thing in a position where it will induce waves of guilt each time you walk past it. 



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Celebrating the enduring appeal of the T-shirt

If there is one garment that could be said to best represent Twentieth Century apparel that garment would have to be the T-shirt.

Perhaps it's apt that in a century in which man reached out for the stars, solved untold riddles of medical science and devised the means for the ultimate destruction of his planet he should choose to get about in a shirt originally designed as underwear. All that stuff's hot work and who wants to be bothered with a whole bunch of bulky clothes?

The US Navy was the daddy of the T. Though button-up undershirts date from late last century, the T-shirt as we know and love it had its manly origins as standard American Navy kit in the Second World War. When Johnny came marching home he packed away his uniform but hung on to his T-shaped skivvy shirt, all the better to lounge around the house and drink Budweiser in.

It was in 1947 that the T-shirt really burst upon the international stage — stretched across a set of pecs belonging to Marlon Brando in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. The way Brando wore that T was nothing short of obscene. It clung to him like dirty paint and sneered a message of crude masculine sexuality that was impossible to misinterpret. Though the slogan-printed T-shirt didn't arrive on the scene until almost two decades later, the future of casual fashion was written right there across Stanley Kowalski's sweaty chest.

Seven years later Brando further entrenched the cult status of the T-shirt when he teamed it with Levis and a black

leather jacket in *The Wild One*. A sexy and surly James Dean did his bit for the T that same year when he mumbled his way through *Rebel Without A Cause*. So was decreed the uniform of rebellious American youth.

And so to the psychedelic Sixties when the T-shirt was officially accepted as an outer garment. The first colored T-shirts fronted up in the early Sixties and the first printed Ts weren't far behind. The slogans were harmless at first — corporate logos, sporting team identifications, university names — but as the Sixties swung into the Seventies, open slather was declared on the bosom of the Western world. Anti-war slogans jiggled beside depictions of Snoopy which took their place beside T-shirts designed to look like formal wear and ones that declared their wearers to be virgins. The last, we were told, were very old T-shirts. The human as moving billboard had arrived. Who can forget the Richard Nixon T-shirt ("Would you buy a used car from this man?"), the peace symbol designs and all those atrocious star sign jobs?

Throughout its ascendancy to the halcyon position it now enjoys in every wardrobe the basic design of the T-shirt has varied not a whit, if we can conveniently disregard the V-necked variation popularised by John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever*. And forget it we must because some things just ain't to be monkeyed with. As the T-shirt nears its 50th birthday, let us pause to pay our respects. Without it, by jingo, 99 percent of us simply wouldn't have a thing to wear. 

the nudges

50

IT ISN'T ALL THINGS TO ALL PEOPLE.



IT'S ALL THINGS TO A SELECT FEW.

The thought of touring appeals to most riders. But in reality, there are very few serious tourers around these days.

You're looking at one now.

The new BMW K100LT is a specialist touring machine that lets you ride further, and faster, in comfort.

And, because of BMW's renowned reliability, it will never

let a tour de force turn into a tour de farce.

It was designed in the world's most advanced wind tunnel. Our own.

Its ergonomic layout gives you the most comfortable riding position on two wheels.

And because it's a specialist tourer, you get practical standard features such as integrated

panniers, automatic suspension levelling and an integrated stereo with handlebar mounted controls.

Of course the new K100LT will be beyond the reach of most. So all this will only be appreciated by a select few.

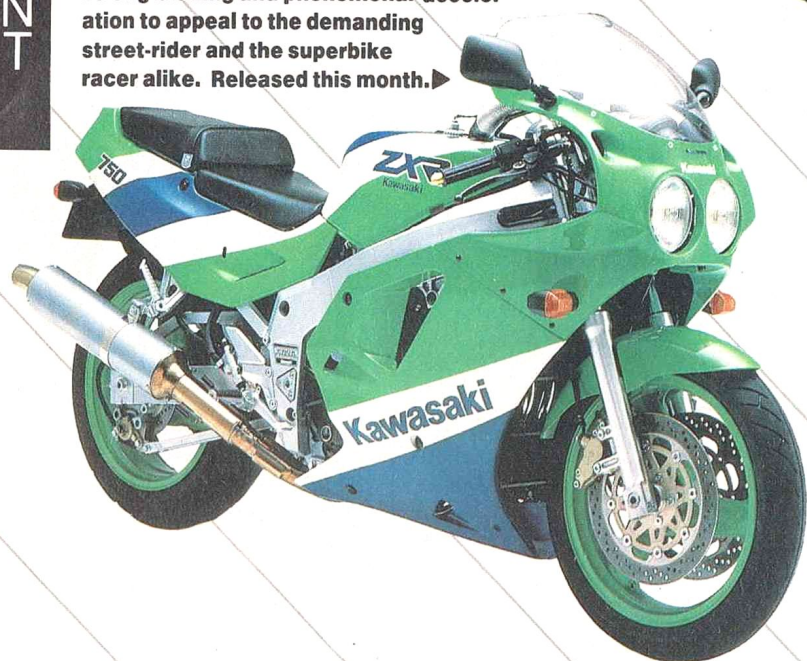
The select few who ride it.

THE BMW K100LT
THE ULTIMATE RIDING MACHINE.



The Ball Partnership BMM2011

For 1989 Kawasaki introduces the ZXR750. Based on their highly successful ZXR-7 endurance works bike, this high-performance machine combines precise handling, strong braking and phenomenal acceleration to appeal to the demanding street-rider and the superbike racer alike. Released this month. ▶



The Sadler Vampire is the ultimate light, versatile and economical aircraft. Folding wings allow one-person loading on a custom trailer for transportation. At \$23,000 the Sadler Vampire costs about the same as a family sedan while offering fuel economy and efficiency beyond any motor vehicle. Available from Skywise Ultraflight ◀ (02) 707 2131.



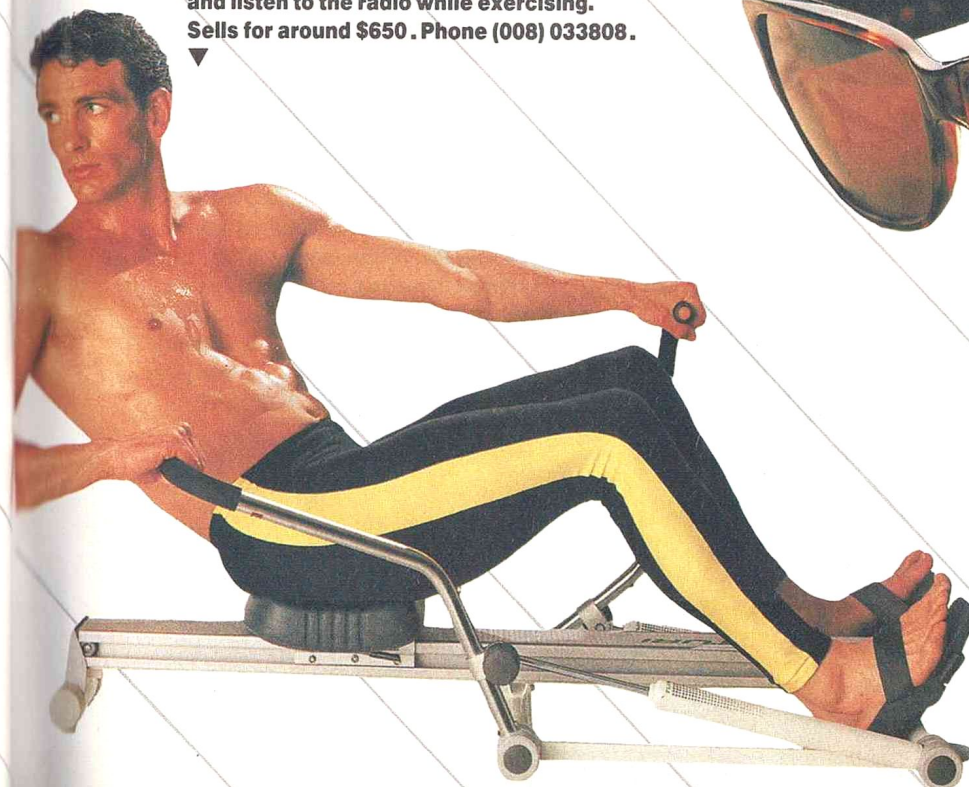
▲ Newly available in Australia, the Reebok range of runner's apparel styled in high-tech polyester tricot. These sheer and lightweight garments breathe to cool the runner and yet repel perspiration so as not to weigh him down. In an array of fashion brights, Reebok apparel is now available in sports and department stores.

The Tan Sunbed, now available in Australia, is the first sunbed system to successfully control the amounts of various ultraviolet rays emitted and render suntanning treatment safe. Sells for around \$895 at leading department stores and through Tanfast Australia. For all the details phone (02) 371 0287. ▼



Could be the lazy man's unicycle — complete with training wheels. Or it could be a ton of fun in its own right. LeRun Skatebike won't set any speed records, but is a novel way of getting from A to B. Steer with the hips — and back pedal brakes keep things under control. Rrp is around \$200.

The Tunturi R203 Rower exercises most major muscle groups, is stylishly and sturdily designed, precision-made and silent enough to allow the user to watch TV and listen to the radio while exercising. Sells for around \$650. Phone (008) 033808. ▼



▲ As well as being the fashion eyewear choice of such trend-setters as Mickey Rourke and Don Johnson, Persol sunglasses from Italy offer an anatomically correct fit and maximum comfort. Lenses are cut from optical grade hardened glass and provide very high absorption of Infra Red and UV. Selling for \$215 through The Leading Edge (008) 033808.

The Sharp CD-X10 features a front-loading, programmable CD player with three-beam laser pick-up in combination with the unique Sharp "Twincam" back-to-back double cassette deck with automatic reverse; a 24-key remote control; detachable two-way four-speaker system; X-Bass boost and digital tuning with presets. Innovative tripod speaker stands are optional. Sells for around \$1299 at Sharp distributors.



The Philips 85cm infra-red Uni-Remote Control Hi-Fi Stereo Teletext Color Television brings cinema-style viewing to your home, offering hi-fi stereo surround sound producing 80 watts RMS, a dark glass FSQ picture tube, picture in picture, computer-controlled teletext and contour boost for relief in soft outlined pictures. With stand, rrp \$6000.



Sony's revolutionary new GV-8 Video Walkman is a complete TV/Video system the size of a pocket notebook. Combines an advanced three-inch LCD screen, sophisticated tuner and full function Video 8 deck. Can be used as a normal TV inside and out; it can record programs or play back prerecorded tapes and its input/output terminals allow its use as a monitor when recording from a camcorder or connection to other A/V equipment. On sale this month for a rrp of \$2499.

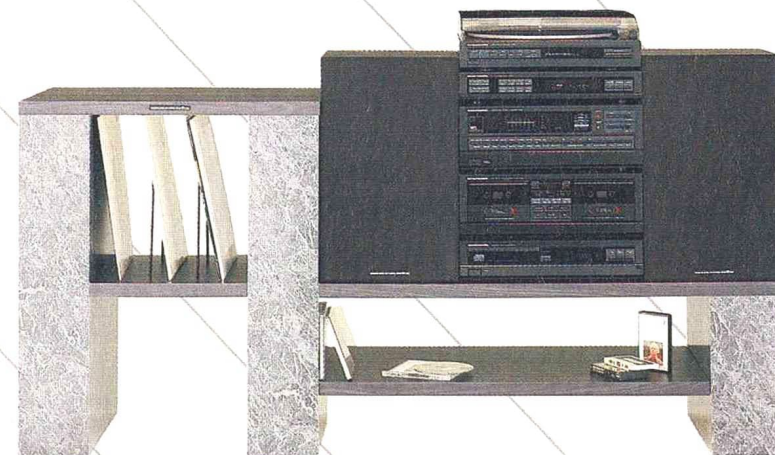


Enter the full depth, full color world of X-Specs 3D. Advanced high-speed liquid crystal shutters allow your computer to control what each eye sees independently (at 30 frames a second). The results are breathtaking. Objects step out of your computer display with lifelike reality, adding an extra dimension to graphics — and games are just over the top. A variety of new programs support the system, which combines with an Amiga computer. More info on (02) 457 8118.

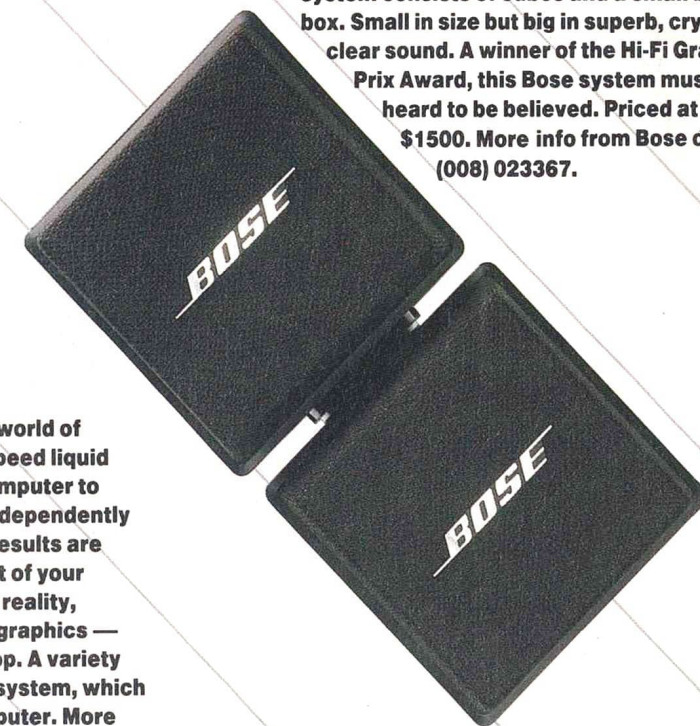
Technophone from Imagineering lays claim to being the world's smallest and most advanced hand-held cellular phone. Developed in the UK and manufactured in Australia, the Technophone is just larger than two cigarette packs placed end to end. It can be used while recharging, can be programmed against unauthorised use and can be plugged into your computer or fax. Rrp \$4995.



The Marantz Studio 683 is a sophisticated Audio-Video Centre with full remote control and built-in surround sound processor to give you cinema style effects in your living room. Priced at \$2649. The addition of a compact disc (\$499) will complete the home entertainment system.



The Acoustimass Speaker System from Bose has taken the hi-fi world by storm. The system consists of cubes and a small bass box. Small in size but big in superb, crystal clear sound. A winner of the Hi-Fi Grand Prix Award, this Bose system must be heard to be believed. Priced at \$1500. More info from Bose on (008) 023367.



Cellular phones are here to stay but the hazards of taking your eyes off the road and your hand off the wheel to dial can now be eliminated with the Racal Vocal-Link, a revolutionary device that dials by voice command. Compatible with racal CDL 400 Series and selected NEC phones. More info on other Vocal-Link features and availability from Racal on (02) 888 6444. Rrp \$1500.



Sydney's Angie Burton

A QUICK PEEK AT MAY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

They've Stopped Laughing In Stuttgart — Europe's carmakers are deeply worried as Japan goes gunning for a slice of the international luxury car market dominated by Mercedes-Benz, BMW and Jaguar. Honda's superb Legend was just the start. Now Toyota, Nissan and Mazda are weighing in with brilliantly designed and executed hi-tech Benz-busters powered by powerful 32-valve V8 engines. We'll have the full intriguing story, with pictures, next month.

Chinese Love Potions — Ever wondered why China is the most heavily populated country on the planet? Maybe it's the effect of those renowned Chinese aphrodisiacs. Next month's *Penthouse* reveals the most potent Asian remedies for a "jaded stem", separating fact from fiction on the subject of aphrodisiacs and telling you where to find the right ingredients to give your libido a boost.

Head Hunters — Hunting feral buffalo with bows is one of the ultimate tests of man against beast. In the Northern Territory, a group of dedicated archers has taken the art of modern day hunting with medieval weaponry to new levels of stealth and sophistication. Take a look at Head Hunters in May *Australian Penthouse* and see why Mother Nature makes such a wonderful target.

Pet Of The Month — She's 21, stunning and going places — but Sydney's Angie Burton has stayed still long enough for *Penthouse* cameras to capture all her charms in a sizzling pictorial. Angie alone makes May a must. Believe it.

Wally Lewis

Continued from page 107

players' and coaches' side of it. I know Arko [Ken Arthurson, ARL President] has played the game; I don't know about [John] Quayle [NSWRL General Manager]. I couldn't give a fuck whether he has or not...

Penthouse: He played for Parramatta and Australia.

Lewis: Well, surely they must be able to remember what it's like to be a player and accept criticism. Players have to be able to react to that criticism in any way they feel appropriate.

Penthouse: You did make certain public apologies about the whole business, though. Were they genuine?

Lewis: They were sarcastic apologies. I was sort of saying: "I'm very sorry if I've hurt anybody's feelings..." Adrian kept saying, "Hey, you've got nothing to apologise for" and I replied: "Mate, I'm not apologising for one thing in that book." After he heard the way I said it, he had a big grin on his face.

Penthouse: The media reported that Wally Lewis was ashen-faced and full of remorse...

Lewis: I couldn't believe they actually thought that. At one stage I said: "I should pull out a handkerchief and wipe my eyes."

Penthouse: It must have been politically difficult to lead Australia in the 1987 Test against New Zealand just after the book was released, given that some players were even considering legal action.

Penthouse: Well, the paper said Wayne Pearce was. So I rang Junior [Pearce] and asked if he had a copy of the book. He didn't, so I read to him what was said about him. He said: "Is that it?" There was a player in the team who'd nicknamed Pearce and Peter Wynn "The Suck Brothers" because they always hung around with Terry Fearnley. I said, "Mate, that came from a player in your own team." And Wayne sort of said, "Oh well, he always gives it to me anyway." When the team got together I got up in front of the blokes and said: "If you're filthy at me, come and see me about it, away from training and away from when we're playing. You can take it out on me whichever way you like, but personally I don't give a fuck because I've done nothing wrong."

Penthouse: So the 13-6 loss to New Zealand could not be attributed to any disharmony in the Australian camp?

Lewis: A lot of people said it was that, but I think we were just beaten by a better side. ☐

Next month, in Part 2 of the interview, Lewis on gamesmanship, New Zealanders, politics, Bob Hawke, the Phantom, and more...

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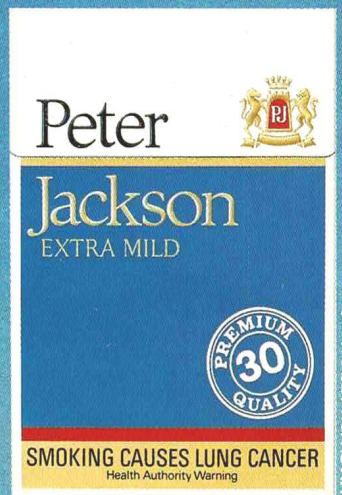


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